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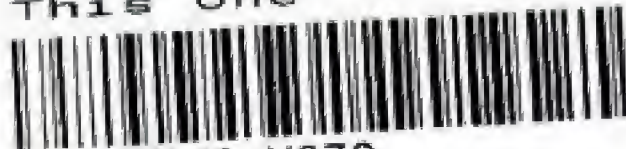


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DEPARTMENTS

THE COVER

Jay Leno photographed by Chris Collis. Clothing: Bloomingdale's. Shoes: Fratelli Rosetti. Hair and grooming: Sarah Mills and Green for La Coupe. Chair: Kate Lyle through Archetype Gallery. Sushi: The Gollin Brothers. Stylist: Barbara Tfrank (represented by Olive Head).

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NAKED CITY

► Koch's Elba, the Beatles' Bentley and Tompkins Square's fashion riot. Aaron Spelling's life doesn't flash before his eyes, and Pulitzer prizes don't come to those who nominate themselves. Plus: introducing a semiregular SPY series dedicated to those hardy show biz souls, survivors..... 40

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1989

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WE DON'T GET TOO MANY CHOREOGRAPHERS ROUND THESE HERE PARTS

► You can take the man out of the city, but if he has enough money he'll bring the city along with him. HENRY ALFORD tracks demanding, obtrusive urbanites as they methodically convert quaint pastoral burghs into frenzied, mock-quaint summer hideaways 72

SHE'S GOT A SONDRA LOCKE ON THAT JOB

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WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES (AND MISALLOCATED FUNDS AND GROSS INCOMPETENCE AND ROTTING ARTIFACTS...)

► What can you see at the Museum of Broadcasting? Vintage kinescopes (rusting in unmarked boxes), 50-year-old radio discs (shattered and useless) and a 36,000-videotape collection (well... 36,000 including the ones that are stolen, broken and almost irretrievably misfiled). JAY HARRIS GEORGE examines the damage . 90

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► Can you take dictation? Read aloud for hours on end? Fetch tea and cookies? Suffer verbal abuse? Answer offhand questions about your bodily aromas? Weep in a quiet, undistracting way? Then The New Yorker has the job for you. JENNET CONANT surveys the assistants of Ved Mehta 104

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► Run for New York City mayor? Me? Why not? Less qualified people are doing it! And now you can, too, with SPY's special, realistic, completely functional and fun-to-play mayoral-race game. JAMIE MALANOWSKI shows you how to play 114



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► HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND diagnoses stylistic tic disease in **Review of Reviewers**; JO STOCKTON pokes fashion flacks in **The Trade**; JAMES GRANT revels in an overdue collapse on **The Street**; CELIA BRADY on Jerry Weintraub's parachute in **The Industry**; EDWARD ZUCKERMAN on the Commies **Selling high at the Paris Air Show**; and ELLIS WEINER on **How to Be a truly beloved Grown-up** 128

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SEPT

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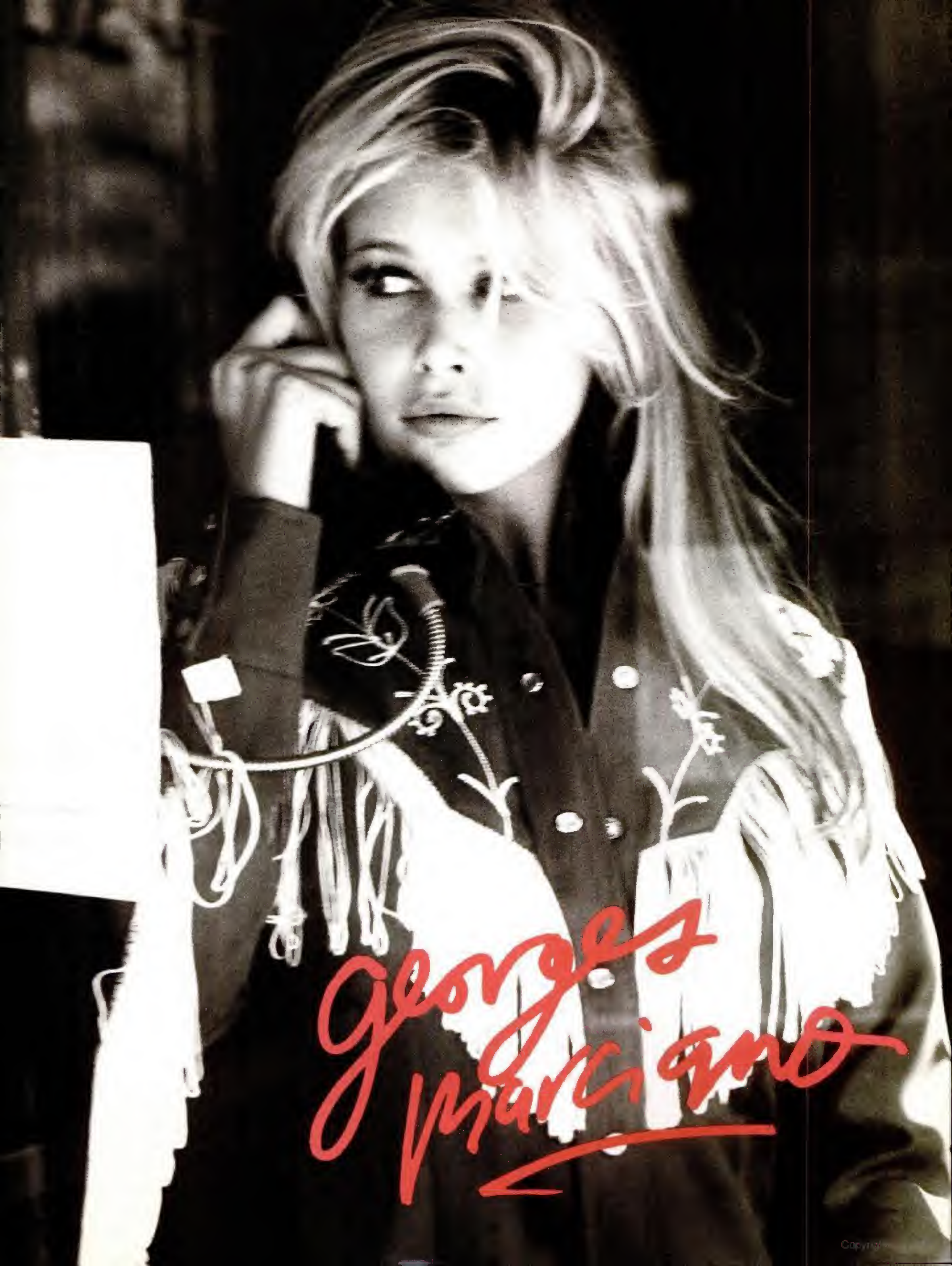
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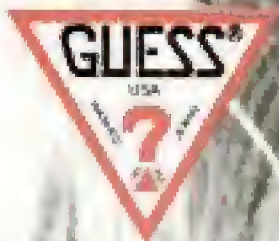
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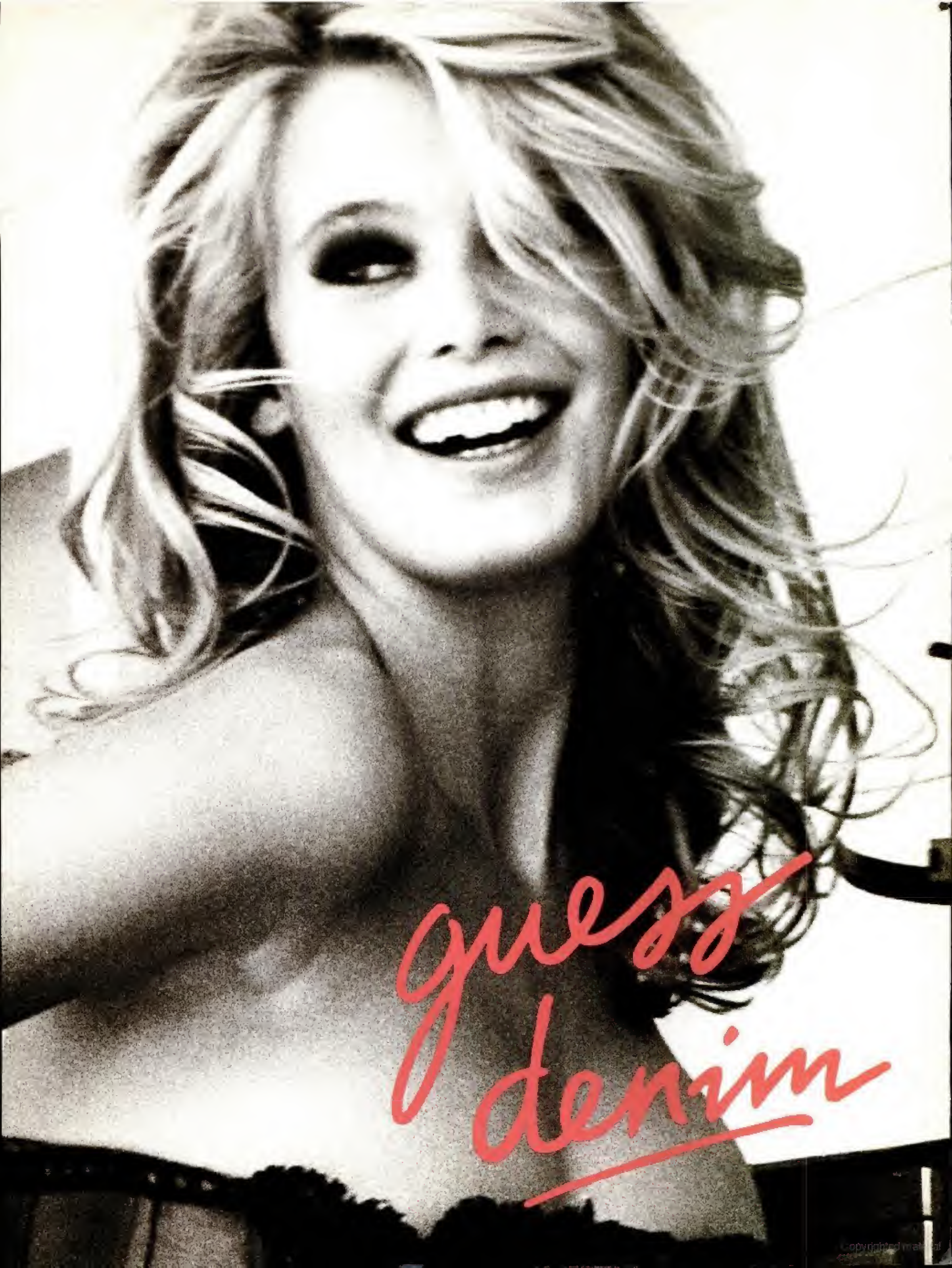


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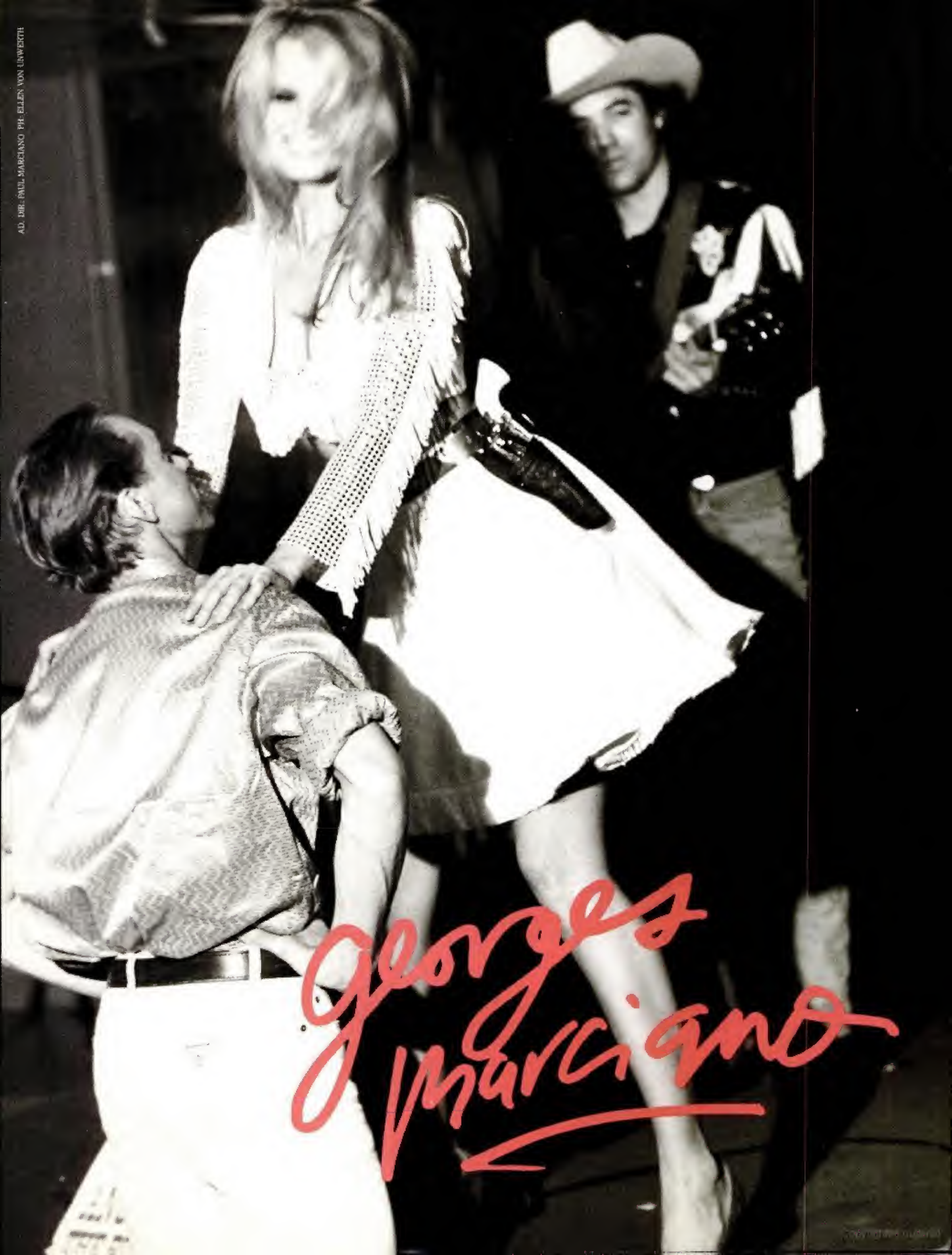
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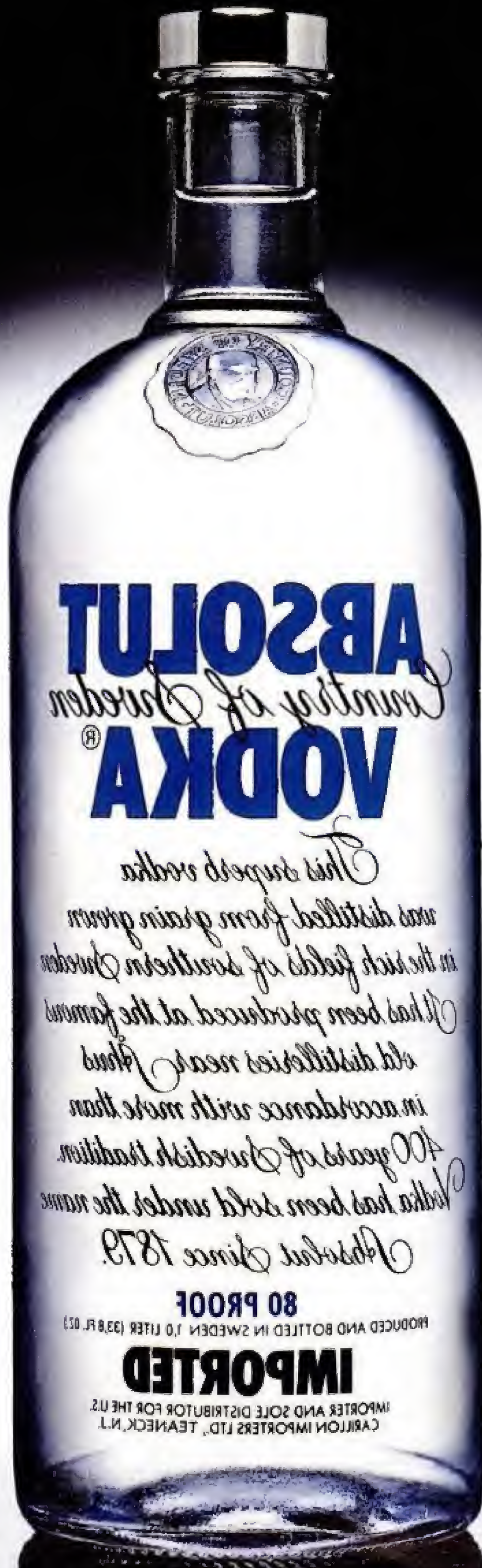


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From the SPY mailroom: September still feels like back-to-school days, and our thoughts in the SPY mailroom—our new onyx-and-mirror-resplendent mail-processing duplex overlooking the crack transactions in Union Square Park—naturally turn to cherished



college-age correspondents from the past. Your Jason de Menils, your David Halbfingers. Or rather,

our David Halbfinger, as Barbara Olsen Pascale of Manhattan put it, delightfully, in a letter to us (a letter in which she also managed a passing reference to De Menil). And with Mike Richter of Los Angeles sending us Halbfinger news clipped from the *Los Angeles Times* and a reader from Tulsa expressing interest in being De Menil's pen pal, it's clear that readers won't let us forget our most relentless correspondents.

Not that we could, ever. And especially not now.

Because here is a reminder in human form, a latter-day, late-1989 version of the classic SPY basher/subscriber in the venerable Halbfinger/De Menil mode, a man who seems to have the De Menil System (1, Repeatedly send critical mail to editors; 2, Follow up with request for work) down solid. He is Taso Logos of Seattle, and his name has appeared often in this space, most recently to complain about the occasional advertising supplements in SPY. Since then we've heard from him three times, and counting. First, in a letter to a member of our staff, Taso wrote, "I...would love to scribble some article for you....I'd like to pitch some ideas." We prepared ourselves for the query letter, if not the time-honored grovel, and it eventually came—but not before Logos had first sent a long letter admonishing SPY for its own alleged "Faustian bargains" (see June cover story) with advertisers. Weeks later came the promised story proposal: an exposé "concerning the vast proliferation of Greek restaurants and Greek restaurateurs."

Hold on—not so fast, Taso. Are you telling us that Greeks are owning and operating restaurants and diners? Sounds farfetched. Still, if you can turn up some solid information on this (two sources minimum, please, and preferably on-the-record), then maybe we can do busi-

DEAR EDITORS I didn't notice that you'd linked my name with Ronald Reagan's when I read SPY last April (SPY is celebrated for being *hard* to read). But this linking cut deep [The SPY List].

Let me tell you why: Years and years ago, when it was first rumored that Ronald Reagan might have a chance to win one of the highest offices in the land—it seemed impossible at the time, but sweetly intriguing, like death—my wife and I vowed to leave America if he was indeed elected president. He was and we did. London, le Var and Lanzarote. And now we're home again.

The SPY List is useful—rich stuff; tough sledding—and shouldn't be tested against known rules, especially by the listed. I don't know what The SPY List is. Maybe no one will ever know. But whatever it is, "Ronald Reagan and Gardner McKay" hurt.

And that's good, am I right?

Gardner McKay
Kailua, Hawaii

DEAR EDITORS The hatcher job your writer did on Ivana Trump ["That's Why the Lady Is a Trump," by Jonathan Van Meter, May] has me mystified. It certainly would reduce to a couple of paragraphs in such other scandal journals as the *Star*, *National Enquirer*, etc. Where's the beef—or, more to the point, *what's your beef?*

It readily appears that SPY dislikes the Trumps, and if that hatred can sell magazines, why not take advantage of it? In-

stead of commissioning tacky stories, the magazine should spend its money to obtain the services of a better printer. For all the ink you gave the Trumps, most of it came off on my hands. Perhaps a bar of soap should accompany each magazine—but I sense that the only cleanup SPY would like is in its circulation. After the IVANARAMA! issue, the possibility seems even more remote.

Chuck Jones
Public Relations
New York

Amazingly, Chuck Jones denies ever having been employed by, or having any business relationship with, Donald Trump. Not that he would mind developing one, surely.

DEAR EDITORS Since I will never be so lucky as to receive a fax or letter from Mr. Trump, could you print an enlarged version of that odd-looking logo that presumably heads the ultraclassy, superthick Trump Organization stationery ["Dear Donald," May]?

Also, as part of the struggle to preserve the remaining charms of the English language, allow me to point out that the February 2, 1989, letter fumbled the phrase "chomping at the bit." *Champing* is the word found in the original idiom, and is not only more descriptive and accurate but also more fun to say and write. (Of course, those who threaten courageous magazines with "liable" evidently have a different view of what constitutes "fun" than I do.)

Jalaine Madura
Member, Issaquah Fencing Club
Bellevue, Washington



DEAR EDITORS My, you guys are really tough! I was wholly impressed by the way you stood up to Donald Trump's threats of "rapid and major litigation." SPY certainly couldn't be accused of backing down to the threat of litigation. No sirree.

Or could they? I recall feeling the same pride as a SPY reader a few months back after reading your response to Gore Vidal's

LETTERS TO SPY

threats of similar litigation [Letters to SPY, March]. You can imagine my dismay at catching sight of your Correction column in the May issue.

I would like to congratulate Mr. Vidal on his victory and inform you that if a similar retraction follows your stories on Mr. or Mrs. Trump, you may cancel my subscription.

John F. Pressgrove
Honolulu, Hawaii

We ran that correction—the only time we've needed such a correction in three years—because there was an inaccuracy in the Vidal story. The Trump story was accurate, so there won't be a correction. May we cancel your subscription anyway?

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DEAR EDITORS

What's this I see? A ten-page article about suing and nary a word regarding your favorite punching bag, Gore Vidal ["Those Who Can, Sue," by George Kalogerakis, June]? Afraid he may sue *you*? Wise up: let him have it again. You probably won't even print this, fearing a lawsuit.

I do hope this is not the start of a trend. Next thing you know there will be no mention of Donald Trump. Is SPY getting meek in its old age? Playing it easy, now that you've made millions? I hope to see your dwarfish, cowardly self come out from the rock you've been hiding under. Can't you call Vidal *something*, just to save face? I hope most of your readers will stick with you through these trying times. But, of course, you will have to reassert your backbone. Please recover soon.

Michael L. Smith

Burlington, Vermont

Well, we'll try. Here goes: Gore Vidal is a smug, ponderous, demagogic, garrulous, pedantic, queeny old air bag. Okay?

DEAR EDITORS

Ut, tut. Unless your note on mummification ["What Are We Going to Do With Mom and Dad?" by Ned Zeman, May] was incomplete, the service available in Salt Lake City is not the genuine technique as practiced by the ancient Egyptians. If it were, honey would be included in the soaking process. The corpse's brain would be sucked out of its skull through the nostrils. The viscera would be removed and stored in attractive Canopic jars, hopefully of alabaster with carved lids. Only the heart would remain in the corpse. Storage in a hot, dry environment is recommended. Summum, the mummifiers, do not, we trust, use any artificial preservatives among their "secret ingredients."

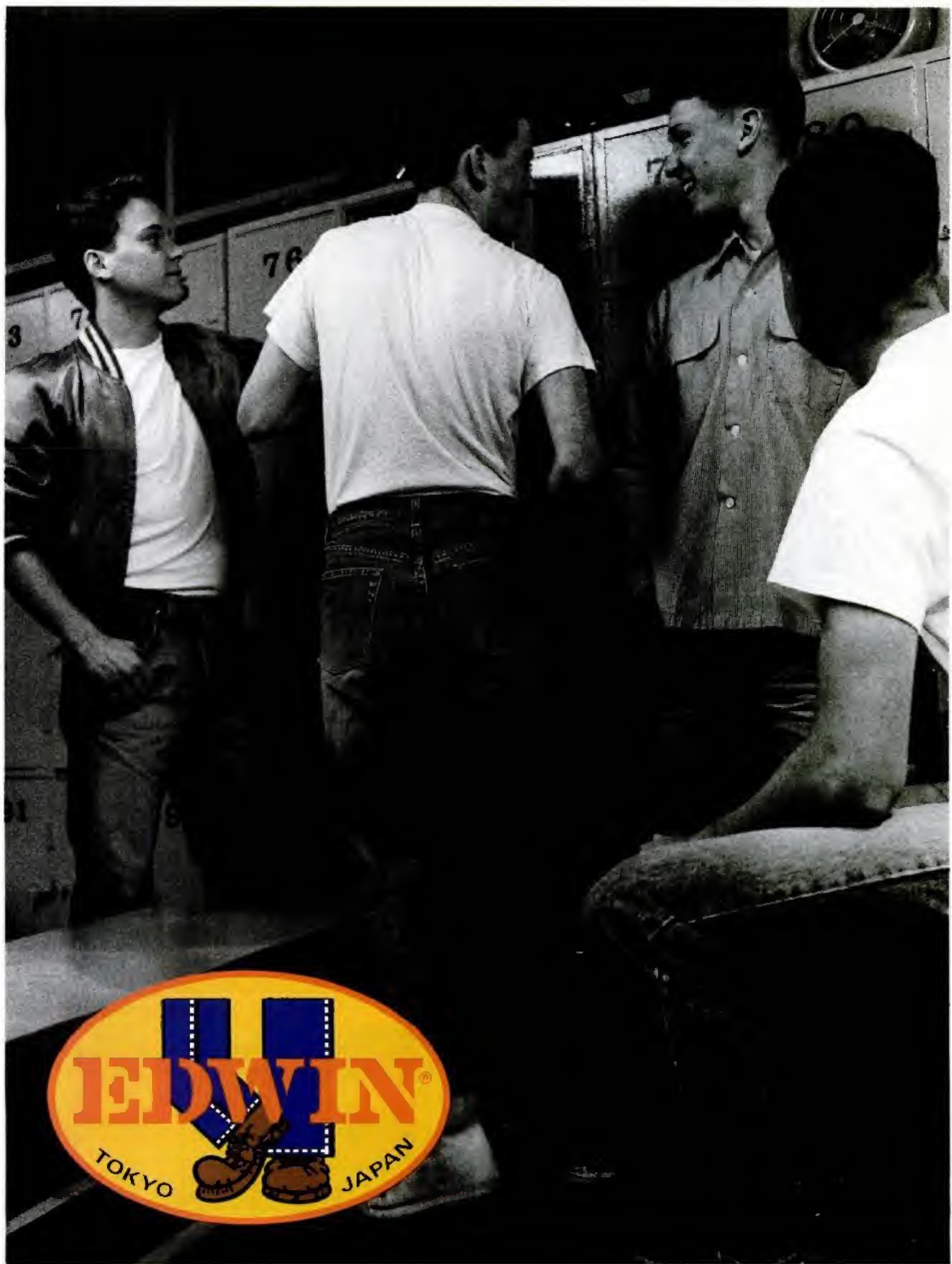
You also neglected to mention the option of making an *anatomical gift* to a designated medical school. The unembalmed corpse, now a cadaver, is kept on ice except when it is needed for class demonstrations in gross anatomy (*that's what they call it*) or for research. While living, the proud potential contribution to science carries a Donor Wallet Card containing instructions in case of *unmonitored demise* or simply to inform the unapprised. Aside from such inconveniences as, perhaps, a touch of gangrene on the extremities, the cadaver may enjoy a long and use-

ness—especially since we just received an anonymous phone call suggesting, incredibly, that most of the 24-hour fruit-and-vegetable stands in Manhattan are under the control of Koreans. Another long shot, but who knows? If both stories work out, well, we're thinking cover story.

Some of you may be aware that abridged versions of SPY articles are occasionally reprinted in periodicals around the country. When we last checked our syndication agreement, it did not specifically award second North American serial rights to the Mojo Guitar Shop in Greenwich Village, which, after all, publishes only a business card. And yet there on its card was a reprint of the admittedly business-card-size "Elvis's Weight on the Planets," with no credit given to its author, Fleming Meeks, or to SPY, where the item first appeared two years ago this month. When we heard about this, we called an emergency staff meeting to discuss the best way to approach the Mojo Guitar Shop and maneuver them into revealing just how "Elvis's Weight on the Planets" had come to be reprinted on their card. One of our cagiest operatives placed the call.

"I stole it, man," a Mojo spokesman told him cheerfully. "From Billy Gibbons." Gibbons is, of course, what rock publications would refer to as either "one-third of ZZ Top" or possibly "the Top's hirsute head axman extraordinaire." We called Mr. Gibbons. Mr. Gibbons's people got back to us with this statement: "So that's where it came from?" He added, according to his publicist, "Tell them [SPY] I'm really pissed that they didn't put down his weight in heaven." The folks at the Mojo Guitar Shop say they have discontinued the Elvis card on learning of the Meeks-Mojo fiasco.

Unlike a Dayton, Ohio, reader and Dorit Duke of Manhattan, we were never going to sue, or even pretend to sue. The Dayton reader and Duke are pretending to sue not the Mojo Guitar Shop, actually, but SPY. Both took advantage of the SUE SPY! postcard that accompanied "Those Who Can, Sue" (by George Kalogerakis, June). One claims unconvincingly (but then, we're not lawyers) that in the May issue we described her as "the Anti-christ" and "a churlish dwarf billionaire" and is asking between \$1 million and \$10 million. Duke, for her part, claims





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she was libeled by an advertisement that ran in the June issue of *SPY*.

Jimmy Breslin didn't threaten to sue, but he did send a good-natured letter providing some elaboration on why and when his daughter was living in a large, government-subsidized apartment (see *The SPY Map*, July). When we called Breslin to ask if we might publish his letter, he was not so good-natured. "Nobody gets my name for free!" he screamed, and hung up.

Readers from Manhattan (Lois Earl) to Fort Myers, Florida (Claudia C. Griffiths), are asking us what *The SPY List* is. Shall we walk you through an easy one?

A *SPY List*

Alex Pugsley

Eric P. Schafer

Skip the Sophomore

Linda Stewart

Tonstant Weader

Joe Wiley

Many of you will guess that this is a list of People Who Have Recently Written Us Regarding the Hemingway-Fitzgerald Flap We Thought Had Been Settled Once and for All in This Space Last Month. But in fact, like all *SPY Lists*, this is nothing more than a list of People or Things We Know the Names of Off the Tops of Our Heads. And that's the truth.

From Seattle, Hans Turley has forwarded a newspaper clip (addressed to "the Editor, Kennedy Siblings") detailing a fresh coup for Joseph Kennedy II (see "Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington," by Michael Hirschorn, January/February). The Massachusetts representative joined a dozen colleagues who had marched the 3.6 miles from the Capitol to the Chinese embassy, in soaking rain, to protest the crackdown in China. Kennedy missed the actual *marching* part, however, and got out of a taxi at the embassy. In front of all those photographers. Freshly coiffed. Dry. Whereupon he announced, "I'm proud to join my colleagues."

Wes Smith of the *Chicago Tribune* has sent us a note, with this postscript: "Bob Greene has nodded at me from his glass cage." And more Bob Greene news comes from Tokyo. A reader has enclosed a two-page advertisement Greene did for NTT, one of Japan's national telephone networks. Greene, bewigged and bespectacled, is photographed on a

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M.
MALISY

ful afterlife before the sponsoring medical school either returns the remains to next of kin or buries them in a registered grave. Of course, all of this requires the agreement of the predeceased; but surely it is an appealing alternative to the fuss, bother and expense of a funeral.

Andrew Rasanen

Somerville, Massachusetts

Right you are, Andrew. The modern technique of "Wet/Dry Permanent Body Preservation" as practiced by Summum differs significantly from ancient Egyptian mummification. In "Wet/Dry Permanent Body Preservation" the body remains intact, and it is soaked in a "tissue preservation solution" similar to that used by genetic engineers, sealed in a polyurethane membrane called a "cocoon," wrapped in a cast of gypsum cement and placed inside a metal mummiform that is then welded shut. Who said there's no such thing as progress?

DEAR EDITORS **S**hortly after I finished reading your article about neuropreservation, a procedure "that entails having a team of cryonicists lop off your head" so they can reattach it later ["The Good News: It's Possible to Live Forever; The Bad News: You'll Be a Sno-Kone," by Ned Zeman, May], I read "That's Why the Lady Is a Trump," which said of the Trumps' first meeting, "Donald Trump had met a beautiful woman who had her head screwed on right." Now I cannot help wondering whether Ivana Trump is in fact a defrosted neuro.

Jim Weis

Atlanta, Georgia

DEAR EDITORS **A**pparently cryonics has a greater possibility of working than Ned Zeman led us to believe. At one point he says that the success of cryonics is as remotely possible as "an important Rob Lowe movie." There is now the movie Rob Lowe made in Atlanta.

Teresa MarQuand

Huntsville, Alabama

DEAR EDITORS **I** feel you should know that copies of SPY have apparently made it to the Fox network. The May 6 episode of *The Comic Strip Live* had a segment in which pseudohip host

street, grinning and pointing at an elderly man who (remarkably, given Greene's proximity) is giving no evidence of starting to look around for a policeman. A statement from the columnist accompanies the photo: "I find that one of the most important things to keep in mind when talking to people and listening to their stories is that I'm never really 'off the job.' What I mean by that is—" Well, that's as far as we got.

Finally, a subject that has generated at least as much mail as have Bob Greene, The SPY List, Jason de Menil, David Halbfinger and the phrase "The rich are different from you and me": nubbins. In the May SPY, Henry Alford asked experts to comment on *New York Times* restaurant critic Bryan Miller's frequent use of the word *nubbin*. These are some of the people Henry forgot to ask:

- Mary C. Erler of the Bronx says that "far, far worse than Bryan Miller's interest in nubbins is his relentless insistence on *puddle* as a verb."

- James Garlits of Wabash, Indiana, says it's a "psychological measurement of resentment and resistance one feels toward his or her mother." He has enclosed a Kitty Carlisle Hart quote to prove it.

- A Winooski, Vermont, man writes that John Irving uses the word *nubbin* on page 74 of *A Prayer for Owen Meany*.

- Bruce Bernstein of Queens cites "page 75 in the paperback edition of John Updike's 1960 novel *Rabbit, Run*."

- Jane Barrell of Staten Island sends a copy of page 140 of Kurt Vonnegut's *Bluebeard* with the word *nubbin* right there in the first line.

Well. It's one thing for us to set aside a portion of our week to count the *nubbins* in Bryan Miller's columns; we're paid to do that. But the foregoing mail suggests that a sizable chunk of this country's population is on some kind of silent *nubbin* watch. It now seems likely that behind closed doors, *nubbin* tallies are being compared, *nubbin* anecdotes swapped and *nubbin* lore passed down through the generations.

Given that nubbins are (a) often food-related and (b) epidemic, we offer our own definition of the word: "*nubbin*, n.: a restaurant owned or operated by Greeks. *Variation*: a Greek restaurateur." We hear there is a story in this. ☞

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bien. C'est Kwǎń-trō. C'est

her lie bātion. C'est mon lie bātion.

C'est waye, waye küł.

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C'est kwǎń•trō onde rox.



John Mulrooney served mushroom soup, a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich and tomato juice to several unsuspecting audience members. He then pulled out "an FDA report" and proceeded to reveal how many tiny maggots are allowed in one pound of mushrooms (90), how many insect fragments are allowed in a pound of peanut butter (135) and how many maggots are allowed in 3.5 ounces of tomato puree (1).

Did Mr. Mulrooney really pull out an "FDA report," or was it the May issue of *SPY*, with Ed Sikov's Naked City piece, "Hold the Pickles, Hold the Aphids"?

Eric M. Weiss

Woodbridge, New Jersey

We don't know which he pulled out, but we called The Comic Strip Live and asked whether they'd gotten the information from SPY. Their reply: "Yes, you're correct. That's where we got the information from."

DEAR EDITORS **E**d Sikov's piece left too many questions unanswered, maggotwise. Okay, I can get away with 90 tiny maggots in every pound of canned mushrooms, and I can have up to 21 big ones (one-twelfth of an inch or longer). Now, does that mean 21 biggies and 90 tinies, or is there a formula for trading off, say, 1 biggie for 4 tinies? In other words, is 90 the max, of which only 21 can be biggies, or do I get a maximum maggot allowance of 111 maggots per pound, provided I mix big and little ones judiciously? Is that pound gross or net (with or without the maggots)?

Ron Zilber

San Francisco, California

The FDA says you can get away with 21 large ones or 90 small ones, a ratio of 4.286 bigs to every small. Your maximum maggot allowance would be 90 per pound (no need to mix judiciously—just stay within the "defect action level" limits). Finally, it's one pound gross, maggots and "proportionate liquid" included. Bon appétit!

DEAR EDITORS **I** thoroughly enjoyed your article "All the News That's Print to Fit" [by Peter Heffernan, May]. Until I read it, I did not fully understand how *The New York Times* allocated space.

I am a librarian, and in the course of my work I have divined another law: The longer the review in the *Times* Book Review,

the less popular the book. This seems to hold true about 90 percent of the time.

Marvin H. Scilken

Orange, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS **I** was most interested in Peter Heffernan's *New York Times* coverage-of-mayhem editorial equation. I took the liberty of applying the same formula to one of our local papers here on the 7-proximity-points West Coast (the *Los Angeles Times*) and discovered that 3,000 Bangladeshis killed in a flood equals 40 Grateful Dead fans arrested in a concert fracas.

Jim Fuhrman

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **I** loved your map of appalling public art in New York City ["Free to Be... Philistine," by Anne D. Bernstein, May]. My favorite work of bad art has to be the giant celery stick on Fifth Avenue across from The Plaza. I've always been curious as to why the artist didn't include the rest of the relish tray. Lack of funds?

Since this masterpiece wasn't included on your map, maybe you could tell me what its real name is?

Tara Danielle Kelley

New York

Celery stick, indeed! You're talking about Roy Lichtenstein's Brushstroke, which has since moved on to another public space.

DEAR EDITORS **I** can vouch for the veracity of J. J. Hunsecker's comments on the *Times*'s relationship to the New York theater community [The Times, June]. In 1987 I was involved with a show that experienced the negative end of the *Times*'s largess. In contrast to that season's *Into the Woods*, which received five half-page articles in the daily or Sunday *Times* in the weeks immediately following its opening, our show, *Teddy and Alice*, received not a single free word during the nine weeks between Frank Rich's pan and the item announcing that the show was going to close. We were totally shut out of the publicity machine. Critics have the right to give a show bad reviews, but the blatant partisanship of the *Times* toward certain shows and the exclusion of all others from its pages (except insofar as

their producers can pay the *Times*'s exorbitant ad rates) would amount to restraint of trade in any industry not protected by the First Amendment.

The most shameful practice of the *Times*, however, is, as Mr. Hunsecker rightly implies, its refusal to provide a basic listing for theater productions, especially given the 20 percent premium on theater ads over other sections of the paper. It's yet another example of the *Times*'s attitude toward the commercial theater as its private fiefdom to be mercilessly exploited.

Unfortunately for the theater community, the *Times* has a lock on the upscale audience in New York, especially those vital and relatively few who are willing to shell out full prices in the first critical weeks of a show's run. And unless *Newsday* or the *Post* turns into a real competitor for the *Times*, there is no prospect of change in this condition. No wonder the live theater is dying—publicity is its oxygen, and the *Times* is choking off the supply to all but a favored few.

Name withheld

New York

DEAR EDITORS **I**t is evident from "Desperately Seeking Seriousness" [by Leah Rozen, June] that *SPY* is no different from the *National Enquirer*, a lurid, self-important scandal sheet.

Instead of condemning intelligent and creative people for their efforts and contributions, why not focus your exposés on those who create corruption and hate in our world? And if you're going to do an article on a Norman Lear or a Frances Lear, why not let us learn something valuable—give us the insight into what makes them so successful? An article such as that can be colorful without being filled with out-of-context anecdotes and vicious personal stories that are pulled frantically from left field by your desperate writers.

Sue Leibman

New York

Lurid, sure—but self-important? The Enquirer must have changed since we last read it.

DEAR EDITORS **I**n your June story "Plenty of Bark, No Bite" [by Eddie Stern] you said the Reverend Jesse Jackson threatened to sue MPI Home Video but backed down.



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Actually, Jackson *did* sue—and won. The case was *Jackson v. MPI Home Video* and is reported in 694 F. Supp. 483 (N.D.Ill.1988).

Phyllis Dubrow
New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**nn Hodgman's fascinating gastronomical tour of pet foods [Eating, June] neglected to mention whether or not one of the Purina company's claims is true. On the back of Purina Dog Chow's bags is a small-print legend: "Formulated to promote smaller, firmer stools."

Well, does it?

N. P. Bienes
New York

Ann Hodgman replies: "Uh... yes."

DEAR EDITORS **U**nlike Ann Hodgman's hilarious evocation of the smells and textures of dog food, Melik Kaylan's "Hellcat of the Turkish Army" [June] gives no laughs but merely reeks of oiliness and noxious airs. What makes Kaylan's brand of ethnic self-debasement really slimy, rather than just pathetic, is his ploy of slipping the reader constant reminders that he, a fair-skinned, Western-educated "Brahmin," is not one of *them*—that even if he were raised in Turkey, he would still find the Tartar-featured proles as physically and culturally repellent as he thinks his readers do. Perhaps if he spent less time in the company of lounge proprietress Nell Campbell and her smarmy crowd of pretentious Anglophiles and vapid Eurotrash, he might have developed into a true cosmopolite and retained a bit of "Asiatic" pride and self-restraint.

Harold Chester
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** was bummed out to read, in your normally funny and astute Review of Reviewers column, a bit where your writer took off J. Hoberman simply for using a lot of big words in a movie review [June]. Actually, if you look at the passage cited for more than six seconds, it turns out that the string of nickel words is used not ostentatiously but to build up a neat, clear line of thought in the most economical way possible. A lot of our problems in this

country stem from idiot Americans' not understanding *enough* big words, or the ideas behind them that are too intricate to be captured in a Siskel and Ebert vocabulary. That, of course, is not your fault, but all the same, you shouldn't pick on a decent critic for just doing his job. Save your valuable bile and space for the pompous and inflated writing of show-off intellectual flyweights, and leave the pompous and inflated writing of decent folks trying to think an honest thought alone.

Daniel McGrath
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS | n an attempt to sell our souls, achieve fame and/or become rich, we called the number Mr. MacManus offered us on the cover of the June SPY, only to find a receptionist who answered, "The Trump Organization" on the other end of the line. When we queried as to whether the Devil was in, she nonchalantly shot back, "I'm sorry, you have the wrong number," and abruptly hung up.

What *are* you insinuating? Does Donald Trump really work for Elvis Costello? If we play Elvis tunes backward, will we hear satanic messages? If so, which songs?

Chrissy Conant
James Scott
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEAR EDITORS | Sure, you included a wide variety of well-known Faustus ["Doing Deals With the Devil," by Ned Zeman, June]. I truly believed that you could not possibly have missed anyone deserving Faustian status. Now for an update. B. B. King has chosen to carry the immense responsibility of representing the McChicken sandwich. In making this commitment to this newest creation of the fast-food industry, he obviously never considered the inherent image that accompanies his promotion. I see the McChicken sandwich and envision a wild horde of very frightening people packing into a 6Z Comet for a post-bowling feast. A gun rack with two shotguns and a baseball bat also fiddles my imagination.

Wade Simon Nacinovich
Oak Ridge, New Jersey

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DEAR EDITORS **N**ed Zeman compares Gordon Gekko, the villain in the movie *Wall Street*, to Donald Trump, discussing the overt symbolism of Gekko's name as a slimy reptile. However, he stresses that Trump's name is "merely" an abstract symbol of something disgusting.

Perhaps I can help. On a recent business trip, one of my clients, who is from Manchester, England, gleefully explained that the word *trump* is local slang for *fart* and that he burst out laughing every time he heard the name.

I don't know if this is true all over England, or even generally in Manchester today, but I thought maybe you'd find it useful information.

Claudia Bloom

Charlotte, North Carolina

DEAR EDITORS **R**egarding The SPY List for June, I thought you might like to know you forgot Joni Mitchell—or was the list not meant to be all-inclusive?

Mike Harris

Arlington, Virginia

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our "High Profile, Low Rent" map ["The SPY Map of Celebrity Rent-Control Profiteers and Public-Assistance Housing Abusers," by Julius Lowenthal, July] puts the kibosh on the fantasy that our housing programs are for the poor. Anything with a controlled price will soon be in short supply, and so rationing is inevitable. During the oil embargo, we could only gas up every other day and had to wait on line. During World War II every family was issued ration coupons for certain foods. In those cases we were all equal. But with rent control it's *them that got, gets*. No rich or lucky recipient of a rent-controlled apartment has ever been known to suggest that after, say, three years, it's someone else's turn.

In the case of Mitchell-Lama I must dispute your findings. But first, in the interest of full disclosure, I must admit that I am a director of Southbridge Towers, a Mitchell-Lama co-op. No law requires the Cuomo Club or other ML resident to leave ML when they become over-income, but it is obvious that Cuomo's rich friends broke the law by moving into ML when they were already over-income. In the in-

terest of bipartisanship we might also point out that the D'Amato Club obtained HUD homes on Long Island for about half price.

Ruth Porter

New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**bout the so-called Hemingway quote, "Rich people, etc." [From the SPY Mailroom, May], F. S. Fitzgerald said it but E. Hemingway wrote it. You see, the lead guy in "Snows" was F. Scott. This portrayal upset F. Scott (because the guy in "Snows" was a bit of a wimp, if I recall correctly).

So, you may have proved it by looking up an old book, but if you call J. W. Mees, who lives in Pepperell, Massachusetts, and teaches at the Lawrence Academy in Groton, he'll set your record straight.

Timothy McCabe

Nagano-Shi, Japan

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SEPTEMBER, AND CLARITY AT LAST: THE HAZE LIFTS, THE TAN FADES, CRETINIZED summer minds snap to attention. By Labor Day we look back in mortified disbelief at the stupid things we did during the summer—slurping up the whole vat of margaritas on a bet, appearing at the black-tie wedding in stained green leisurewear, paying \$75 to

see Peter Townshend not even smash up his guitar, locking the baby and the babysitter out of the apartment, letting Oliver North off virtually scot-free. And by the Tuesday after Labor Day we actually welcome the reimposition of rigor. It feels *right* to have Nixon back in China, especially now. In September, anxiety turns purposeful again. In September, we can begin fretting constructively, for instance, about the coming recession (buy bonds, sell stocks, do not be poor or unskilled), instead of fretting pointlessly about the humidity and the undercooked tuna and Mom coming to visit.



It is, moreover, back-to-school time. Shirts starched? Hearts hardened? Pencils sharpened? Begin. All at once, two decades after the 1960s ended, the final standings

are now coming in. "Unlike me," Eric Clapton said of Keith Richards as the latter prepared for the Rolling Stones tour this fall and the former prepared to earn more residuals from beer commercials, "he

never sold himself down the river." Speaking of sixties heroes and unseemly destinies and fast-moving bodies of water, Ted Kennedy was honored by Mothers Against Drunk Driving—he helped push through legislation that makes the

families of people killed by drunk drivers eligible for federal crime-victim benefits. "It sounds kind of ironic out of context, doesn't it?" MADD spokeswoman Anne Russell told SPY. And in context, even

even more so: at approximately the same moment, the grand jury that nixed any serious crime at all was said by its foreman to be promised. Finally, as if in a belated homage to her brother, Ed Kennedy made a very wrong turn at an oceanfront resort, police charged her with drunk



mately the same absolved Ken-Chappaquiddick have been commemorated in her own and Southampton driving. She

S e p t e m b e r, a n d c l a r i t y



went on trial just as her nephew John became the sexiest Manhattan assistant district attorney alive.

The Supreme Court, of course, has been devoting itself full-time to resolving the legacy of the sixties. The rulings have been inconsistent. Thus, the following handy checklist, which might spell the difference between striking a constitutionally protected blow against the pig imperialist Amerikan system and striking a blow against the pig imperialist Amerikan system that could get you in really big trouble.

	OKAY	NOT OKAY
Free speech (flag burning)	✓	
Sex (smut-by-phone services)	✓	
Drugs (accused drug dealers' right to best lawyer they can afford)		✓
Rock 'n' roll (bands' right to play as loud as they want at outdoor concerts)		✓

Not yet decided by the high court is the question of whether Fourteenth Amendment protections extend to the rights of Deadheads.

Steve Symms, the goofy right-wing rich boy from Idaho, turns out to be the ultimate late-eighties U.S. senator. Symms was on a junket to Brazil, touring the ravaged, smoldering rain forest—the late-eighties environmental epicenter. “I don’t know what the solution is,” he said, pausing to luxuriate in his own ignorance. Then, a late-eighties (or is it more early-nineties?) inspiration: “I know! Let’s *privatize* the rain forest.”

Here at home, another enthusiastically goofy rich boy of the right intends to privatize smog in the nineties: George Bush has proposed a system under which companies could *sell* their air-pollution rights if their own factories were comparatively nonpolluting. There would be pollution-rights brokers, pollution futures markets, pollution tycoons. It sounds kind of ironic out of context, doesn’t it?

The most entertaining man who ever ran the federal environmental bureaucracy was, of course, former Interior Secretary James Watt. Watt has now changed careers,

transforming himself from antigovernment Jesus freak and national-park privatizer to Washington influence peddler and welfare profiteer. Neat trick! Watt says he was paid \$420,000 for talking to the right people at the Department of Housing and Urban Development on behalf of developers. “I’m not here to defend the system,” Watt told a congressional subcommittee looking into the HUD stealathon. “The system is flawed.”

George Bush’s nominee to be ambassador to Luxembourg, a big Republican contributor named Fred Bush—it sounds kind of ironic out of context, doesn’t it?—got \$531,000 for his involvement in eight HUD projects. In *his* testimony to Congress, Fred Bush said that he was not a friend of a certain HUD official—and then, later in the summer, said that he was indeed her friend and had befriended her in order to get HUD contracts. “I don’t have a very good memory,” Fred Bush said at the second appearance. “I was not trying to deceive you.”

When the Reverend Al Sharpton allegedly sucks off six-figure sums from a program intended to help the poor, on the other hand, he is indicted: he has been charged with fraud and grand larceny for taking \$250,000 from a youth group he ran. But Al Sharpton does not grovel. Al Sharpton does not say *the system is flawed* or apologize for a poor memory. “I believe the attorney general is insane,” Sharpton said at his arraignment. Al Sharpton: nineties man in the making.

Eighties man Ronald Reagan is about to publish his first postpresidential book, a cobbled-together collection of stirring platitudes about the state of the world. The former president must be putting *every bit* of his knowledge and insight into the book: former aides say Reagan has seemed ignorant of current events (*Mommy tells me they had quite a dustup over in Teheran Square with the students burning the flag and all*) recently. But Ken Khachigian, Reagan’s former speech writer, says, “I don’t think that bothers him. It’s a matter of his finally saying, ‘Jeez, for eight years I had to play that game [of pretending to know what was going on], and now I don’t have to do it anymore.’” In other words, he didn’t

really *like* being president—too darn hard.

Everywhere you turn, in other words, events now routinely sound like chapters from a trashy, sprawling, overheated novel of the fin de siècle—a hypothetical pot-boiler we have decided to call *1999: Casinos of the Third Reich*. Take, for instance, Malcolm Forbes’s party last month in Tangier for 550 swells. Or the eighteenth-century American desk that sold in New York for \$12.1 million to a young American man who is, according to his antiques dealer, “just starting as [a] collector.” And then, inevitably, there is Donald Trump, recently talking about himself. “Who’s my toughest competitor—if not in content, only in style?” he asked. “Prince Charles,” he answered. “I’m thinking of becoming an entertainer,” he also said. “Liza Minnelli gets \$75,000 a night to sing, and I’m really curious as to how I would do.”

Yes, in the blockbuster *1999: Casinos of the Third Reich*, it’s nobleman-lounge singer Donald Trump! Las Vegas has been, since the 1960s, the only place you could see the weirdly tan, Liberace-like German magicians Siegfried and Roy. But now that the end-of-the-millennium countdown is under way, Siegfried and Roy are pursuing their manifest destiny, performing for most of this year in Japan. The Fuji Television Network built a \$10 million Siegfried and Roy theater in Tokyo that was demolished after they finished their run. A second \$10-million theater, built in Osaka, may also be demolished when the Siegfried and Roy show closes. Later this month, Siegfried and Roy play Radio City Music Hall, which will not be demolished after Siegfried and Roy leave—at least not right after. “It’s prestidigitation at its max,” says their manager, one of nearly a thousand colorful characters in *1999: Casinos of the Third Reich*.

Elsewhere in the Axis, West Germans have just elected seven neo-Nazis—members of the newly formed Republican Party—to the European parliament. The leader of the party and delegation is Franz Schönhuber, a former Waffen-SS officer and former TV talk-show host. “One must now reckon with us,” Schönhuber announced. Just what that means should become clear in future chapters of *1999: Casinos of the Third Reich*, but out of context—*One must now reckon with us!*—it sounds kind of ironic, doesn’t it? ■





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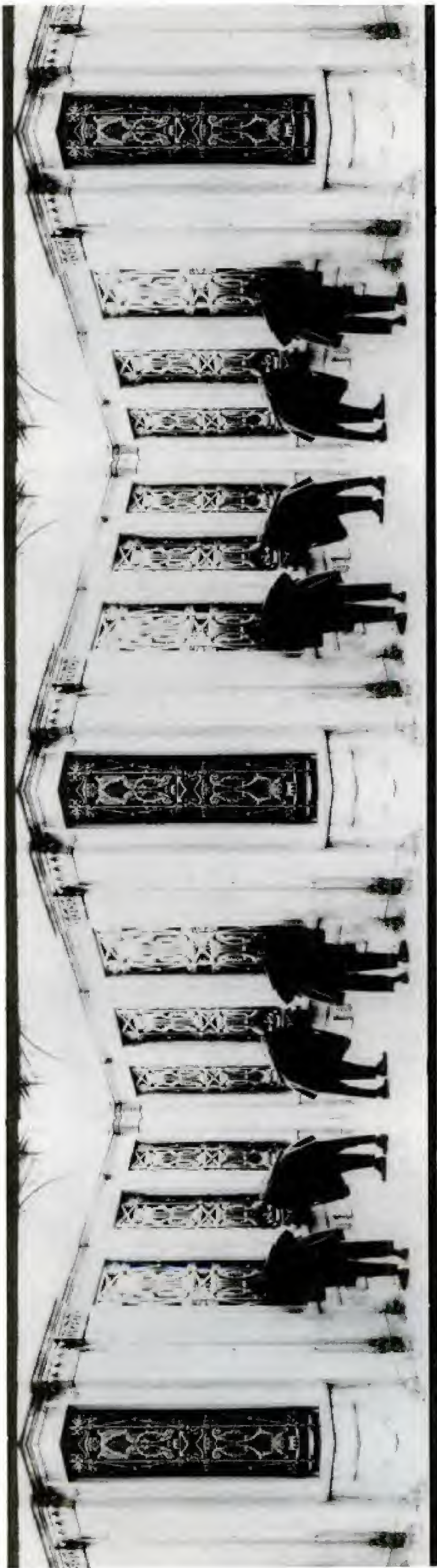
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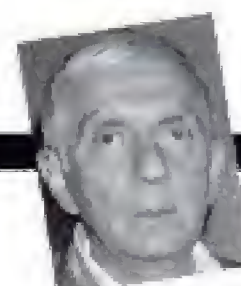
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THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

CATCH A FALLING STAR AND DOCUMENT IT

"And when I die, and when I'm gone," wrote Laura Nyro on behalf of rock 'n' roll performers everywhere, "there'll be one child born, and this world to carry on." Plus, in some cases, official reports.

Civil Aeronautics Board Aircraft Accident Report, File No. 2-0001: Beech Bonanza, N 3794N, Mason City, Iowa, February 3, 1959, involving Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper

"Synopsis: A Beech Bonanza... crashed at night approximately 5 miles northwest of the Mason City Municipal Airport... at approximately 0100... The pilot and three passengers were killed... This accident... was caused by the pilot's decision to undertake a flight in which the likelihood of encountering instrument conditions [bad weather] existed... without having the necessary familiarization with the instruments in the aircraft....

"Investigation: Charles Hardin [Holly], J. P. Richardson [the Big Bopper], and Richard Valenzuela [Valens] were... appearing in Clear Lake, Iowa, the night of February 2, 1959. The following night they were to appear in Moorhead, Minnesota. Because of bus trouble... ▶

LAST MARCH, ACTOR **TIM MATHESON** and TV producer **DAN GRODNIK** pulled off a hostile takeover of the *National Lampoon* and its sister publication, *Heavy Metal*. Now, having so far failed in their embarrassingly exhaustive search for an editor willing to revive the *Lampoon* to the duo's exacting specifications (the directive being lots more hilarious "Are You a Homo?" articles—"Now, that's funny!" they told *Manhattan, inc.*), the new publishers are reportedly looking for all the help, and cash, they can get. The ideal choice to help them salvage a nose-diving juvenile humor magazine? According to sources in Los Angeles, none other than **MIKE MILKEN**, the nose-diving indicted financier. Mike, the pitch goes, *we need 3.5 mill. We figure we can sell off Heavy Metal for part of it.* Milken, impressively acute given the low-rent property under discussion, has a brainstorm: *No. Don't sell Heavy Metal—market it in Japan. Those people love erotic sci-fi adventure comics.* Nods of agreement all around. But Milken isn't through. *I'll raise the money you need, the jaunty, confident, curly-haired* billionaire announces, *in six months—when I'm through with this whole legal mess.*

INDEED, IT SEEMS THAT EVERYBODY with a money-losing publishing relic of the 1970s is counting on Japanese subsidies. The editors of a Japanese fashion magazine with a peculiar English-language title, *03 Tokyo Calling*, were in New York not long ago making the usual Japanese-fashion-magazine reporting rounds (i.e., gathering soon-to-be-amusingly-mistranslated quotes about **LOU REED**, **ISSEY MIYAKE** and SoHo from various avatars of hip). Naturally, they found themselves in the offices of *Interview*, where, upon concluding their business, they offered the magazine a small honorarium, in line with Japanese custom. Previous interview subjects had declined the largess, patiently explaining American mores. But the *Interviewees*, alluding to vague "expenses," requested that the Japanese cough up a considerably larger cash sum. The spirit of **ANDY** lives.

IN THIS AGE OF PUBLIC-RELATIONS FAKERY and market-research-generated television personalities, it's refreshing to know that there's at least one TV star who is just the same offscreen as he is on. That's **MORTON DOWNEY JR.**, the poor man's embodiment of the First Amendment. One recent midnight, Downey, who lives in swanky Trump Tower, pulled up to the brass-colored entrance in an extradeluxe, ultralong black limousine. He hopped out and engaged in some male-bonding repartee with a doorman, then opened the limo's rear door to give the lucky fellow a quick leer at the preternaturally relaxed-looking, virtually unclothed young woman slumped in the back seat. After slamming the door and exchanging some gestures of the winking/lip-smacking/hand-rubbing variety with the grinning doorman, Downey walked around to the driver's window, threw his head back and, in a manner befitting a tenant of such a building, roared: "Take that bitch home!"

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE a writer-producer-vulgarian as prolific as **AARON SPELLING** getting writer's block. It's especially hard to imagine given that Spelling is equipped with a ready and willing ghostwriter, courtesy of the white-shoe book publishers Little, Brown & Co., and that the writing being blocked is Spelling's autobiography. It's not that he's stuck for material. On the contrary. After a number of tape-recorded sessions with the man who confected *Dynasty* and *Fantasy Island*, among many other important programs, the ghostwriter discovered Spelling's version of his life to be rather more wonderful than the facts suggested. After delicately raising the matter several times with Spelling, the amanuensis found that he continued to fabulize self-servingly. Now, bewildered by all this unexpected fact-checking, Spelling is considering scrapping the memoir altogether. Instead (take heart, book lovers) he will likely produce a text-light, photo-filled coffee-table volume featuring his 65,000-square-foot, \$45 million Holmby Hills mansion.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR, PART VI

A Visit With Tom Oliva, Barber to the Mayoral Contenders

Ed Koch and Rudolph Giuliani don't have much in common: one is an overfed, sports-hating, soft-rock-loving Democrat who affected obliviousness while his friends robbed the municipal treasury; the other is a pious, hollow-cheeked, Yankee- and opera-loving Republican who prosecuted Koch's pals. But Koch and Giuliani do share two things: they want to be mayor, and for the past ten years they have had the same barber, Tom Oliva. From his chair at EVT Barber Shop in the Woolworth Building, Oliva shared with SPY his intimate impressions of how the two contenders stack up, haircut-wise.

	ED KOCH	RUDY GIULIANI
How is his hair doing?	In decline: "Koch has been a cue ball from the word go. He has 932 hairs on his head"	In moderate decline; early stages of balding. But "Giuliani takes very good care of his hair"
Candidates' philosophy of hair governance	"Are you kidding?...It's messy. He never combs it"	Traditional, early comb-over. "His hairstyle has always been the same....He's receding a little bit, so he combs it down to cover his baldness, but he isn't that bald. It's just the way he combs his hair"
Who's more lively?	"Ed Koch looks beat when he comes in. For that half hour he just dies. He likes to sleep"	"Giuliani is a...personable guy," says Oliva. "He's a real gentleman," interjects Oliva's partner Vito
What does the candidate like to talk about?	"He's witty. He gets his little one-liners and puns in"	"His family. He talks about his boy"
Is the candidate a good tipper?	Yes	Yes
What else does Oliva cut for the candidate?	Nose hair, ear hair, eyebrows	Nose hair, ear hair, eyebrows
Will Oliva give us a lock of the candidate's hair?	No	No



—Eddie Stern

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

these three decided...to charter an aircraft to fly to...the nearest airport to Moorhead.

"At approximately 1730, Pilot [Roger] Peterson went to the Air Traffic Communications Station (ATCS)...to obtain the necessary weather information....At 2200 and again at 2320 Pilot Peterson called ATCS....He was advised that the stations enroute were reporting ceilings of 4200 feet or better with visibilities still 10 miles or greater.

"The passengers arrived...about 0040. While the aircraft was being taxied...Peterson called ATCS and asked for the latest...weather. This was given him as not having changed materially en route; however, the local weather was now...ceiling 3,000 feet, sky obscured; visibility 6 miles; light snow....

"A normal takeoff was made at 0055....When Peterson did not report...soon after takeoff [ATCS]...repeatedly tried to reach him but was unable to do so. The time was approximately 0100.

"After an extensive air search, the wreckage...was sighted in an open field...[that] was level and covered with about four inches of snow....Examination of the wreckage indicated that the first impact with the ground was made by the right wing tip when the aircraft was in a steep right bank and in a nose-low attitude...[and] was traveling at high speed....Parts were scattered over a distance of 540 feet, at the end of which the main wreckage was found lying against a barbed wire fence. The three passengers were thrown clear of the wreckage.

"Analysis: It is believed that...Peterson entered an area of complete darkness and one in which there was no definite horizon...[requiring] him to rely solely on flight instruments....The high gusty winds...would have caused [the instruments] to fluctuate to such an extent that an interpretation...would have been difficult to a pilot as inexperienced as Mr. Peterson.

PUBLIC LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



John Cardinal O'Connor makes a totally impromptu visit to the Bronx, thrilling stunned passersby.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Leonore Annenberg
Jean-Michel Basquiat
Barbara Bosson
Jim Carroll
Lauren Chapin
Joan Crawford
Bob Dylan
Clark Gable
Denise Hale
Leona Helmsley
Lotte Lenya
Michael Paré
Carroll Petrie
Loree Rodkin

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"Conclusion: The Board concludes that... Peterson... could have become confused and thought that he was making a climbing turn when in reality he was making a descending turn."

Coroner, Parish of Natchitoches, Louisiana, Investigation 2207 C.R.: James Joseph Croce

"On September 20, 1973, at approximately 10:45 p.m., an old, twin-engine Beechcraft D-18 airplane... left the 4,100 foot runway with both engines apparently functioning normally as reported by witnesses. The plane failed to gain altitude, veered to the left striking some trees wherein the left wing was torned [sic] off, spinning the plane around, then striking an embankment, coming to rest on the edge of an incomplected highway by-pass....

"The body of James Croce (male rock and roll vocalist entertainer) was found in the right front seat. The remains were removed and taken to the... Morgue for examination. He had been decapitated and had multiple fractures of the extremities.... Time of death was 10:45 p.m. instant in nature.

"The victims had different type drugs in their clothing. Several packets of marijuana also were discovered.... The Federal Aviation Administration... failed to detect any evidence of drugs or alcohol in the submitted specimens either of the pilot... or of James Joseph Croce...."

Police Department, Madison, Wisconsin, Officer's Report, Case No. 479884, Plane Crash-Death Investigation, December 10, 1967, involving Otis Redding

"Ben Cauley, the survivor... stated there were eight persons aboard the aircraft, which departed from Cleveland... and was scheduled to fly non-stop to Madison.... About 1 a.m. Saturday, 12-9-67, the group was at the Nashville airport and Cauley overheard a mechanic [say] that the battery system on the aircraft was not at full

ure, the Japanese have been knocking the American economy around since 1945. And yes, their Yamahas get better mileage than our Harleys. But a few Yankee traditions remain unimproved upon. For all their imitative zeal, the Japanese have not fully mastered our national pastime, or at least its verbal nuances, despite baseball's presence in Japan since an American professor introduced it in 1873, three years before the National League was founded. To wit:

- (1) A player explains his slump:
"I don't know what is wrong. I am seeing the ball well. I feel I am in good condition. I am eating well and my bowel movements are regular. I must ask the batting coach for guidance."
- (2) Excerpt from the Chunichi Dragons' fight song:
"Fighting nobly unto death
Yea, even in death you will stand firm
With a strategy keen as a glittering gem
Thirty thousand clapping hands will blossom
Your back to the wall, about to breathe your last
A sayonara home run turns the tide
In the corners of every fan's eyes
Hot tears will glisten again.
Dragons, Dragons, Dragons
Chunichi, Chunichi, Chunichi
Guts! Thrust and advance with guts!"
- (3) An article in *Bēsubōru* [Baseball] magazine: **BASEBALL DIET CORNER: SNAKES, FROGS AND OTHER ENERGY FOODS**

- (4) Team slogans:
Protect the One Run Burning Baseball
Conquer with Youth Courage Baseball
Living Baseball Clean Baseball
Dynamic and Precise Get Brainy and Brawny
Baseball Jump, Jump Whales

- (5) An interview with the superstar slugger Shigeo Nagashima:

Q: What would you do if there was a power failure when you were talking with your girlfriend?

A: I would not take advantage of the darkness. I would never grab her hand, because I'm a gentleman. I would wait quietly until the lights came back on.

Q: How much can you drink?

A: I'm weak at alcohol.

- (6) A Japanese team official, who had made a

point of learning colloquial English, was invited to dinner by an American baseball player, and greeted his hostess, "Jesus Christ, it's fucking hot today, isn't it?"

- (7) The Japanese press, upon learning that Joe Pepitone wore a toupee, speculated that premature baldness explained his failure to succeed as a player in Japan in 1973.

- (8) Legendary slugger Sadaharu Oh on the nature of sports competition:

"The sound of a wave is an ordinary happening in this world....

But who can sound the wave a hundred feet below?"

- (9) Oh on his peculiar batting stance:
"The one-footed scarecrow stands in the rice paddy.
Why does it stand there
with a rainhat over its head
When the sun is shining brightly
overhead?"

- (10) A typical baseball pen pal's letter:
"I am a fan of Chunichi, Lotte, Hanshin, high school baseball, university baseball [and] Elton John.... Please, someone write to me."
—Ted Widmer

HOT BEVERAGE MISCEGENATION

	+		=	
COFFEE		COCOA		MOCHA
	+		=	
COFFEE		MILK		CAFÉ AU LAIT
	+		=	
COFFEE		MOCHA		MOFFOCHA
	+		=	
COCOA		MOCHA		COCOMO
	+		=	
COFFEE		CAFÉ AU LAIT		COFFALO
	+		=	
COCOA		CAFÉ AU LAIT		MOOLATTO
	+		=	
DECAF		COFFEE		HALFFEINE
	+		=	
DECAF		COCOA		DEMIOCO
	+		=	
MOCHA		CAFÉ AU LAIT		MOCTOROON

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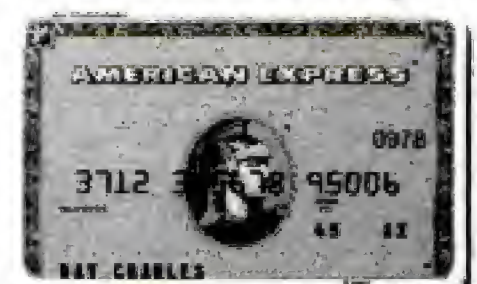
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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

power... While enroute to Madison, Cauley fell asleep and was suddenly awakened and experienced the sensation that the aircraft was in a spin and falling. He stated that... the plane was losing altitude at such a rapid rate, he found it difficult to breathe. He immediately unfastened his seatbelt, and grabbed an object, possibly some kind of cushion, and the aircraft plunged into the lake. He assumes the aircraft broke apart, as he found himself free of the wreckage in the water... He heard Ronnie Caldwell calling for help, and started towards Caldwell to aid him, however Caldwell disappeared... He also heard Carl Cunningham calling for help, but stated Cunningham... too disappeared. Within a few minutes, the police boat arrived, and he was rescued...

"[The next morning] we proceeded to... the disaster scene... [and] proceeded to drag the area... On their second [try] Off. Campbell and Brann recovered the [body] of Otis Redding... A rope was tied to the body... and when he was pulled to the surface it was found that he was still strapped to his seat. He was also wearing earphones... There was a head wound on Redding, right between his eyes, plus several other cuts around the face and neck... A search of the body... produced one Bulova watch, one black leather billfold, and \$302.00 in cash. I also removed a package of a substance similar to marijuana that was wrapped in tinfoil from the right inside coat pocket of Redding... This will be analyzed to determine if it is marijuana or not."

PULITZER PRIZE WINNER WANNABES III

They gave out Pulitzers again this year, and, as usual, it was less interesting to see who won than to see who was nominated—who, in other words, is officially in favor with the boss.

The New York Times offered 35 nominations this year, ▶

Louisiana state representative David Duke has always been a patriotic southerner, and now he's a dashing Republican statesman putting party chairman Lee Atwater's southern strategy into practice. True, the New Orleans phone directory still lists the address of Representative Duke's home as that of the local Ku Klux Klan headquarters, but, as this freshman Republican has explained any number of times to an unforgiving national press, *that's just in case anybody from his Klan days wants to get in touch with him.*

SPY: Representative Duke, there's been talk lately of your running for the U.S. Senate next year—do you have any national aspirations?

Duke: I've always had a political agenda. I think that the way you change things is through politics, and I've always been opposed to violence or illegality. I've always condemned that. So it's natural for me to take part in the political process. There are a lot of people talking to me about running, but that's kind of premature right now.

SPY: Let's just say there was President Duke, suddenly.

What would you do to change America's posture abroad?

Duke: I'd stop trying to stab countries that are our friends in the back, like South Africa. I think we need to start listening to the American public instead of to the very, very powerful Zionist lobby.

SPY: What do you know about this fall's New York mayoral race?

Duke: Very little. You show me their programs, and I can tell you which one I'd be for.

SPY: Well, there's Ron Lauder on the right, and Rudolph Giuliani, more or less in the center, and of course Mayor Koch.

Duke: Koch isn't a Republican, is he?

SPY: He ran on the Republican ticket in 1981.

Duke: I didn't realize that. Koch is a Republican now?

SPY: He sort of floats.

Duke: He's a registered Republican?

SPY: He ran as one.

Duke: I always thought of him as a Democrat.

Next installment: Representative Duke on what it means to be an American. —Guy Martin



'TREAT HIM NICE, BOYS—HE'S A DEVELOPER!'

How Ed Koch Is Paying Mort Zuckerman to Stay at Columbus Circle

he mayor can't help it: he sees a developer, he grovels. How else to explain the latest good deed he performed for Mort Zuckerman's Boston Properties?

In 1985, as you will recall, the Koch administration agreed to sell the Coliseum site to a partnership of Boston Properties and Salomon Brothers for \$455 million in cash and \$40 million in subway improvements. But after the stock market crash in 1987, Salomon Brothers walked away from the deal. It was an expensive decision; in order to back out of its agreement, Salomon was obliged to pay \$39.8 million to the city and \$13.9 million to Boston Properties.

And what did the city do with its \$39.8 million windfall? It gave the money to Boston Properties in return for Boston Properties's promise to pay it back someday, without interest. In other words, not only didn't the city dump a developer who had let a deal unravel, and not only didn't the city reopen the bidding on one of the most valuable and significant pieces of public land left in Manhattan, but it presented the developer with what some could construe as a \$39.8 million gift.

Under the latest deal, Boston Properties will eventually have to pay the city \$337 million in cash and a mere \$4 million in subway improvements for the Coliseum site, but for now the city's \$39.8-million can be used any way Boston Properties wants—to underwrite a portion of U.S. News & World Report's weekly losses, to finance Zuckerman's manic private plane schedule. Or it could just sit in a mutual fund somewhere and earn more money. How much might Zuckerman have made if he had invested the money that the city graciously allowed him to keep? Let's say that when Boston Properties got the money in December 1987, Zuckerman put it in a mutual fund, such as, say, the Kaufmann Fund, which has produced a 107.1 percent return on its investors' money over the last 18 months. Boston Properties would have collected \$42.6 million in pure profit from what could have been the city's money.

Had the city had those funds available, it could have hired at least 1,634 new police officers, paid the salary of a shrewder, more developer-proof new mayor in 1990, and still had the \$39.8 million in the bank. —Eddie Stern





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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

an increase of three over last year, though still fewer than 1986, when 42 stories or reporters were entered. Executive editor Max Frankel offered 23 nominations: reporters R. W. Apple Jr., Josh Barbanell, Jane E. Brody, Francis X. Clines, E. J. Dionne Jr., Maureen Dowd, eventual prizewinner Bill Keller (twice), John Kifner, Gina Kolata, David Margolick, Douglas Martin, Anna Quindlen, Frank Rich, George Vecsey and Michael Winerip; photographers Paul Hosefros (twice) and Keith Meyers; and the whole darn staff for the paper's coverage of the 1988 Summer Olympics, the housing desegregation crisis in Yonkers, the Tawana Brawley investigation and the crisis at America's nuclear-bomb plants. The estimable task of nominating the members of the editorial board and columnist A. M. Rosenthal was left to publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger.

The *Times*'s total was padded with two nonjournalistic nominations: reporter Dennis Havesi was nominated by George McDonald, executive director of The Doe Fund Inc., and Clines (again) was nominated for his reporting from Belfast by his wife, Kathleen Conniff Clines. In addition, medical reporter Lawrence K. Altman, M.D., was sufficiently impressed by his own efforts, even if his superiors weren't, to enter himself four times.

The *Daily News* filed 19 entries: Washington editor Lars-Erik Nelson; columnists Bob Herbert, Gail Collins and Mike McAlary; critic-at-large David Hinckley; sportswriters Mike Lupica and Filip Bondy; editorial-page editor Michael Pakenham; cartoonists Paul Rigby and Bill Gallo; reporters Charles W. Bell, Richard T. Pienick, Ruth Landa, Jim Duddy, Bob Kapstatter, Tony Marciano, Don Gentile and Natalie Byfield. The *News* also nominated Jack Newfield and Tom Robbins, whom they lured from *The Village Voice*, specifically citing a story on State Comptroller Ned Regan's shenanigans that the

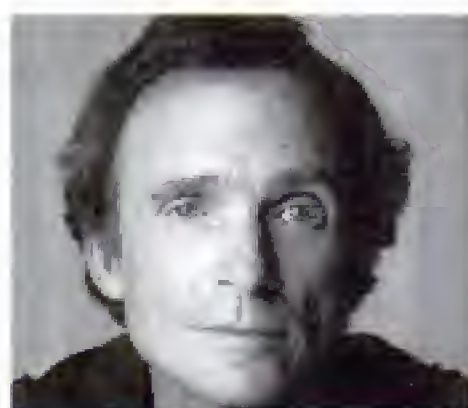
SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Jimmy Carter...



and Lampwick from *Pinocchio*?



Dick Cavett...



and Ted Bundy?



Patti LuPone...



and Miss Manners (Judith Martin)?

THE NEW, IMPROVED LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD A Monthly Tally



Elizabeth Taylor.....	once every 3.7 days
Nancy Reagan.....	once every 4.3 days
Roseanne Barr.....	once every 6.5 days
Cher.....	once every 6.5 days
Kevin Costner.....	once every 6.5 days
Malcolm Forbes.....	once every 6.5 days
Michael Jackson.....	once every 6.5 days
Madonna.....	once every 6.5 days
Jackie Onassis.....	once every 6.5 days
Diane Sawyer.....	once every 6.5 days
Mirabella.....	once every 6.5 days
Beverly Sills.....	once every 8.7 days
Carol Channing.....	once every 13 days
San Domenico.....	once every 13 days
Rosey Grier.....	once every 26 days
SPY.....	once every 26 days

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Our greatest living historical novelist."
—Anthony Burgess on Gore Vidal's *Lincoln*

"There is no other writer like him."
—Vidal on Burgess's *Little Wilson and Big God*

"Reading Madison Smartt Bell is like watching a juggler do it with 200 apples, 500 oranges, and a couple of newborn kittens."

—Carolyn Chute on Madison Smartt Bell's *Waiting for the End of the World*

"Quite possibly the only truly original stylist this last ten or fifteen years has produced."

—Bell on Chute's *Letourneau's Used Auto Parts*

"We await new Jenkins novels like children anticipating Christmas morning."

—Bob Greene on Dan Jenkins's *Dead Solid Perfect*

"I would go almost anywhere to read a Bob Greene column."

—Jenkins on Greene's *Cheeseburgers*

—Howard Kaplan

CHRONICLE OF OUR DEATH FORETOLD

A SPY Public - Service Countdown

"My pal Donald Trump... said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond... that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. I predict they won't even be around in a year.'"

—Liz Smith in the *Daily News*,
September 29, 1988



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the first creme blush you
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NEW BLUSH MAJEUR

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just a touch of blush or
dramatically to sculpt a
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- Blends instantly...won't
streak, shine, pore. Never
looks or feels greasy.
- Stays silky fresh and colour-
true for natural days and
glamorous nights.

**Blush Majeur. It might even
be more perfect than nature.**

LANCÔME
PARIS

Scarf & Earrings: Angela Cummings.
Dress: Christopher Morgenstern
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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

writers carted over from the *Voice* when they emigrated last June.

The *New York Post*, in a significant departure from the days when Rupert Murdoch thought so little of his journalists' work that he would nominate just one columnist, submitted 13 nominations, including city editor Doug Feiden, new editor Jerry Nachman, TV critic David Bianculli and cartoonist Bay Rigby. *The Village Voice*, in a significant departure from the days when the editor's entries numbered in the double figures, many of the nominees cultural critics and essayists, sent in only three entries: Playthell Benjamin for his coverage of the Brawley investigation; Guy Trebay specifically, and the paper generally, for a ten-part story on the South Bronx. *The New York Observer* nominated Michael M. Thomas.

The Wall Street Journal had 20 entries, including Manuela Hoelterhoff, Raymond A. Sokolov and Lee Lescage. *Newsday* had 35 nominations, including Marvin Kitman, Linda Winer, M. G. Lord and subway correspondent James Dwyer.

Four of SPY's favorite journalists were entered this year: Rosenthal; William F. Buckley Jr., by the *Daily News*; Eric Breindel, by the *New York Post*; and Bob Greene, by the *Chicago Tribune*. Other prominent writers who were nominated by their employers include Robert Hilburn, Jim Murray, Paul Conrad and David Shaw of the *Los Angeles Times*; Carl Sagan and Peter Maas of *Parade Magazine*; Bob Woodward, Walter Pincus and David Hoffman of *The Washington Post* for their series on George Bush; Richard Cohen and Lou Cannon, also of the *Post*; Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; Christopher Matthews and Michael Sragow of the *San Francisco Examiner*; Jack Germond and Jules Witcover of *The Baltimore Evening Sun*; Molly Ivins of the *Dallas Times Herald*; and Allen "BusCapade" Neuharth, chairman of *USA Today*, for his "various reports

SEPTEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

2-4 Woodstock Fair in Woodstock, Connecticut. An ordinary, sweet, small-town fair, indistinguishable from any other small-town fair, but particularly appealing to misinformed teenagers and aging hippies.

3 The day before Labor Day. Radio stations across the country begin their traditional Top 200 Rock Songs of All Time countdown. Twenty-four hours of suspense follow, while listeners breathlessly await the announcement of the No. 1 song, which is either "Stairway to Heaven" or "Free Bird."

4 Labor Day. Named, some say, for all the labor and all the love

from all the people who make the Jerry Lewis Labor Day Telethon the marvelous people-to-people event that it is. Stay up as long as Jerry does, and by the end you'll be crying and behaving erratically, too.

7 As good a day as any to observe Cable TV Month, as we have every September since way back in 1977. Celebrate by staying home from work while you wait for the cable-installation guy to come. Eventually give up. Celebrate in the same way tomorrow, and so on.

10 National Pet Memorial Day, according to the International Association of Pet Cemeteries, which encourages you to "memorialize a person's deceased pet" today.



Remember the turtle you put in a shoe box and buried in the backyard? Remember how the dog dug it up and ate part of it? This much memorializing should be sufficient.

11 O. Henry was born on this day in 1862.

(Surprise ending: he writes hundreds and hundreds of stories but dies anyway.)

12 Barry White is 45.

14 Koreans celebrate Chusok by paying homage to ancestors and guardian spirits. Expect a more festive air at the corner vegetable stand—but, as always, beware the salad bar.

19 San Gennaro Festival in Little Italy and other locations worldwide. *Of course the*

carnival whirligig on the back of the flatbed truck is safe. Right? There must be some official guy who checks it, right? Right? You go first.

21 Society for the Eradication of Television Convention in Albuquerque, New Mexico. To paraphrase Gil Scott-Heron, this convention will not be televised.

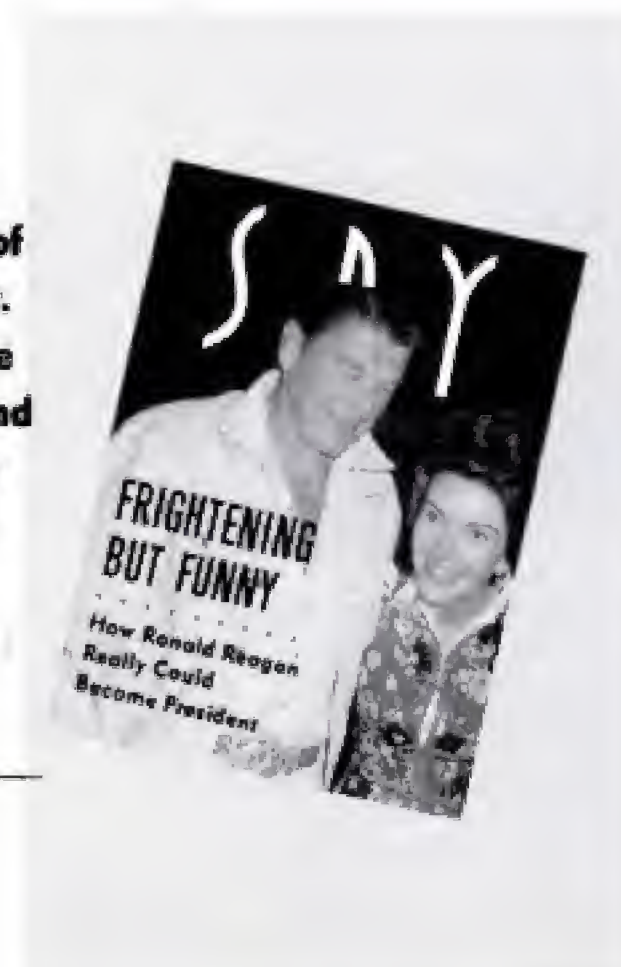
23 National Hunting and Fishing Day, by Jimmy Carter's presidential proclamation. Shoot a deer, angle for bass or beat a crazed, swimming giant rabbit with an oar.

30 Feast of Saint Jerome, the patron saint of librarians and scholars. Jerome is probably the correct saint to pray to when your computer seems to have evaporated a 10,000-word manuscript. ☛

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Here's how the scam works: Dressed in lab coats, Fairbairn and Patterson dim the auditorium lights and throw a switch on the side of what appears to be a fish tank with a thicket of wires attached to it. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' Fairbairn intones, 'hydrogen nuclei from the heavy water are becoming compressed within the palladium rods, and the device is producing more energy than it is consuming. You are witnessing the end of the energy crisis: controlled nuclear fusion.' At that point you can hear the checkbooks snapping open. Before the evening is over, Fairbairn and Patterson will have taken in another \$1 million."

—from "Would You Buy a Used H-bomb from This Man?,"
by David Owen, SPY, September 1979



Madame X by John Singer Sargent, adapted by Mark Hess.

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A classic brought
deliciously up-to-date.

Bacardi® rum,
made in Puerto Rico.

Having good taste is knowing what tastes good.

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Which Corvette® is your favorite? Win the VH-1 Corvette Collection and then decide.

Since 1953, Chevrolet has made 36 different models of the classic American sports car. And for 36 years the Baby Boomer generation has been thrilled. But with so many cool cars to pick from, how could anyone choose a favorite?

Well, VH-1 is going to make it easy. Call 1-900-773-4VH1.* You'll be eligible to win the VH-1

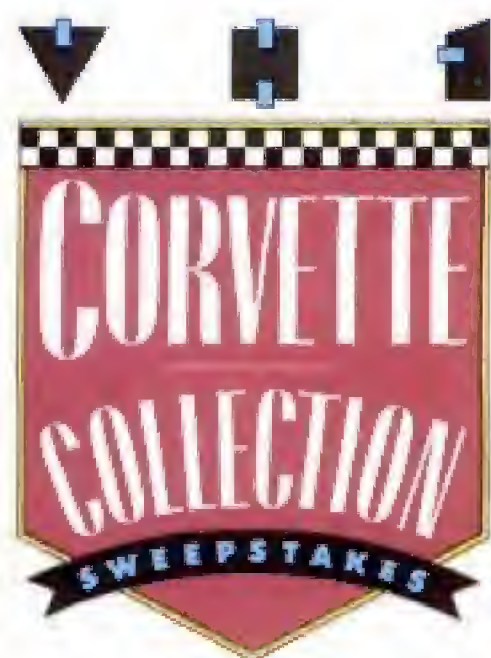
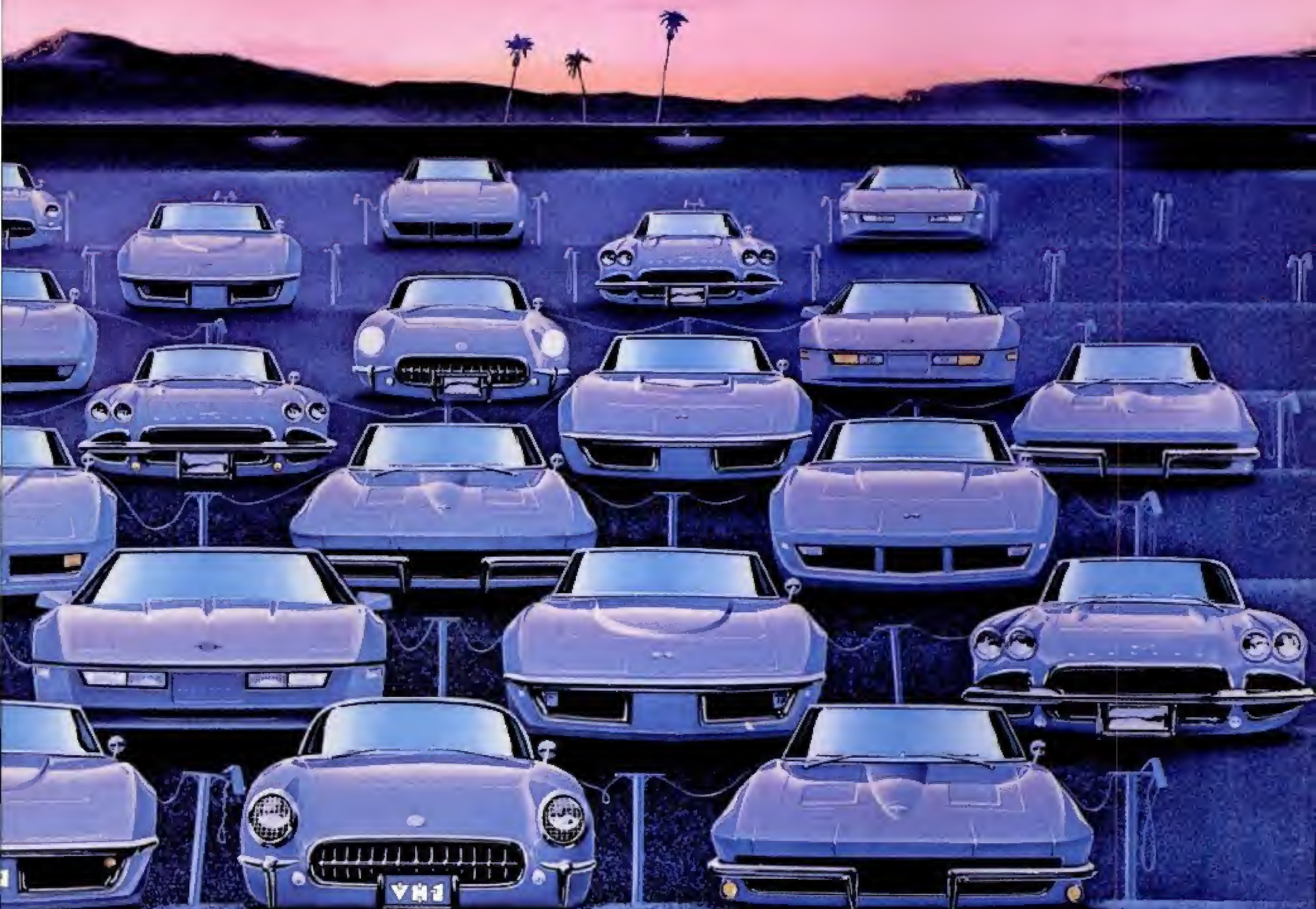
Corvette Collection. That's right. As unbelievable as it sounds, VH-1 will award the entire set of dream cars to *one* winner! Call today. Because the only thing better than owning one Corvette is owning all 36.

If you have VH-1, watch for more details. And if you don't have VH-1, call your local cable operator and ask them why not.

VH-1 CORVETTE COLLECTION (OFFICIAL RULES):

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. 2. There are three easy methods of entry and all afford an equal opportunity to win. (a) Call the 24-hour "900" number announced on VH-1 beginning August 12, 1989 from a touch-tone phone. Each call will cost \$2.00. Callers will be required to enter their phone number and social security numbers. or (b) Mail your request for a toll-free "900" number good for one call-in entry, along with a STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE to: VH-1 CORVETTE COLLECTION SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 979, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10101. or (c) Complete and mail an official entry blank available at participating retailers. All entry blanks must be hand-printed. Entries that are printed by machine or otherwise mechanically reproduced are unacceptable. 3. Enter as often as you wish but each entry blank must be mailed or phoned-in separately. Sweepstakes sponsor is not responsible for lost, delayed or misdirected entries. 4. Sweepstakes runs from August 12, 1989 through October 11, 1989. All calls and entry blanks must be received by midnight October 11, 1989. 5. VH-1 will award one Grand Prize as follows: (a) A complete collection of 36 Corvettes representing every model year from 1953 to 1989 (total value approximately \$410,000) or a 1989 Corvette and \$200,000 cash (total value approximately \$250,000). The Grand Prize winner will be chosen in a random drawing from all qualified entries received on or about October 15, 1989 by an independent judging organization. 6. Winner will be notified by phone within 24 hours of being selected. If winner is unreachable within that period, an alternative winner will be selected at random by an independent judging organization. Odds of winning depend upon total number of entries received. 7. All prizes are non-transferable. Arrangements for the fulfillment of the prizes will be made by MTV Networks ("MTVN"). MTVN reserves the right to substitute prizes of comparable value. Winner must execute an affidavit of eligibility and release of MTVN from any liability in connection with the winner's use of the prizes to be eligible for the prizes. Winner must also complete all legal documents provided by MTVN and return to MTVN within three (3) business days after notification of winning. Winner's receipt of the Grand Prize is conditioned upon compliance with any applicable federal, state and local laws, rules and regulations. Winner is solely responsible for all insurance and applicable federal, state and local taxes. 8. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S. 18 years of age or older. Sweepstakes not open to employees or their immediate families of MTV Networks, Viacom International Inc., their parent, subsidiary and affiliates.

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LOOKING AHEAD TO KOCH: THE YEARS IN EXILE

A SPY Outplacement Service:

Who Will Give the Mayor-for-Life Sanctuary Once the Voters Tell Him to Move On?



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

of international events."

Lawrence Altman wasn't the only reporter to nominate himself. Others who thought well of their own work included Nat Hentoff, for columns in *The Washington Post*; Richard Kotuk, a freelancer for *The East Hampton Star*; Karen De Crow, the former president of NOW, who, as she also did last year, nominated herself for work in various publications; James K. Glassman, the editor of *Roll Call* and a *New Republic* contributor, who nominated two stories he wrote with other reporters; Judy Mann of *The Washington Post*; Wilbert A. Tatum of *The New York Amsterdam News*; and Ron Curran, the city editor of *L.A. Weekly*, who nominated himself and two other reporters for articles on gang warfare and nominated himself for his political coverage. All of them dreamed the dream that Penny Loeb of *New York Newsday* lived: overlooked by her superiors, she nominated herself this year for her terrific story on Mitchell-Lama abuses, and was lauded as a runner-up by the Pulitzer judges.

THEY MIGHT BE CHEAPSKATES

From a rider to a performance contract for the group They Might Be Giants: "27. HOSPITALITY

Purchaser agrees to provide, at his sole cost and expense, the following:

Continuous hot tea with honey and lemon

Four (4) hot meals and one (1) fresh vegetable/salad tray

One (1) pot of fresh coffee ready one-half hour before Artist's performance

Two (2) large bottles of Perrier, seltzer or club soda (with lemons and limes)

One (1) gallon of orange juice

Twelve (12) bottles of imported beer

One (1) bottle of Jim Beam or J. W. Harper bourbon

One (1) pair 100% cotton men's briefs (new) size 34

Four (4) pairs 100% cotton men's white athletic or crew socks (new) size large" ■

Where would you go after the mayoral election if you were a paunchy politician who has been decisively rejected by the voters? You wouldn't want to move back to your Greenwich Village apartment, because most of your neighbors would be people who voted you out. Moreover, you couldn't get the typical service New Yorkers expect, because more of the people who voted you out would get back at you by holding up the delivery of your mail, laundry and take-out wontons.

So you'd have to go out for everything, where you'd run into even more people who voted against you, and since this is New York, they wouldn't be very polite. They'd say things like "You let builders do anything they wanted and really screwed this city up!" and "Hey, Ed, how ya doin'?" with a derisive snigger.

Soon you would feel obliged to go elsewhere. Where would that be? In a gesture of friendship, we called the representatives of likely depositories and asked whoever answered, "Would you admit our soon-to-be ex-mayor, Edward I. Koch, and let him live out his days in bitter but harmless exile?"

The first place we called was Elba. Would the island made famous 175 years ago as the retirement home of a paunchy emperor take in the mayor? Speaking for Elba, Angela Appetiti at the Italian embassy in Washington said, "It's entirely up to you where you want to send him. We don't really have an opinion." We took that as a yes.

The Philippines also makes sense. After all, Marcos came to our country, where he got a big house in Hawaii with a view of the Pacific, and a de facto absolution of his crimes against his people. We wondered: could we get the same deal for Koch? So we called the Philippine consulate and received a telephonic example of one-man-one-vote democracy at work. Mr. Martin Jose, the person who answered the phone, polled everyone in the room. "We're split," he said. "It's a tie vote."

We called several other places as well. The woman who answered the phone at the Australian consulate said, "Personally, I'd say no. But officially Australia takes about 140,000 immigrants every year. Some are refugees. If he's a refugee, perhaps we can take him as such." Miss Blaize, the Consul General of Grenada (the island paradise and former communist threat), turned the question right back at us. "What's the problem with him staying in his own country?" she asked. When we told her, she said, "I'll have to call my government for instructions." We are awaiting Grenada's final decision.

England regarded the question on two levels.

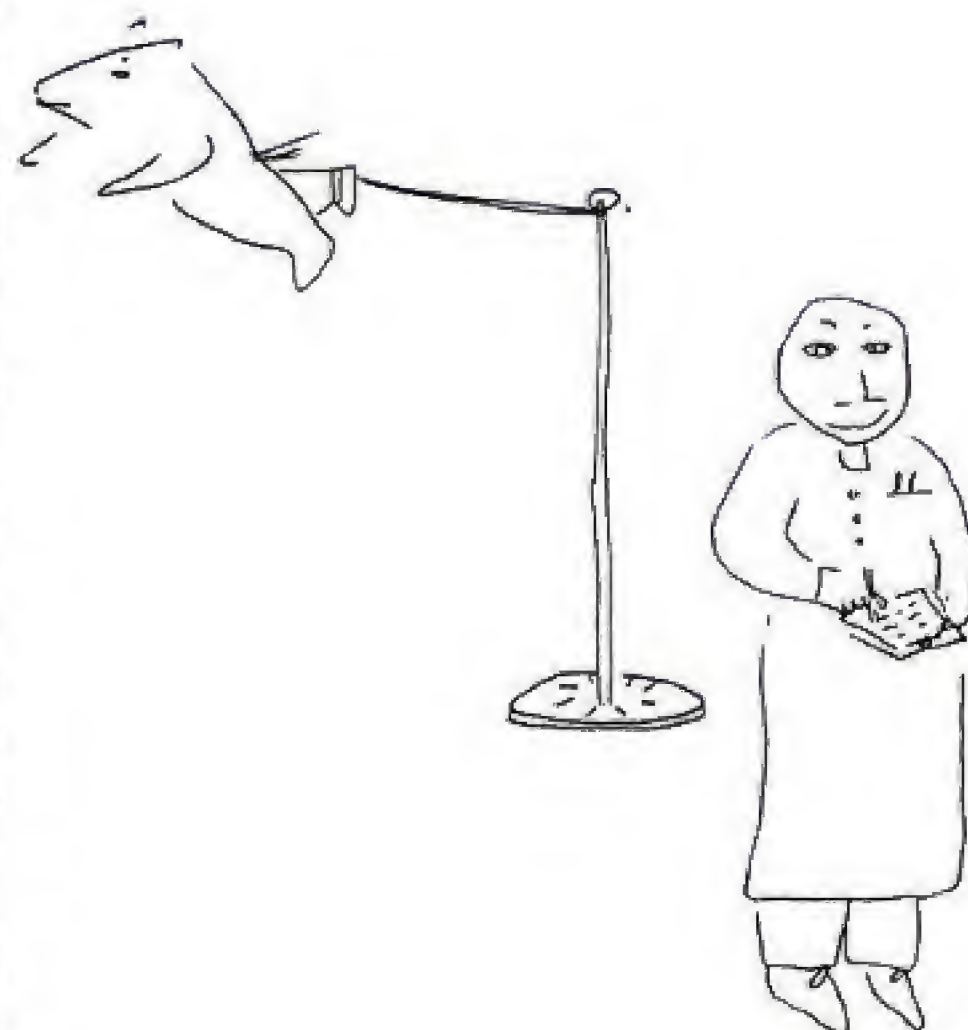
"Technically, there's nothing to prevent him," said a spokeswoman at the British consulate. "Hypothetically, I wouldn't know how people would react to him. He'd have to go find out for himself."

What about closer to home but still safely distant from New York—say, the state of Maine? Biddeford town clerk Luc Angers is waiting to throw out the welcome mat for Mr. Koch. "Our doors are open to anyone. He's just as welcome as Queen Elizabeth or the pope. Maine is a pretty friendly state. I don't think we'd reject anyone from Ed Koch to George Bush."

Alas, Mr. Angers spoke too soon. In Kennebunkport, vacation home of George Bush, the reaction to our query was more traditionally Down East. "We really don't think a whole hell of a lot of New Yorkers," said a man at the town office who wouldn't give his name. "So we don't want a New York politician here." Make a note, Ed: Biddeford, not Kennebunkport.

Folks in Bear Creek, Alabama, on the other hand, demonstrated real southern hospitality when we called them. "He can come right down and we'll add him to our collection of nuts," said former town clerk Ava McCurly. "He can just roam free on the streets with the rest of them." And in that respect, it will seem just like home.

—Randi Hacker and Jackie Kaufman



Controversial experiment

John S.P. Walker



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Wow! SPY FASHION ALERT! IT'S AN ALL-POINTS BULLETIN!

In New York's Ultrahip East Village, Undercover Cops Are Sporting Hot New Looks for the Nineties

*a*s ever in the hyperbohemian East Village, a protest demonstration was about to get under way. But — and what else would you expect in this *avant-la-mode* neighborhood? — a *fashion* demonstration was already in progress! At Tompkins Square Park, a fresh crowd of trendsetters was out in force with their new seventies-influenced, nineties-ready, *faux-chump* style. Call

it the Retro-Beefy Look, call it Folk De Niro, call it the Un-Mod Squad — whatever the name, a wildly different fashion sense has taken over the streets in New York's hippest precinct. Let the old guard insist that summerwear show as much as possible — the new order says, with a certain stern, officially licensed authority, *I've got something to hide*. The mood now: undercover is outasight!

—Joe Mastrianni and Rob Spillman



► *Rebels without a care:* running shoes, Lycra bike shorts, books, pens, circa-1965 hairstyling and an oxford shirt — with ultra-eclectic fashion inspirations like these, our pair of playful preppy-messengers fit in anywhere they want.



► *High-caliber looks:* in the nineties, good posture will be a fashion do, and here's a subtle, seat-of-the-pants accessorizing tip to make you slouch — but never slump.



► *Late-eighties echoes of a wilder, crazier time:* never missing a beat, this new new wave Mr. Downtown carries a discreet pair of silver bracelets in case the night brings with it the chance to become interpersonal.

◀ *Déjeuner sur l'iron fence:* in the East Village, life itself is worth lining up to watch, and the witty DON'T BE A DICK; JUST SAY NO tee proclaims, Being socially conscious pays — overtime!

▼ *Artists? Rockers? Whatever, it's hot-time summer asymmetry — they're wearing it just a little larger on the right and packing loads of style!*



▲ *The gang's all here, and once and for all — it is hip to be square.* Too-assertive midriff? A flowing shirt left untucked gives that airy, artsy disheveled-genius look — and smooths over any overupholstered bulges.



INTRODUCING DRY BEER ELEVATED TO EUROPEAN STANDARDS.

To be worthy of the name Grolsch, dry beer had to become more than merely thirst-quenching. It had to become worth savoring.

Introducing new Grolsch Premium Dry, the first dry beer from Europe.

The taste is so superb, in fact, one of our own brewmasters now refuses to drink anything else.

This smooth, all-natural refresher is

painstakingly lagered for ten weeks.

The result is a uniquely crisp, clean, bracing taste only a brewer with Grolsch's 374 years of experience could produce.

So ask for Grolsch Premium Dry the next time you buy beer.

And enjoy the first dry beer a European would consider drinking.




Grolsch®


IF KAYE BALLARD SAYS IT'S GOOD, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

Former journalist Linda Ellerbee has been getting a lot of press about the ersatz special news reports—cum—TV commercials she did for Maxwell House coffee, in which she introduced colorful videotaped field reports from Willard Scott. But Ellerbee wasn't the first to sell out in this particularly misleading fashion. In fact, she's in rather distinguished company.

They come out late at night, when the sane are asleep and

when more expensive celebrities have left the airwaves. They hawk curiously second- and third-drawer products on curiously long and cheaply produced TV commercials designed to look like talk shows or news programs. They are the "stars" who pitch anything from hair restorers to sex seminars, under voice-over disclaimers to the effect that nothing they say is necessarily the truth.

Star: Dick Clark

Product: Gary Smalley's  "Hidden Keys to Loving Relationships" intimacy seminar on audio- and videocassettes


Format: Clark interviews Smalley on "Is There Love After Marriage?," ersatz *Donabue*, and takes questions from audience

Persuasive Reason for Buying Product: Smalley's technique will teach "how to energize your mate in 60 seconds"

Reason Given by Star for Demeaning Himself in This Fashion: Clark, who has been divorced twice, may have been intrigued by Smalley's claim that technique teaches men "how to value your wife"

Most Exciting Claim: Smalley claims he interviewed over 30,000 women and another 10,000 couples over a three-year period
Cost: \$69.95, video; \$39.95, audio

Star: Robert Vaughn

Product: Helsinki Formula  baldness remedy; "cleanses the cells and tissues around the follicles that are sometimes clogged"


Format: Very tan Vaughn, sporting a comb-over, anchors "Robert Vaughn Discovers," ersatz *Nightline* including pseudo-live news reports from Helsinki Formula's vast, global network of correspondents. On anchor desk is U.N.C.L.E.-like symbol—the Helsinki baldness-remedy logo

Persuasive Reason for Buying Product: Statisticians asked balding men if they thought they had less sex appeal. "An overwhelming 97 percent said no.... But when we asked the women if balding men are sexier, an incredible 85 percent said no"

Most Exciting Claim: British royal family rumored to use Helsinki Formula

Cost: \$49.95 for three-month supply

Star: John Ritter

Product: Tapes of Professor  Claude Olney's "Where There's a Will, There's an

'A" school grade-boosting seminar


Format: On ersatz *Today*-like talk show, Ritter interviews Olney, "a professor at one of America's major universities"; cuts to taped student and parent testimonials

Persuasive Reason for Buying Product: Student Chuck Pangrazi says, "Before Professor Olney's seminar, I flunked out of school. After Professor Olney's seminar, I've had 19 straight A's and not one B"

Reason Given by Star for Demeaning Himself in This Fashion: "The results are incredible," says Ritter. (Also, he signed with Olney before his *Hooperman* success)

Cost: \$69.95, video; \$39.95, audio

Star: Judy Collins

Product: Harmonics  Liposome Eye Gel. Liposomes "match your own skin cells and cause wrinkles to plump up and simply fade away"


Format: On ersatz *Good Morning America*, Collins introduces "Amazing Eyes" show by singing "Amazing Grace" near a dozen mascara-shellacked Liposome Eye Gel users. Signing off, she says, "We've had a wonderful sharing afternoon"

Persuasive Reason for Buying Product: NASA developed liposomes to counteract dryness that occurs in planes, says Collins

Reason Given by Star for Demeaning Himself in This Fashion: "She didn't just sign her name to something," Collins's beefy consultant-fiancé, Louis Nelson, insists. "She really wanted a superior product that she... developed, really, and she did it working very closely with the chemists"

Cost: \$59.95 for gel, moisturizer, cleanser and mirror in vinyl case, an "instant collector's item you'll use over and over"

Star: Kaye Ballard

Product: "Look at Me  Now!" self-hypnosis diet plan

Format: Ballard makes guest appearance

on "Look at Me Now!," fake *Donabue*-style show. Host Dr. Judy Kuriansky interviews a doctor, dieters and audience members and shows before-and-after videos


Persuasive Reason for Buying Product: Mike Ovitz chum Dr. Bruce Hensel says, "[Hypnosis is] a personal power plan to focus on yourself!"

Reason Given by Star for Demeaning Herself in This Fashion: Formerly obese, now only somewhat overfed Ballard lost 16 pounds. "Bread and pasta is my life. Thank God I found this," she says

Most Exciting Claim: With this plan, "when you bend over to touch your toes there's, like, things not in the way anymore," says actress Karin Gustafsen

Cost: \$39.95 for relaxation tape, diet book and "nutritional supplements"

Star: Monty Hall

Product: Dave Del Dotto's  Cash Flow System, "the most dynamic wealth-building home-study course ever offered in the history of television"; teaches how to get rich from government auctions with no money down and no credit

Format: On a stage above a Hawaiian beach, Hall hosts *Regis & Kathie Lee*-like panel discussion with "cash flow expert" Del Dotto and newly rich disciples

Persuasive Reason for Buying Product: "If you study the wealth of all the people in the history, you will find out that... real estate is where all the wealth accumulates," says Del Dotto

Reason Given by Star for Demeaning Himself in This Fashion: In the words of Langston Hughes, Hall says, "Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die/Life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly"

Most Exciting Claim: "When I look at this cash flow system, I see *people*," says Del Dotto

Cost: \$297

—Stephen Rae

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AVANTOGRAPHY BY JACK PEDOTA

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"Smalto. You make me weak."



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I AM THE LEMON

Tru Story: *Weird-o Investors Burned by Junky John Lennon Jalopy!*



Every few years, like clockwork, there's a slew of news stories about yet another auction of the so-called Beatles' Bentley, a psychedelically painted, paisley-curtained, pink-shag-carpeted, rather badly beaten-up Rolls-Royce sedan. This summer the car was once again on the block at Christie's, where its present owner counted on taking in between \$800,000 and \$1 million (a non-Beatles' Bentley of the same vintage would sell for \$25,000-\$60,000).

On auction day, bidding for the Bentley was opened at \$300,000. A hush descended over the Christie's showroom, followed by some shuffling and embarrassed grins. Thirty seconds later it was over. Nobody had bid—perhaps because of dark rumors that the car wasn't exactly a one-of-a-kind dream machine. In fact, a thorough look into the car's history more than backs up Christie's lame assertion that "the story of the Beatles' Bentley is as colorful as the car itself." Here, for the first time, is its three-decade provenance.

1956-66: The Countess of Middleton, Ashford, Kent, England. Christie's lists the countess as the Bentley S1 four-door, six-cylinder sports saloon's original owner, although Bentley Motors says the car was bought by a Mr. G. W. Higgs. A new Bentley sold for \$13,500 in 1956.

1966-68: The Beatles, London. The Bentley was bought as a corporate car for the Beatles' business concerns, but John Lennon commandeered it for his personal use, supervised its Just Say Yes paint job and trashed the inside. Says a car dealer who saw it in the early eighties, "They did everything a human can possibly do to the interior—whiskey spills, cigarette burns. It's nothing but a gold-plated horse turd."

Circa 1968-77 (or 1979—see next entry): **James Brucker, Buena Park, California.** The Beatles wanted a yacht, so in 1968 Apple Records sold the Bentley to an undisclosed person, who sold it for about \$6,500 to Brucker, who gave the car a permanent home at Buena Park's Movieworld, which he also owned. At some point, Brucker

manufactured and rented out a replica of the Beatles' Bentley.

1977-79: Ojai More, address unknown. More kept the car in a wine cellar, according to Christie's; James Brucker says that there is no "Ojai More" and that he, Brucker, kept the Bentley until 1979.

1979-80: Ron Morgan, Santa Ana, California. Morgan, a flamboyant used-car dealer, purchased the Bentley at auction for \$50,000.

1981-circa 1983: Dr. Lonnie Hammargren, Las Vegas, Nevada. Hammargren, a cranky celebrity neurologist, bought the Bentley from Morgan at auction for a reported \$325,000—which at the time would have been a record (some experts believe the reported price was inflated). That year, Hammargren bought a second "Beatles' Bentley." "One of them is phony," says Hammargren, "and I'm probably the only one who knows which one is real." The fake was James Brucker's Movieworld copy.

1983-84: Kenneth Wilson, Kansas City, Missouri. "The real one," claims Dr. Hammargren, "went to Kansas City." Wilson, a car dealer, traded a building he owned, worth roughly \$50,000, according to Hammargren, for the car. He later declared bankruptcy and the car was turned over to the courts.

1984-Present: Biond Fury and Yulla Lipchitz, New York City. Lipchitz is the widow of sculptor Jacques Lipchitz; Fury is a psychic, composer and author of a manuscript about his mystic symbiosis with the Beatles' Bentley, which he and Lipchitz bought jointly from Wilson's bankruptcy trustee for \$200,000. A spokesman for Wilson adds, "Fury got shafted."

When nobody at Christie's bid on his chrome-and-steel soulmate last June, Fury rationalized that "John must want me to keep the car for my projects." Perhaps John also told him he had a loser on his hands. Cognoscenti say that neither of the Beatles' Bentleys is the Beatlemobile to

own—that car would be a yellow Rolls-Royce Phantom V once owned by Lennon, which was *his* car, not a corporate party vehicle.


But the story doesn't end there. According to Dr. Hammargren, in 1986 the fake Beatles' Bentley was fobbed off on Leo Dutram, a Worcester, Massachusetts, tanning-salon operator and collector of celebrities' cars. Dutram bought his ersatz Beatles' Bentley at auction for \$79,000 from an Indiana car museum, which, in turn, had received it as a donation from Dr. Hammargren. Dutram was led to believe that he was getting a deal because he was told that Hammargren had paid \$325,000 for the car. Dutram says that no one had mentioned anything about a second Bentley (the first he heard of it was when he read about the Christie's auction last spring). When Dutram's Bentley was delivered, he discovered that the brakes were inoperative, and the car quickly died at the bottom of his driveway. —*Bob Mack*

SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



SPY: *What has been your most rewarding experience in the American theater?*

David Mallard, Star of Tomorrow: Understudying two roles on a tour of *Edwin Dred* with Jean Stapleton. ☺



*pure
&
simple*

Jules Shear singing
Marty Willson-Piper playing

*j u l e s
s h e a r*

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(lyrics & chords included)



THE CITY THAT PRAYS TOGETHER

The most prolific graffiti artists ever to walk the earth—more prolific even than Keith Haring—are alive and living close at hand. Uncomfortably so.

You may find what follows hard to believe, but it's true: a band of religiously inspired vandals has succeeded in scratching the word PRAY at least once on the exterior of every single building in New York City. Every single building. No matter where in the city one goes—from the South Bronx to the Coney Island boardwalk—one is never more than a few yards from the nearest of these tiny commands.

See for yourself. Approach any New York building at random and examine the threshold. PRAY will usually be found scratched on a metal surface within an area from four to four and a half feet above the pavement. Pay particular attention to door-jambes and the edges of the doors themselves. Storefront window casings are another common site, as are the vertical tracks along which storefront window gates slide shut. Usually PRAY appears vertically, one letter below the next. You'll have to look carefully: PRAY is almost always scratched very faintly and in tiny letters, often rendering it barely perceptible. (Once you've

spotted a few, you may want to branch out and begin scrutinizing the city's 44,428 public phones and 13,001 mailboxes, because scratched on virtually every one you will find PRAY or the phrases WORSHIP GOD, LOVE GOD, THANK GOD, TRUST GOD or PRAISE GOD.)

New buildings, it seems, are christened promptly. Last year, 9 weeks after the construction barricades came down from around Zeckendorf Towers on Union Square, PRAY appeared more than 20 times on the building's exterior.

The eeriest aspect of the PRAY pandemic is that nearly everyone is oblivious to it—indeed, this is apparently the point. After all, PRAY could easily have been rendered more visible, with Magic Marker, say, or fluorescent spray paint. So either PRAY marks the most successful subliminal advertising campaign ever waged, or else the people who scratch PRAY simply don't care whether anyone is paying attention.

Who are they? Why *do* they do it? City officials and religious leaders we contacted claimed to have no idea. The only thing one can say for certain about the PRAY people is that they have plenty of free time. And they're out there somewhere.



SAATCHI AND SAATCHI BUILDING, 375 HUDSON STREET



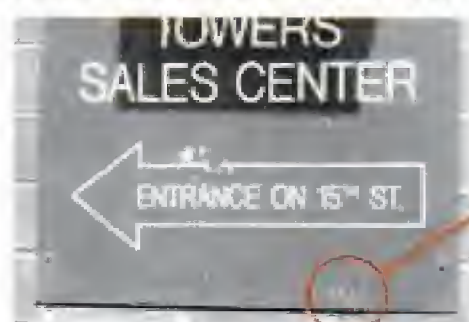
NEW YORK CITY BALLET FOSTER, LINCOLN CENTER



BEACON THEATER, 2124 BROADWAY



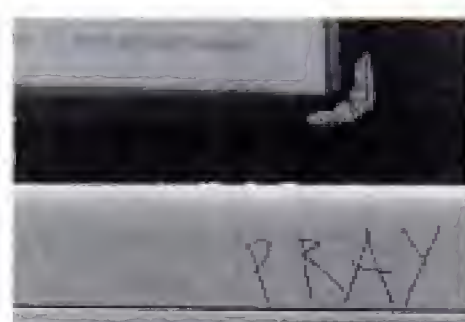
FEDERAL HALL HISTORIC MARKER, 38 WALL STREET



ZECKENDORF TOWERS, UNION SQUARE EAST



ODEON, 145 WEST BROADWAY



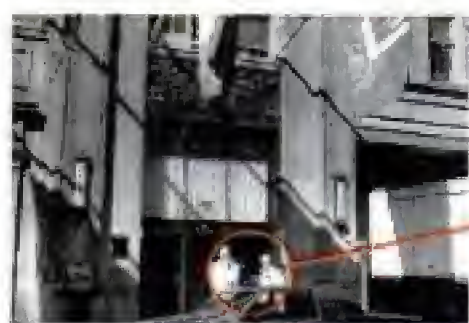
EMPIRE DINER, 218 TENTH AVENUE



THE NEW YORK TIMES, 312 WEST 43RD STREET



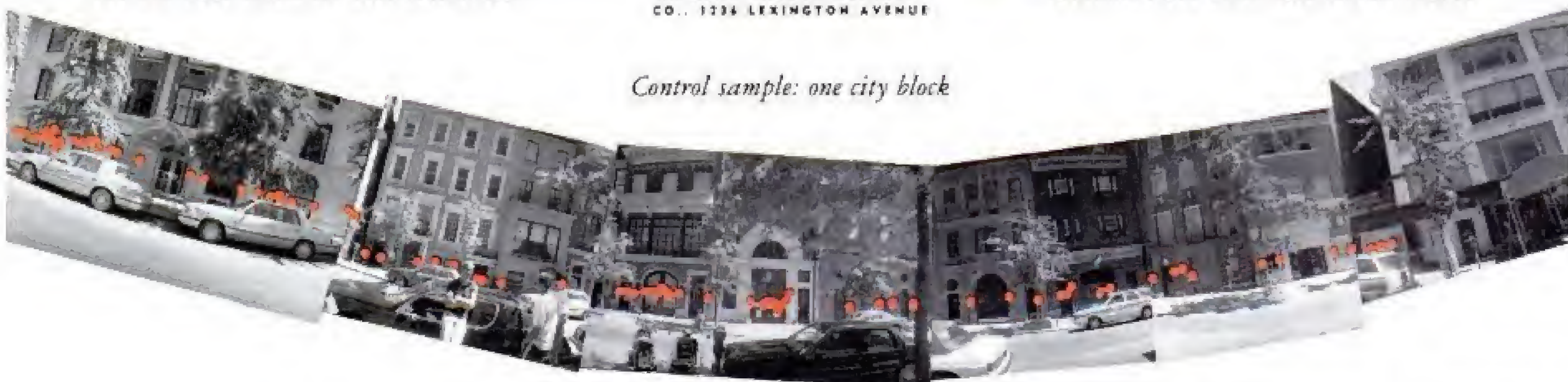
AA ACME VACUUM CLEANER CO., 1236 LEXINGTON AVENUE



DORRIAN'S RED HAND, 1616 SECOND AVENUE



Control sample: one city block



NORTH SIDE OF EAST 49TH STREET BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND THIRD AVENUES: PRAY APPEARS 81 TIMES

—Max Cantor

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YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette



At CANYON RANCH Resort and Spa, where all the stars go to get it together these days, George Michael look-alike Donny Osmond leads a tinselly troop for an afternoon toning hike and inspirational lecture. Donny (fresh from the success of his fab hit single "Soldier of Love") gives a few knowing pointers on career rejuvenation to Lindsay Wagner, who looks like 6 million bucks after a week in that healthful sou'west sun. Bringing up the rear, comeback girl Diana Ross trades diet and hair-retention tips with former Fonz and current auteur Henry Winkler. Ayyy—steady there!—Mr. Winkler looks a little shaky on his feet, but no need to worry—like his hiking partners, he's a survivor! PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

Walter Monheit's BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™,
the Movie Publicist's Friend



DADDY'S HOME, starring John Travolta (Tri-Star)

Walter Monheit says, "That glaring void in American film is over at last: **Welcome back, Travolta!**"

SEA OF LOVE, starring Al Pacino, Ellen Barkin (Universal)

Walter Monheit says, "Pacino sizzles! Barkin smokes! Friends, you'll need **a cold shower after this one!**"

IN COUNTRY, starring Bruce Willis, Emily Lloyd (Warner Bros.)

Walter Monheit says, "**Willis! That's all I need to say: Bruce Willis!**"

BLUE STEEL, starring Jamie Lee Curtis (Vestron)

Walter Monheit says, "**Steel yourself for Blue Steel! Jamie Lee Curtis is a force of nature! Ooof!!!**"

FRAMED, starring Tom Selleck (Touchstone)

Walter Monheit says, "**Oscar Derby '90 gets off to a Selleck-rific start!**" »

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram
Analysis

WILLIAM SAFIRE

IF I ALARM LEWIS...

HARRISON GOLDIN

GIRLS: NON-HAIRDO

RICHARD CHENEY

CHEERY AND RICH

VICE PRESIDENT

DAN QUAYLE

CRADLED QUITE A
PENIS ENVY

HENRY KRAVIS

VERY "IN" SHARK

—Andy Aaron

From
fine art to
fine automobiles;
from first class travel to
second homes. ▼ To that
long list of luxuries that make life
so enjoyable, we would like to add
one necessity. ▼ Exercise.
▼ And point out a fact our mem-
bers have always known. ▼

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your body is not disposable.

That sometimes even a necessity
can feel like an indulgence. ▼

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WHERE'S THE LET'S HAVE LUNCH KEY?

SPY Test-Drives Computer Editing Software



The advertising business is fond of grouping magazines demographically—that is, according to how rich or poor or acquisitive or educated a given magazine's average reader is. (By way of illustration, the average *Vanity Fair* reader might own a really cool stereo and have a median household income of, say, \$14,000, plus tips.) But while demographic studies can reckon what kind of vacation a reader takes and what sort of beer he drinks, they don't indicate the reader's, um, reading level.

But now, thanks to computer technology, there exists a tool to calibrate the complexity and sophistication of any writer's work. It's a piece of software called RightWriter, and its creators intend that it be used for *editing*. One of the ways it edits is to helpfully spew out a number—the "Readability Index"—that fixes the number of years of education a reader will need to understand a particular piece of writing. A Readability Index of 8.2, for example, says that you are writing for an eighth-grade reader. RightWriter also calculates a Strength Index ("a measure of the strength of the writing style"), a Descriptive Index ("a measure of

the use of adjectives and adverbs"), a Jargon Index ("a Jargon Index of greater than 0.5 indicates jargon is being used too heavily"), sentence-structure recommendations and a list of words to review ("words...that may be negative, jargon, colloquial [slang], misused, misspelled or frequently not understood").

We selected a wide variety of writing samples and fed them into the RightWriter program. While we're not at all sure we're ready to throw away our blue pencils, RightWriter did make us think long and hard about all those "negative words" we've been using. And it made us see our colleagues in magazine and book publishing through new eyes: specifically, we've stopped reading the stories of Raymond Carver (who wrote, we now know, for first graders), infinitely preferring our new subscriptions to *Juggs* and *Wrestling Fury* (suitable for a more sophisticated, ninth-grade audience).

What follows is RightWriter's ranking of 29 published writers according to their academic standing.

—Brian Beatty, with Seth Roberts and Joe Mastrianni

		Grade (1-14)	Jargon Index (0-1)	Suggestions for Improvement			Grade (1-14)	Jargon Index (0-1)	Suggestions for Improvement			Grade (1-14)	Jargon Index (0-1)	Suggestions for Improvement
Title	<i>The Viewfinder</i>	1.53	0.00	Use more prepositional phrases.	Title	Liz Smith	8.24	0.00	Use fewer clichés.	Title	The Current Cinema: "Stunt"	10.31	0.27	Use less slang and more common words.
Author	Raymond Carver				Author	Liz Smith				Author	Pauline Kael			
Publ.	Knopf				Publ.	<i>Daily News</i>				Publ.	<i>The New Yorker</i>			
Date	1981				Date	February 1989				Date	February 1989			
Title	Ann Landers	5.34	0.00	Review the use of exclamation points.	Title	TRB: "Late Returns"	8.65	0.00		Title	On My Mind: "Something Is Happening"	10.33	0.00	Use the active voice and shorter, simpler sentences.
Author	Ann Landers				Author	Hendrik Hertzberg				Author	A. M. Rosenthal			
Publ.	<i>New York Newsday</i>				Publ.	<i>The New Republic</i>				Publ.	<i>The New York Times</i>			
Date	February 1989				Date	April 1989				Date	March 1989			
Title	<i>Bonfire of the Vanities</i>	5.71	0.00		Title	Screw You: "Fear of Frequent Flying"	8.91	0.78	Use more positive wording.	Title	TRB: "Fear of Flying"	11.08	0.00	
Author	Tom Wolfe				Author	Al Goldstein				Author	Michael Kinsley			
Publ.	Farrar Straus & Giroux				Publ.	<i>Screw</i>				Publ.	<i>The New Republic</i>			
Date	1987				Date	February 1989				Date	September 1988			
Title	Dear Abby	5.72	0.00	Use less slang and more positive wording.	Title	"Doctor: Cocaine kills pain"	9.24	0.00		Title	"Paraguay's Republic of Fear"	11.22	0.59	Use more positive wording.
Author	Abigail Van Buren				Author	Hugh Wright				Author	(editorial)			
Publ.	<i>New York Newsday</i>				Publ.	<i>USA Today</i>				Publ.	<i>The New York Times</i>			
Date	February 1989				Date	February 1989				Date	February 1989			
Title	Song: "Basia"	6.67	0.00		Title	La Dolce Musto	9.33	0.26	Use fewer weak phrases and less ambiguous wording.	Title	Suzy	12.18	0.23	
Author	Andrew Abrahams				Author	Michael Musto				Author	Aileen Mehle			
Publ.	<i>People</i>				Publ.	<i>The Village Voice</i>				Publ.	<i>New York Post</i>			
Date	January 1989				Date	February 1989				Date	January 1989			
Title	Media Person	7.01	0.30	Use less wordy phrases, more common words and less slang.	Title	"The Girls of Dairyland"	9.38	0.00		Title	"The Rights of Gorbachev"	12.27	0.23	
Author	Lewis Grossberger				Author	Justin West				Author	I. F. Stone			
Publ.	<i>7 Days</i>				Publ.	<i>Juggs</i>				Publ.	<i>The New York Review of Books</i>			
Date	February 1989				Date	February 1989				Date	February 1989			
Title	"A Pair of Aces: all about two varmint hunting superstars..."	7.03	0.00		Title	Miss Manners	9.52	0.32		Title	"Cineplex and Loews in Clash of Titans..."	13.24	0.36	
Author	J. D. Jones (handgun editor)				Author	Judith Martin				Author	Jim Robbins			
Publ.	<i>Guns & Hunting</i>				Publ.	<i>Daily News</i>				Publ.	<i>Variety</i>			
Date	January 1989				Date	February 1989				Date	January 1989			
Title	Beat	7.08	0.00		Title	Social Studies	9.56	0.00		Title	"Where's the LET'S HAVE LUNCH Key?"	13.75	0.00	
Author	Glenn O'Brien				Author	James Revson				Author	Brian Beatty et al.			
Publ.	<i>Interview</i>				Publ.	<i>New York Newsday</i>				Publ.	SPY			
Date	February 1989				Date	February 1989				Date	September 1989			
Title	"Who Pays for What"	7.68	0.00		Title	"Terry Taylor: Championship Bound"	9.59	0.00		Title	Brief Encounters: "Retrospective"	14.90	0.61	
Author	unknown				Author	Dan Laible				Author	Vince Aletti			
Publ.	<i>Modern Bride</i>				Publ.	<i>Wrestling Fury</i>				Publ.	<i>Voice Literary Supplement</i>			
Date	February 1989				Date	April 1989				Date	March 1989			
Title	(Letter to SPY)	7.81	0.48	Try to use more simple sentences.	Title	Editor's Letter: "Man in Motion"	9.69	0.80	"The writing contains a good deal of jargon."					
Author	Gore Vidal				Author	Tina Brown								
Publ.	SPY				Publ.	<i>Vanity Fair</i>								
Date	March 1989				Date	February 1989								

TIBET. LENINGRAD.

AUSTIN.

AND THE REST OF THE NATURAL WORLD.



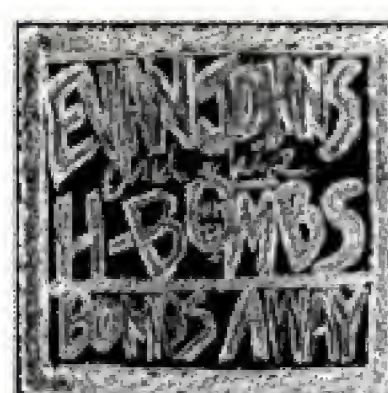
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BOUND FOR GLORY

What Happens When Your Last Stop Comes Before the End of the Line



Of those of us who will die while traveling, most will owe it to a drunk driver's assault with a deadly weapon. Occasionally, however, a traveler meets his demise under quieter circumstances, as the result of a heart attack in a jumbo over Lake Michigan, for instance, or a stroke between Times Square and Grand Central on the IRT shuttle. When Ratso Rizzo died on a Florida-bound bus in *Midnight Cowboy*, the bus driver asked that his eyes be closed and then drove on. That was 1969. How would the same scene be played today? How do transportation companies cope when a passenger dies in transit?

Mode of Transportation	Official Policy	Facilities for Deceased	Travel Fare Refund Policy?	Letter of Sympathy?	Nonviolent Deaths in 1988
Amtrak 	When the deceased is discovered, the radio dispatcher signals ahead for a rescue squad to meet the train at nearest station	Up to the conductor; may have body removed to sleeping car, if train includes one 	Survivors may return unused portion of the deceased's ticket for a refund, provided a death certificate accompanies request	No; however, a spokesperson said Amtrak is considering implementing a condolence policy in the future	Not available; "It's apparently quite rare," says a spokesperson
Delta Air Lines 	The crew notifies the nearest airport (usually no more than 20 minutes away) and receives priority clearance to land 	The body is placed in a "protected situation"—draped with a blanket and buckled in—until medics arrive; a service representative accompanies the body to a hospital; a consumer-affairs representative helps the family with shipping and funeral arrangements	The unused portion of the ticket is refunded, even if the ticket was restricted; no frequent-flier points are awarded	A sympathy letter is routinely sent, except in cases where there has been a bitter divorce or when someone at Delta has a "gut feeling" that a letter would be inappropriate	Not available (the FAA tallied an average of 21 nonviolent deaths annually on all U.S. airline flights for the last 40 years)
Greyhound Lines 	The driver phones the police; because the driver may have to remain behind to talk to the cops, a relief driver is dispatched to collect the other passengers	The police board the bus and examine the body to determine if the person died of natural causes; once this is decided, an ambulance transports the corpse to a local morgue	If the home office can obtain the unused portion of the ticket from the police, a refund will be made	No; however, a spokesperson said Greyhound will implement a condolence policy in the future  	4
Metro-North Commuter Railroad 	A radio dispatcher signals ahead for the rescue squad to meet the train at the nearest station	A crew member stays with the body until the train stops; other passengers are not apprised, though passengers usually move away on their own	The passenger's estate can file for a refund of the unused portion of the ticket	No	Not available
Queen Elizabeth 2 (Cunard Line Ltd.) 	If a traveler dies while crossing the Atlantic, the deceased must be stored until the ship reaches its destination; on Caribbean cruises, the deceased is deposited at the closest port, accompanied by a company representative	The QE2 has three refrigerators in its morgue; there is no charge for their use 	No set refund policy; if there is time remaining on the ticket, travel credit is issued toward future passage	If the deceased was a regular traveler of the Cunard Line, the home office will send a letter of sympathy to the survivors	Not available 
Long Island Rail Road 	The conductor signals a dispatcher, who radios ahead to the LIRR police, local police and the rescue squad, who meet the train at the nearest station	The train crew may assist in carrying the body off the train 	A prorated refund for the unused portion of a monthly pass will be issued	"In the event the family contacts us, we would," says a spokesperson	Not available; "It happens so rarely," says a spokesperson
Subways (the Metropolitan Transit Authority) 	A radio dispatcher signals ahead for the rescue squad and transit police to meet the train, or the train is driven to the station closest to the nearest hospital	The subway car is evacuated; the body is covered with a waterproof covering and searched and all personal property is removed; after an ID tag is attached ("preferably to [the] large toe"), the body is taken to a hospital	No refund	No	27 

—Jay Blotcher

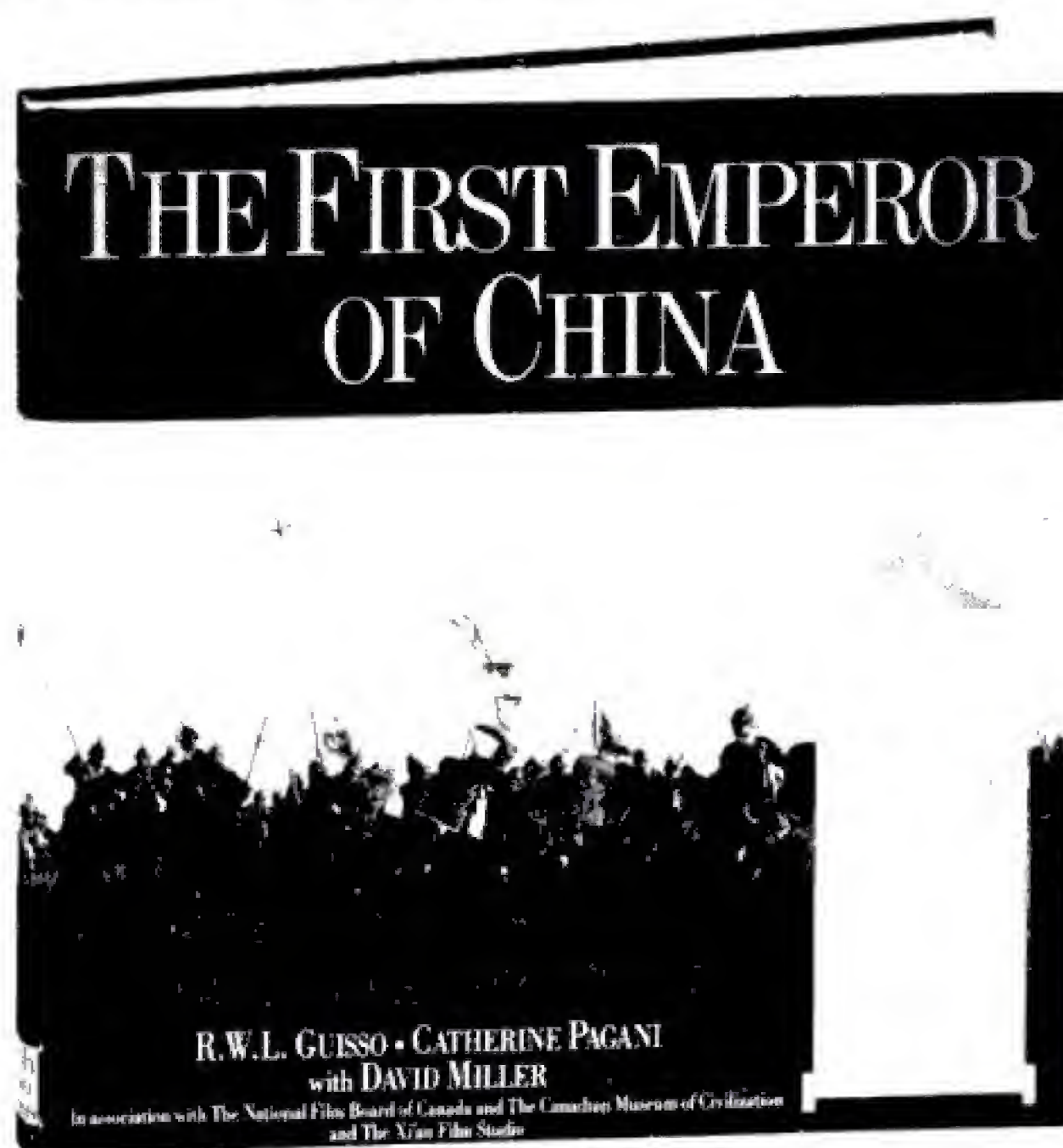
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THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Arthur

T

he venerable custom of a newly installed martinet gradually banishing from his fiefdom those loyal to the old tyrant is a deeply entrenched tradition at *The New York Times*. So when executive editor Max Frankel informed ferocious-looking former Metropolitan editor Peter Millones that some résumé-Xeroxing was in order, it came as no real shock. The sheer precipitous ruthlessness of Millones's treatment, however, was a bit surprising.

Millones had been former executive editor Abe Rosenthal's obedient hatchet man for many years, denying permission for freelance work, saying no to raises, generally fostering anxiety. (Warren Hoge is the current jobholder.)

Millones was a lifer at the *Times*, having joined the paper as a copyboy. He even married within the organization—his wife is reporter Deirdre Carmody, Abe's former secretary. Millones may not have been a standout as Metro editor, and he was disliked, but in an institution that has always demanded a grim loyalty above all else, he certainly deserved better. Indeed, the episode has only exacerbated the sense among underlings that Frankel is inaccessible, uninterested in employee problems and intransigent on the subject of reporters trying to conduct a professional life outside the *Times*. In other words, he has turned out to be as much of a shit as his despised predecessor.

Of course, becoming Max's boy is protection, for now, from the sort of cruelty unleashed on Millones. Take John J. O'Connor, the paper's first-string television critic, a fellow heretofore removed from newsroom toadying. Reviewing a not unfunny summer sitcom called *Doctor, Doctor*, O'Connor fairly fell over himself in praise.

The review—long for the television section—gave *Doctor, Doctor* the kind of send-off of which publicists dream: "Having laughed and occasionally howled my way through five of the six test episodes, I'm looking forward to a lot more." O'Connor made ample note of the executive producer and all his TV and movie credits. Never once did he mention that the actual producer of the show is one David Frankel, dashing young son of Max.

Fiefdoms proliferate at the *Times*, and each tin-pot ruler bends groveling subordinates to his own whim. The Washington bureau is the domain of its self-important chief, and the current nib is fussbudgety Howell Raines, a fine reporter now working hard to put his imprint on the outpost. Not in any substantive sense, mind you, but in the all-important morale-lowering area of work-station orderliness. Raines has issued memoranda ordering Washington reporters to keep their desk areas spotless, books stacked vertically rather than horizontally and so forth. (Other authors of desk-tidiness memos are *Times* publisher Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger and, as we shall discover, Max himself.)

Raines has also been forced into service as a furniture odd-jobber. When former deputy bureau chief Judith "I Never Met a Source I Didn't Like" Miller was shipped up to New York, where her bosses could keep a close eye on her, her tiny new office could not accommodate the desk she had used to daunt vassals in her Washington quarters. A sleek, custom-made number, the desk now sits upended in a corner of the Washington bureau with a FOR SALE sign. Asking price: \$1,000.

But back to Max's own Sulzbergeresque mania for decorating. Hoping no doubt to curry favor with his boss, Frankel

found time to hector the newsroom staff about carpeting. "Friends," began his memo, "Step by step, a cool new [blue] rug envelops us."

[You've had to remove] all belongings off the floor and hoist them into designated boxes....Do not simply dump these boxes back onto the floor....Leave as much as possible of the new rug showing.... And for maximum effect let us compensate our benefactor [Sulzberger] by simultaneously clearing off desks.

Of course, the latest cause of what Frankel calls the newsroom's crowded "slum conditions" is Frankel's own creation of a new light- and space-hogging caste of middle-managing editors with offices at the newsroom perimeter.

Max may be going through a mid-life-style crisis at home as well as at work. His wife and subordinate Joyce Purnick is apparently itching to move away from square old Riverdale and into Manhattan; the happy couple was recently looking for co-ops on the Upper West Side. A broker showing him an apartment on Riverside Drive—pleasant view of the river, two apartments per floor, altogether lovely—failed to recognize Max, and asked what he did for a living. Frankel told her.

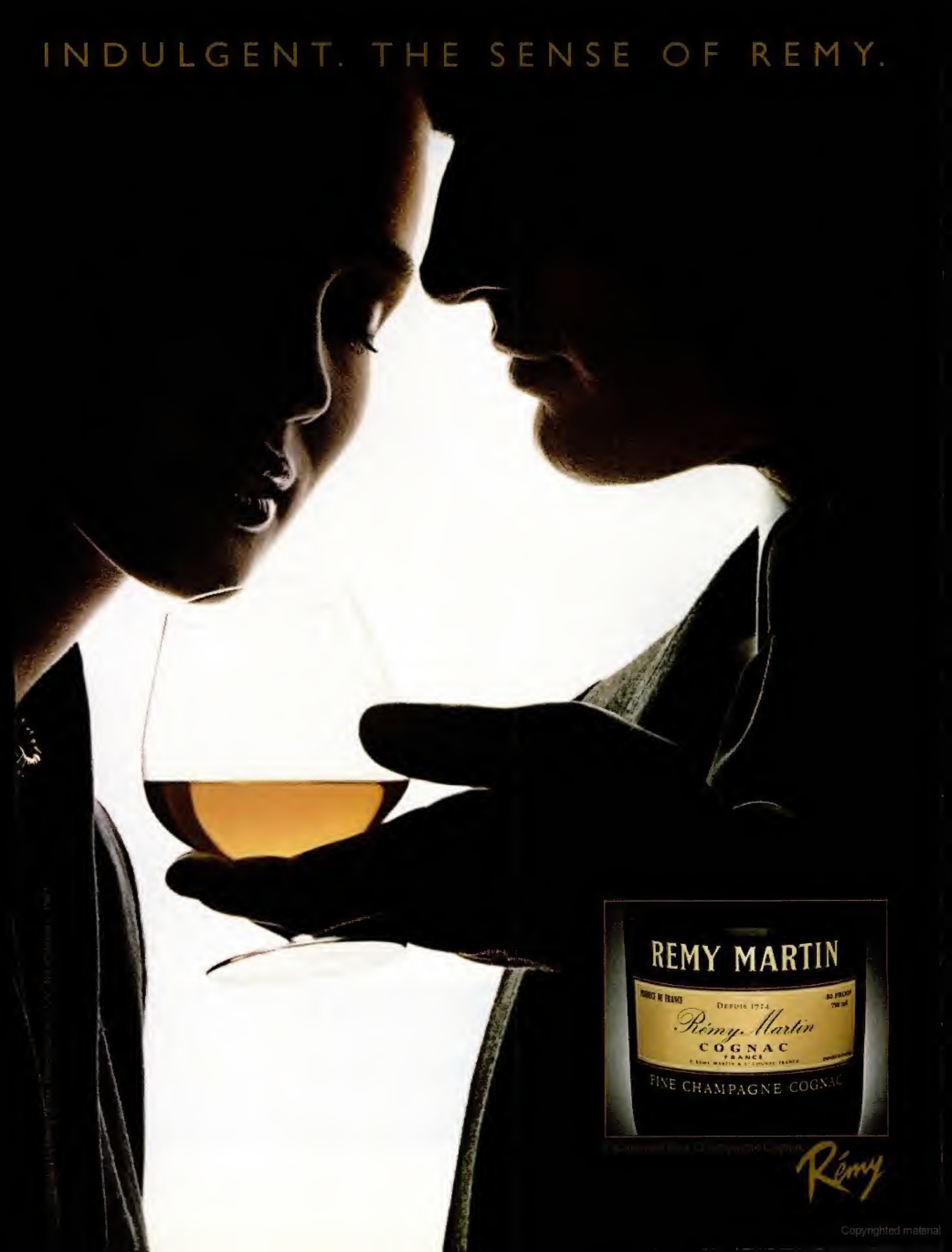
Oh, really! the agent exclaimed. *Why, the man across the hall from this very apartment works at the Times, too!*

And who, wondered Frankel, *may that be?*

The agent's answer left poor Max stammering and pale and ordering her to find him quarters elsewhere. The man across the hall, it turned out, was none other than his most recent victim, Peter Millones.

—J. J. Hunsecker

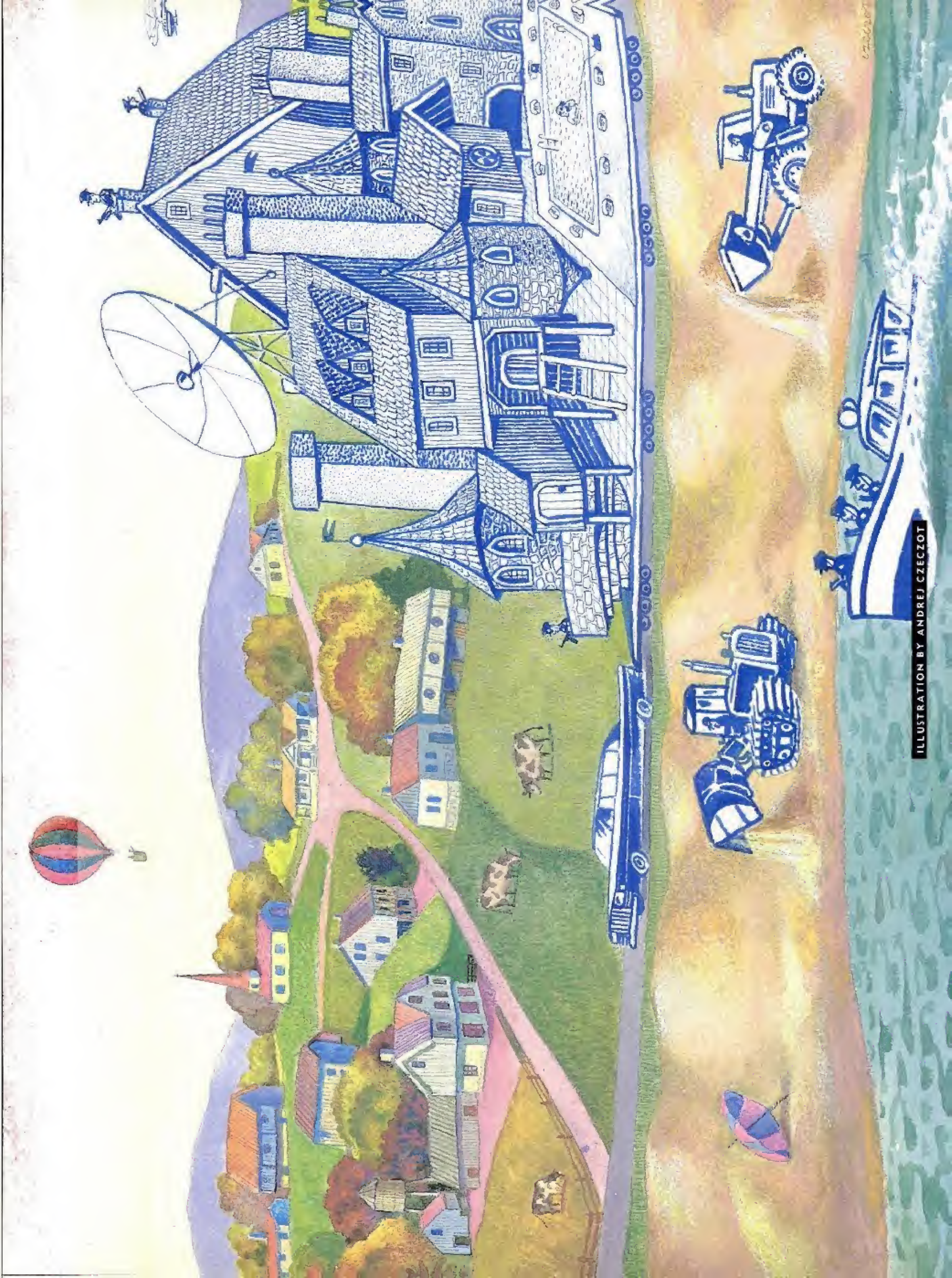
INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.



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Remy

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KEEP To city people in the country, Labor Day means an end to the idyll—but for local folks from Litchfield to East Hampton, from Millbrook to the Jersey shore, it's time MANHATTAN to trade war stories about coping with another

JUST season's infestation of rich-and-famous part-time residents. HENRY ALFORD roamed the countryside, touring grandiose

GIMME estates, recording scenes of the class struggle, listening to ordinary people grumble about the glamorous nuisance

THAT sance of Henry Kissinger and Faye Dunaway and the Rolling Stones demanding fresh chèvre at the general store.

COUNTRYSIDE



It is a beautiful summer day. Birds twitter. Soft sea breezes whisper. Ocean waves frolic. Marvin Hamlisch, a summer resident of Westhampton, Long Island, calls the Barefoot Contessa, the local gourmet food shop. He wonders if they deliver. They do. He is enthused. He places an order. The order consists of a single diet Coke....

It is mid-afternoon at the Nixon estate in semirural New

Jersey. Pat smiles expectantly. The preparations for the arrival of the king of Morocco are going well. She walks to the window and takes a peek at the crew of gardeners busily planting rhododendrons along the side of the driveway. But something is wrong. Something is terribly, unmistakably wrong. Pat Nixon goes out to the driveway, pulls a gardener aside and proceeds to

give him a piece of her mind. It's the rhododendrons, she says. They are purple. She had specifically asked for pink. They will all have to be replaced....

It is a balmy evening in Martha's Vineyard. John Belushi, who has been partying at Carly Simon's nightclub at the Vineyard Airport, needs to make a call. He knocks on an islander's door and asks to use the phone. He is pointed in the direction of the phone, which is right next to the washing machine. He makes his call. He hangs up the phone. Then he lifts the lid of the washing



machine, vomits, presses the rinse button and leaves.... To the average city person, the prospect of visiting or moving to the country conjures up myriad delightful images: paying for fresh corn at an unattended roadside stand by leaving money in a battered cigar box; taking long walks on the beach and logging several hours of unrestrained brooding; attending a nearby harvest festival and comparing the handcarved pumpkins with the faces of the local schoolchildren who made them. For most urbanites who own or frequent second residences, the countryside regularly provides untold amounts of relaxation, solitude and escape; and for those among us who do not own or frequent—those of us for whom the word *summer* is a noun and never a verb—the pleasures are only that much more beguiling. And when Brendan Gill, an haut WASP who summers in Connecticut's Litchfield County, bemoans the replacement of the phrase *summer place* by the more utilitarian *second home*—"It's a shame, really," Gill says—we want to nod knowingly, wistfully.

But for *certain* city mice, the countryside is *not* a place to commune with nature or to get back in touch with a life more pastoral, more serene. For these people, the countryside is *not* a place to reread *Walden* or to revel in foods that require tiny bowls of melted butter. Rather, it is a place to be snarly and unpleasant in dealings with local service people, to erect large and unsightly satellite dishes (or whine about the locals' large and unsightly satellite dishes), and—if the mood is right, if the time is ripe, if the situation is located at the confluence of opportunity and desire—yes, the countryside is the perfect place to vomit on a neighbor's laundry.

"You get extremes," says Craig Kingsbury, who has lived on Martha's Vineyard since 1918, decades before Belushi and Dan Aykroyd and Katharine Graham and Jacqueline Onassis and William Styron and Walter Cronkite estab-

lished second homes there. "Some of the city crowd fit right in with the local community," he observes. "But then you get the other ones, the ones who want to change everything. They complain about the bugs, they complain about the mice, they complain about the birds waking up too early in the morning. Then they bring

all their nasty crap from the city and try to turn everything into Canarsie."

Many natives would disagree with Kingsbury that Canarsie is the precise model the city people aspire to—after all, what of



those city mice who are doing their best to imitate the style of English country squires? The Rolling Stones spent last summer in prim, perfect, Washington, Connecticut, rehearsing at Wykeham Rise, a defunct girls' prep school, for their fall tour. To satisfy their temporary neighbors' wish for quiet, the spendthrift Stones agreed to rent 64 rolls of fiberglass insulation from a local shopkeeper to use as soundproofing—making at least one local delighted about the invasion. Each erstwhile street-fighting man has his own impeccable Colonial mansion: former assistant secretary of State Richard Holbrooke, of all people, is renting his second home to Keith Richards.

Yet even those cosmopolites who do not, like the Stones, lay out \$300,000 for six weeks in country-mansion Connecticut and bring along an entourage of 25 tend to pursue their own country-life *idées fixes* with a certain manic extremism—the common weekenders' determination, for instance, to remove *every single thing* in their converted barn except for one copper bowl, to keep things exquisitely restrained... pared down... *simple*. In other words, city people, when moving to or visiting the country, bring with them the same profligacy, self-centeredness and high-strung sensibilities they claim they are trying to get away from.

Chief among these attitudes is a lack of charity. Part of the agenda of every city mouse who has found a summer place is to try to make it harder for *other* city mice to join him. *Make newcomers buy a minimum two-acre, five-acre... hell, ten-acre lot*, the previous batch of newcomers cries. *Don't build condominiums or that new highway*, the latest arrivals insist. Wilfrid Sheed summed up the feelings of "year-round summer people" everywhere in an *Esquire* article on Sag Harbor when he wrote, "I'll thank the rest of you not to move out here if you can possibly help it. I'm on board and I want that gangplank up *right now*."



Ralph Lauren
rejected the
indigenous
Colorado gravel
as too light in
color—the light
gray was “not
special enough”

Once a city mouse is settled, though, and has done what he can to maintain his solitude, he can find himself at odds with his new neighbors and new surroundings.

THE NOT-SO-GREAT OUTDOORS

To country people, the migration of city folk to their towns is a mixed blessing. On the one hand, urbanites bring revenue and glamour, and their children don't enroll in local schools. On the other hand, city people rarely volunteer to help out local charities or the fire department. They cause property values to climb madly, thus preventing most natives' children from settling in the area. They woo service people away by paying more money than locals can afford. But of all the problems that the well-to-do New Yorker causes when he moves to or visits the country, none is as glaring as his abuse of the natural environment. His sins are legion: the tearing down of trees in front of newly purchased houses, the promiscuous use of herbicides and pesticides, the terrorizing of the land in the name of picturesque land *sculpting*. Never known for his sense of discretion, the city mouse is especially zealous in his creativity when given the palette that is Nature. "Jobs for celebrities," says one Bridgehampton landscape designer, "tend to involve a reconstructing of the earth."

Reconstruction of the earth was precisely what seemed to be happening two years ago when a police officer caught a bulldozer depositing sand—sand later judged to have been swiped from the East Hampton Main Beach—on the dune in front of *U.S. News & World Report* proprietor Mort Zuckerman's East Hampton house. Although the owner of the bulldozer maintained that the sand had actually been trucked in from the mainland, this defense seemed more than a little dubious given the bulldozer tracks leading down to the water's edge, not to mention the most unusual time of the bulldozing—4:00 a.m. The driver of the bull-

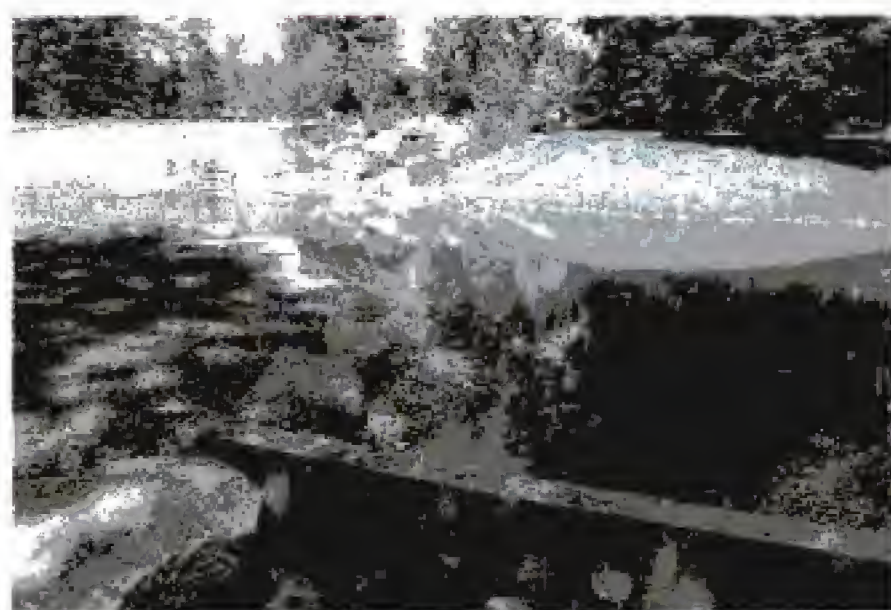


MICK "WE'RE RICH MIDDLE-AGED WHITE GUYS, TOO" JAGGER

dozer was served summonses both for taking fill from the beach and for illegal beach access (although it was later decided that he had been granted access orally). Zuckerman, of course, denied any involvement in the sand theft, saying in a letter to the *East Hampton Star*, "I remain puzzled why he did it when he did it. I am not only upset that he did it, but am also upset by the implication that somehow or other I directed the work to be done in this way. Nothing could be further from the truth." He then went on to say that his sole purpose had been to restore his dunes, which had been flattened by a storm. The case was turned over to the state Department of Environmental Conservation, which fined

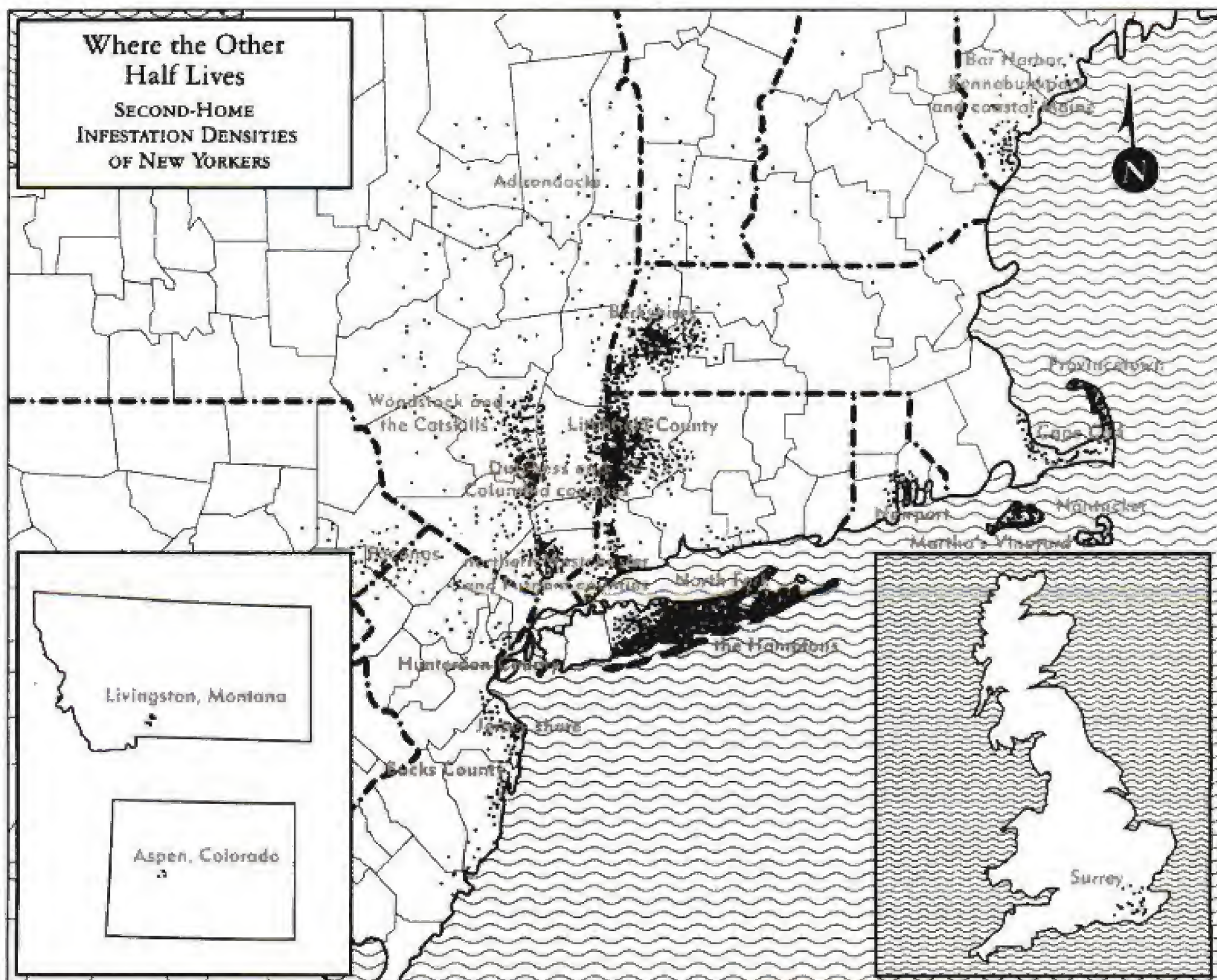
Zuckerman \$750 and the owner of the bulldozer \$500.

When unable to move sand, Hamptonites are wont to move trees. Out of a desire for instant landscaping, wealthy summer people have been known to pay as much as



Dammed if you do: one of the less attractive vistas in the Kravis-Roehm backyard

\$40,000 per tree to have exotic flora trucked in from the mainland. In the past the root diameters of these trees could not exceed 12 feet—the width of the tollbooth at the George Wash-



ington Bridge—but recently, according to Bridgehampton resident Michael Thomas, tree-mad Hamptonites have been paying \$20,000 or \$30,000 to have the tollbooth temporarily dismantled in the wee hours of the morning.

Rearranging the environment to jibe with one's own vision is, of course, the stock-in-trade of Ralph Lauren. Having requisitioned some gravel to cover the driveway of his Double RL Ranch in Ridgway, Colorado, Lauren rejected the indigenous gravel that was brought him—he considered it too light in color. Lauren became what one employee terms “rather precious” and grouched that the light gray color was “not *special* enough.” Fortunately, Lauren's disquiet was calmed and a solution to the problem was found: gravel was imported from up north in Wyoming.

Though the common man lacks the funds or the patience of Lauren when it comes to yard work, conglomerateur Henry Kravis does not. Kravis and his wife, Carolyne Roehm, have spent the last year beautifying ten acres of the backyard of their vast Sharon, Connecticut, estate with artificial waterfalls, hills and ponds complete with moats, lagoons and an island. It is a backyard so thrillingly alive, so richly and unendingly lifelike, that one visitor describes it as “an amusement park adventure land.” And, finally, the illusory quality of an amusement park—a rather sublime amusement park—is also at work at Estée Lauder's East Hampton home. Lauder, in order to have a romantic view that does not include unattractive members of the tuber family, is said to pay the potato farmer next door to grow clover instead of potatoes.

When not terrorizing the natural environment surrounding their country homes, city mice are frequently the *targets* of the environment. They are not always prepared to deal with the unexpected, and thus find themselves, as is the case in at least one Berkshire town in Massachusetts, complaining to their selectmen that the roads get muddy when it rains. One part-time resident of Chittenden, Vermont, was assaulted by a small local rock—or so it seemed when he recently asked the town to pay for the damage to his car that the rock had inflicted when the resident hit it.

And when it comes to mosquitoes and other insects, urbanites lose all sense of composure. “City people are totally intolerant of bugs and living things,” says Janet Pushee, co-owner of the Environmental Tree Expert in Northport, on Long Island. “They go absolutely wiggy. They're

Below, getting back to basics with Phil Donahue in Westport, Connecticut; right, would-be seller Barry Trupin stands guard in front of his



swanky South Hampton castle; right, the metal house in Sagaponack warms up in the summer noonday sun



about how the prospect of bugs made any rural retreat unthinkable. And absolute wigginess is about par for Manhattan real estate developer Sam Glasser, whose backyard in Bellport, Long Island, is so infested

with bug zappers that one visitor remembers the place as nothing but “throbbing blue light,” as well as for conglomerateur Saul Steinberg, who, according to *New England Monthly*, fled his Cornwall, Connecticut, castle in the mid-eighties because the area had insects.

Often city folks' encounters with wildlife are cases of mistaken identity. “Judging by the phone calls we get on the wildlife hot line,” says Mark Lowery, a wildlife biologist who works for Suffolk County's Department of Environmental Conservation, “you'd think there were hundreds of pythons roaming the Long Island area.” (There are, in fact, no dangerous snakes indigenous to Long Island.) Carl Helms, director of the Quogue Wildlife Refuge and Nature Center on Long Island, was called once by a weekend island resident who claimed to have found a golden eagle in her backyard. Helms tried his best to disillusion her, telling her it was highly unlikely that what she had was an eagle. Later that day the woman's husband called back and tried to get a wildlife worker to come look at the bird. The man was clearly excited (“You should see how it's grabbing me with its talons!”) and was finally told that if he wanted to bring the bird into the refuge, he could. Finally the man arrived, still carrying on (“Look at the beak on this thing!”), only to be told that what he had was, in fact, a Rhode Island Red. “This man,” says Helms, “clearly had never seen a chicken before.”

Actor Willem Dafoe bought a house in upstate New York this year that is covered in black rubber

BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE

Chief among the necessities of the city mouse who lives part-time in the country are, of course, an achingly beautiful house and surroundings. There is no single archetype for what New Yorkers want these days in a second home. Houses range from the eighteenth century (still popular are rebuilt barns, often brought to Connecticut from upstate New York due to a shortage of them in the former, and then covered with the wood of three *other* uprooted barns to refurbish the exterior) to the twenty-first century (a steel house built by a New Yorker in Sagaponack gives off reflections so blindingly bright that neighbors have complained that their shrubbery is being *fried*) to some indeterminate period known only to members of the show business community (actor Willem Dafoe bought a house in Stone Ridge, New York, this year that is covered in black rubber).

What *is* consistent, however, is that by and large city people are interested in the *process* of second homes. It is not enough to buy a lovely Victorian house on a village green or a Cape Cod saltbox near the seashore; the idea is to construct or create or refurbish or redo. The renovation against which all renovations are gauged is that of Dragon's Head, the Georgian brick mansion formerly owned by the Du Pont family that Barry and Renée Trupin bought in 1979 and started to remodel into a Gothic castle so hideous, Southamptonites rallied and had construction stopped in 1984. The Trupins had the mansion enlarged from 35,000 square feet to 55,000—ten times as big as a normal house—and then installed their own \$2.5 million version of the Great Barrier Reef inside, complete with a 20-foot waterfall, built-in air hoses for snorkeling and "an underground grotto for deep-sea picnics." Now driven out by the controversy that the house has caused, the Trupins have Dragon's Head on the market: \$12 million as is, \$20 million fully re-renovated.

Although most renovation or construction is not quite as ambitious, it is often just as startling: In order to erect Steven Spielberg's house in East Hampton Village—a residence that, ironically enough, has been widely praised for its simplicity and local appropriateness—he demolished the carriage house that was already on the property, raised the level of some of the land ten feet, dragged in the frame of an old barn from New Jersey and rebuilt it from the inside out. About-to-be-former New York City mayoral candidate Ronald Lauder, the largest landowner in Wainscott, Long Island, has been lobbying since spring to



STEVEN "DOLLFACE,"
COULD WE LOSE
THE PREEXISTING
HOUSE, PLEASE?"
SPIELBERG

embellish his property with a rebuilt 1840s Greek Revival church that he moved from upstate New York two years ago and has been storing in a New Jersey warehouse ever since. The church (to serve, Lauder has reportedly said, as his refuge from his children) would go next to two other restored buildings in what appears to be a sort of burgeoning Lauderville.

Razing old houses, or "teardown," is becoming common in the more expensive areas. Teardown occurs when a buyer is enchanted by a certain piece of land but, because the existing house is not what the new owner has in mind, it is deemed less expensive to simply tear it down and start anew. Not only does teardown lead to the building of houses that are hugely overscaled for their sites—Manhattan *really* comes to the country!—but it is also responsible for the demolition of important architecture. Phil Donahue and Marlo Thomas tore down a John Johansen house, considered by many to be a masterpiece, in Westport, Connecticut, last year. Robert Motherwell's home Quonset Hut in East Hampton, one of only two buildings in the United States designed by the architect Pierre Chareau, was torn down by New Yorkers in 1985.

Sometimes the teardown people don't really *mean* to do it—they just get carried away, like a child playing with matches. New York clothing manufacturer Irving Millstein and his wife, Phyllis, bought a house in Amagansett in 1981, largely because they liked its view. They first saw the house in 1980 and, convinced that its rooms were too dark and small, looked elsewhere for a year. Unable to find what they were looking for, they decided to buy the house and do

a few alterations—the windows, the doors, the decks. But as Phyllis told the locals in 1987, when you do alterations one thing leads to another, and, "before you know it, everything's been destroyed." Although the Millsteins received criticism from neighbors during the process of building their new house (graffiti on the frame of the house read BUILDING A NUCLEAR REAC-



TOR? and TOO EXPENSIVE FOR SUCH AN UGLY HOUSE), they remained steadfast. "Take the old and make them new," Mr. Millstein told the *East Hampton Star*. "You can quote us on that," his wife added.

When it comes to the design and interior decoration of the second home, the city mouse is often anxious. Having been sequestered in an urban apartment, the countrified city dweller



tends, when it comes to planning his second and generally much larger home, to be both overambitious and overzealous. When Texas financier Robert Bass decided to lavish more than \$1 million on the renovation of an old house he had bought in Seal Harbor, Maine, he told Bar Harbor contractor Tom Marinke to rip out much of the house's original cypress finish. Then Bass had Marinke and his crew spend several months tracking down rare *straight-grained* cypress boards and painstakingly sanding them in preparation for staining — only to change his mind at the last minute and have the builders *paint* the cypress, destroying its very preciousness. Says one of the men who worked on the job, "*Difficult* is the nicest of all words that you could attribute to Bass." Marinke later sued Bass.

Lauren was similarly fussy during the building and decorating of his 13,000-acre Double RL Ranch in Colorado. New construction was repeatedly torn down and put up again in order to suit Lauren's caprices. When he saw the half-built walls of what would be his living quarters on the ranch, he had his workmen tear them down because he felt the logs were too small. When drawers made of half-logs were installed in the kitchen, Lauren whined to one member of the New York design team, "It's too Big Sur. It doesn't look western. Your references are all wrong." When the same designer said he was trying to make one of the other rooms in the house look like Will Rogers's house, Lauren apparently had no idea who Rogers was. (Three days later a package of books about Rogers arrived for Lauren; shortly thereafter Lauren started telling visitors who liked the design of the ranch that "the inspiration is Will Rogers.")

Some city people — particularly those who have parlayed their very special sense of *color* and *line* into actual employment — are not just finicky but eccentrically finicky. When planning his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, clothing designer Alexander Julian gave his interior decorators pieces of cut-up Alexander Julian sweaters to use as color samples. Fashion marketer Kezia Keeble believes she found her summer house on Shelter Island by means of Buddhist chanting. She told *House and Garden*, "I felt it was my mission to heal the house."

And sometimes city mice take their perverse fussiness to its logical conclusion. "The thing that I find ironic about city people," says George Winther, a painting contractor in Litchfield County, Connecticut, "is that they pour so much money into their homes, putting in really extravagant kitchens and bathrooms, remodeling to the teeth — and then *they're never there*." For



instance, from 1975 to 1985 Walter Matthau spent only three two-week stints at his Roxbury, Connecticut, home, according to *New England Monthly*, and from 1976 to 1983 Calvin Klein

spent only two nights in his Salisbury, Connecticut, country home. (Klein has since moved into a house in East Hampton, having spent two years renovating it.) Diane von Fürstenberg wasn't using her country home in New Milford, Connecticut, much in the spring of 1986 — just flying in from France for the occasional weekend, really — which rather bewildered the caretaker, who had planted 4,000 daffodils in anticipation of her visit, only to have Mistress von Fürstenberg flit off before the flowers had bloomed.

HAVE YOUR PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY CALL MY PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY

It is pretty clear to everyone, country dweller as well as urbanite, that as time goes by, man's inventions become less and less interesting: the really important things have already been perfected (medicine, clothing, microwavable snack products), and what is left now is fusion and artificial intelligence, things that are not inherently interesting, since they cannot be bought in a store or be eaten at 2:00 a.m. while standing in front of the kitchen sink in one's underpants. But this doesn't stop people from obsessing over modern conveniences, particularly the city person who, given the little time that he actually gets to spend in his second home, is always eager to purchase anything that makes waiting or the production of sweat unnecessary. Consider, for instance, Donald Trump's helicopter service to East Hampton — an idea so dedicated to time-saving and the fight against unnecessary waiting that Trump advertised the service in Manhattan newspapers before the East Hampton town board had even voted on the proposal. Or consider the poolside life-style of Time-Warner chairman Steve Ross. So necessary is it for Ross to be able to use a phone at a moment's notice that at his East Hampton house a dozen or so perfect chaise lounges are perched attractively around the swimming pool, each with an accompanying table upon many of which are individual telephones and notepads.

But Trump and his pal Ross are not the only people who insist on things styled for the go-go

Zuckerman's dog
sidled up to a
beach umbrella
and lifted his leg,
whereupon the
umbrella owner
attacked the dog

life. When rock promoter Don Kirshner rebuilt a house in the posh hamlet of Harding Township, New Jersey, he saw to it that the house and property included a recording studio, an outdoor disco system, a ballroom, a full-size basketball court, a guitar-shaped swimming pool and two tennis courts, one with bleachers from the old Yankee Stadium. The house was bought in 1987 by CHP Developers. In order to fit in a bit better with its neighbors, CHP has been obliged to spend around \$500,000 in renovations to make the house slightly less fabulous.

The case of *New York Post* owner Peter Kalikow's dock is another example of modern convenience turning ineluctably to modern inconvenience. Kalikow, the second-string Trump, has been waging a campaign to get the town of East Hampton to allow him to build a 150-foot-long pier, complete with a 250-foot-long wooden dock and a 250-foot-long landscaped path. The pier, which would require 74 pilings, would be built on Lake Montauk for the use of Kalikow's yacht. Locals contend that the pier will seriously interfere with shellfishing.

Even if he is not a sand thief, Mort Zuckerman's zeal for modern convenience created a small brouhaha two summers ago when he erected a 12-foot-wide satellite dish on his oceanfront lawn in East Hampton. Frazer Dougherty, one of many neighbors who found the dish objectionable, called Zuckerman and asked him to remove it. Zuckerman refused. Then Dougherty's wife, Frances Ann, who had publicly called Zuckerman "obnoxious" and "a spoiled brat," had 35 neighbors sign a petition asking Zuckerman to move the dish to a place out of view of neighbors' lawns and the beach. "It is the consensus



RALPH "MY
INSPIRATION IS
WILL ROGERS"
LAUREN

Left, the Zuckerman house in East Hampton, almost begging for sand to be stolen from its surrounding area; right, the Kirshnerized house in Harding Township, New Jersey



that it is inappropriate where it is and distressing to those of us who care about the beach," the petition read. "We all value the serenity and beauty of this wonderful place. And know that you do too." Zuckerman still refused to budge, trying to pin the blame on Hurricane Gloria, which he claimed had uprooted shrubs that would

have obscured the dish. Moreover, he said, the dish had to be where it was in order to work. The standoff endured for an entire summer, even turning violent one day when Zuckerman's houseman was walking Zuckerman's dog on the beach. The dog sidled up to a beach umbrella and lifted his leg, whereupon the umbrella owner attacked the dog and screamed at the houseman. Finally, Frances Ann Dougherty had the inspiration to install a sculpture of Don Quixote, the champion of lost causes, next to the satellite dish, its lance aimed directly at the dish. Zuckerman finally relented and removed his gadget.

BIG COUNTRY

Coexisting with those who insist upon technological modernity are those who are similarly excited about rustic charm. Like Marie Antoinette, who had a country cottage near Versailles so that when the mood struck her she could be a make-believe peasant, these people are more than a little eager to do what they think typifies country life; yet, like those residents of modern-day Cleveland who paint their cement front yards the color of grass, their efforts are sometimes short of successful.

Take clothing designer Bill Blass, for instance. In his New Preston, Connecticut, home, Blass has a collection of American and English Mocha ware that he says is in "a pattern called Seaweed — made of tobacco juice and urine." Or Ralph Lauren. This summer Lauren opened a Polo Country Store on Main Street in East Hampton — bringing synthetic coals to Newcastle! —

where anyone with both (a) a lot of cash and (b) a desire to put his finger on the pulse of the Hamptons' goose population can plop down \$140 for a metal goose decoy. Or con-

sider the rustic charm of the recent Connecticut wedding of a Manhattan real estate mogul, at which the bride asked all the waiters to save the leftover wine and pink Perrier Jouet — even the saliva-charged wine left over in guests' glasses — so that she could make some homemade vinegar, which would then be distributed among friends as a commemorative gift item.

Sometimes one's ability to capture the earthy and the pastoral is a source of great pride to a city person. Bob Pittman, the man who claims to have invented MTV and who did create *The Morton Downey, Jr. Show*, has, with his wife, Sandy, left





NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMI



CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO



ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY



JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

all of the bits of hay and the birds' nests in his turn-of-the-century converted stone dairy barn in northwest Connecticut. According to *House and Garden*, the Pittmans' ceilings are starting to crumble and have been whitewashed so many times that they resemble adobe. This makes Sandy proud: "People do *faux* this and that, but they couldn't get our ceiling. *This is the real thing.*"

The Pittman house is also a good example of the tendency of many of those intent on keeping their aesthetic *simple simple simple* to give this simplicity a sense of enormity. The Pittmans' 9,000-square-foot house has a paddle-tennis court on the top floor under a 40-foot ceiling. Said Sandy, "When you're in our living room, you'd think it was the biggest room that we could possibly have. But just wait. When we put the living room in the tennis court, it's going to be much, much bigger. We're going to put minimal furniture up there. *Big minimal...*" This phenomenon is corroborated by the owner of the only flower shop in a particularly celebrity-studded Connecticut town. "City people always want something extremely countryish and natural when they come in here," she says, "but they want it extremely countryish and natural and *big*."

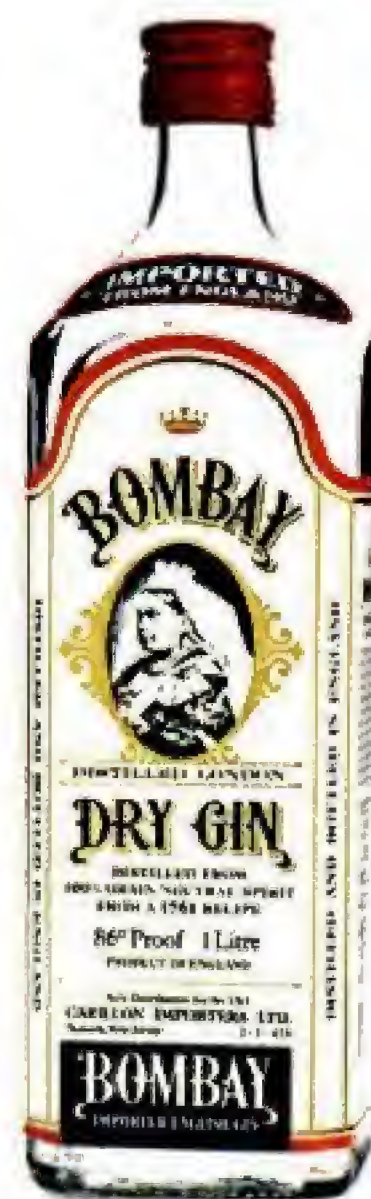
And, of course, the desire for vastness applies as well to people who are simply visiting the countryside. When one Manhattanite went to the

In Connecticut,
Blass has a
collection of
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juice and urine"

quaint Inn on Lake Waramaug in Warren, Connecticut, this spring to firm up plans for her daughter's simple country wedding, not only did she make suggestions as to how various plantings within and without the inn could be relocated, she also wondered, concerning the shortage of rooms for wedding guests, if it wouldn't be possible simply to *add on a few more rooms*.

PULLING RANK

The city mouse often has problems accommodating the country mouse socially, and vice versa. Saying that you are a friend of Bob Fosse's, for instance, may have been an effective gambit in some Manhattan restaurants and *boîtes* several years ago, but people who have used this line recently at the popular East Hampton restaurant The Laundry—which Fosse started with movie agent Sam Cohn and PR man John Scanlon—get no preferential treatment from co-owner Billy Bonbrest, especially since the restaurant doesn't take reservations and Fosse is dead. Furthermore, although bodyguards with what appear to be large, barely concealed automatic weapons might pass unnoticed in certain restaurants in Manhattan, they appear merely excessive in places like the quaint Hopkins Inn on Connecticut's Lake Waramaug, even when the some-



ORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA



LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN



ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY



LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA

Bombay® Gin: 40% alc/vol (80 proof), 100% grain neutral spirits. © 1985 Carillon Importers Ltd., Teaneck, NJ

ones they watch over are Henry and Nancy Kissinger. Some New Yorkers are less subtle about announcing their importance. A rather disheveled middle-aged man was spotted one weekend this summer as he walked near the village green of an especially discreet, buttoned-down Litchfield County town, wearing a Peter Duchin T-shirt. Which might have seemed a little curious even if the man had not, in fact, been Peter Duchin.

Residents of small towns are also dismayed when weekend residents try to use their New York connections to accomplish their personal agendas in the country. Such was the case with *New York Times* culture reporter William Honan. On August 17, 1986, Honan, a resident of Redding, Connecticut, and then culture editor of the *Times*, wrote an article for the Connecticut section of the Sunday paper describing how a proposal to consider a Mark Twain Historic District in Redding had been overwhelmingly defeated in a town meeting. In his folksy, mock-Twain-style article, Honan suggested that the motion was turned down because the town's selectmen were hoping to permit development in the area near Twain's house as a means of currying favor with local construction workers. However, what Honan *didn't* mention in the article was that he and his wife, lawyer Nancy Burton, were the two principal proponents of es-



DONALD "30 SECONDS OVER GEORGICA POND" TRUMP

tablishing the district, that his wife had in fact written the measure that the town defeated, and that his own name appeared as guarantor in three of the six lawsuits that his wife had filed against the town over the issue. What made Honan's failure to identify himself as a principal in the story all the more intolerable to many Redding residents was his muddling of the issues at hand—in the *Times*, for instance, he misidentified the State Superior Court as the State Supreme Court. But carelessness was nothing new for Honan. On other occasions in Redding, both he and Burton have referred to the Twain house as a Colonial, when in fact it is a replica of an Italian stucco villa. Not only are the perpetually litigious Nancy Burton's suits against the town slowly draining its budget, but her output of letters to the editor of *The Redding Pilot* during the struggle over the historic district was so enormous that it was a large factor in the paper's decision last year to limit individuals to one published letter per month.

Redding residents, meanwhile, do what they can to get back at the couple. It seems that during a key town meeting, Honan stood up in his simulated-Twain white suit and, finger pointed in the air, quoted Twain homilies at great length, referring to Redding as "this dreamy expanse of woodsy hill and valley." It was at this point that

townspeople seized upon the opportunity to hurl a soda can and Kleenex at him.

LOCALS BITE BACK

Most local people are wary of so overtly antagonizing their well-to-do, often powerful weekend residents. However, there are instances when the local community is able to take small revenge.

One method that natives use when dealing with irksome New Yorkers is to refuse to be helpful to them. Or to be helpful...but at a price. When Bianca Jagger called the Little Rock Rodeo restaurant in East Hampton one night to tell them that she had forgotten her sunglasses there, she repeated her name so many times to the waiter that he decided to pretend he didn't know who she was and then asked her to spell the name for him. (This was, after all, the same Bianca Jagger whose concept of country living prompted her to send back the calamari at Wainscott's Sapore di Mare one night, then send it back again—send it back, in fact, seven times.) Another case of urban anxiety inspiring passive resistance in the permanent population occurred in Kent, Connecticut, where a local car mechanic was asked by the caretaker of the Kissinger place to come over to work on one of the Kissinger automobiles. When the repairman reached the entrance to the estate (which is thick with elaborate, rather spectacular security devices), he was approached by two guards, guns drawn. So he promptly turned around and left. "I don't need that," he says.

But in the case of Steve Rattner, the Lazard Frères & Co. investment banker and former *New York Times* reporter, who also maintains a home in Kent, suspiciousness of a more Kissinger-esque caliber might be what's needed. Local contractors see Rattner as the most extraordinary gravy train to come along in years—a banker who during the week can wheel and deal with the shrewdest but whose grasp of the price of fence posts and landscaping is minimal at best. One local workman was astonished to learn how Rattner made a living—even by Litchfield County standards, Rattner had always seemed to him to be vague, indecisive, highly vulnerable to being ripped off. In other words, *Green Acres: The Sequel*.

Another form of unaccustomed comeuppance that New Yorkers experience is being *denied*—denied something expensive that *they want*. Faye Dunaway experienced rejection last fall when she sought to build a swimming pool 75 feet away from Hook Pond in East Hampton—half the distance that local conservation laws require. Dunaway was interested in building the pool, she told the East Hampton Village Zoning



FAYE "SAVE THE RAIN FOREST BUT LET ME BUILD MY POOL" DUNAWAY



Bianca Jagger's
concept of
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prompted her,
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times, in fact

Board of Appeals, because she wanted her eight-year-old son to improve his swimming. However, Dunaway continued, since the family didn't belong to any swimming clubs and because she was concerned about medical waste washing up on the beaches, she had no other place for the poor boy to swim. In addition to introducing the notion of a needy child, Dunaway went for flattery and virtuousness, first with a testament of her intense love of the area ("When I first came here I fell in love with the town and have made it my home. I would like to spend the rest of my life here") and then with a testament of her intense love of the area ("At an international level, ecological concerns are horrifying...I would not like an approval from the board if you felt you were in any way endangering the environment"). Then Dunaway, her lawyer, a landscape architect, a swimming-pool contractor and two men from firms specializing in pool cleaning and pool

covering proceeded to describe—in a manner technical enough to confuse at least two members of the zoning appeals board—how, in order to protect the groundwater under the pool from being contaminated, the water level could be lowered during construction of the pool and then afterward the grade of the prop-


erty could be raised. The Dunaway task force also made suggestions about how the pool could be built and maintained without using acid-based chemicals, and the swimming-pool contractor helpfully suggested that the board could "place restrictions on what we do with this pool." In the end, however, Dunaway's extraordinary efforts were for naught: the board was persuaded by her concern for the environment, and the application was unanimously denied.

Thus we see how the city mouse struggles valiantly in his home away from home. Like Mr. Blandings building his dream house, he trades city soot for sylvan charm, only to be thwarted at every turn. Like Jon Voight in *Deliverance*, he heads off romantically into the countryside, only to find a living hell—or at least an unacceptable amount of personal inconvenience. He returns to the land...and proves to be an ecological menace. He tries to make life easy...and only makes things more difficult. He tries to embrace true country living...and appears to be insane. He just can't seem to make it work. Desperate as he may be to make it click, it only *kkkrzxpphhhs*. But he is the very city mouse, and he will never give up. ▀

Even Funnier Than The Originals!

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A SATIRE

EVEN FUNNIER THAN THE ORIGINALS

SPY
NOTES

by Jeff Trent

I Do, Sylvester Stallone,

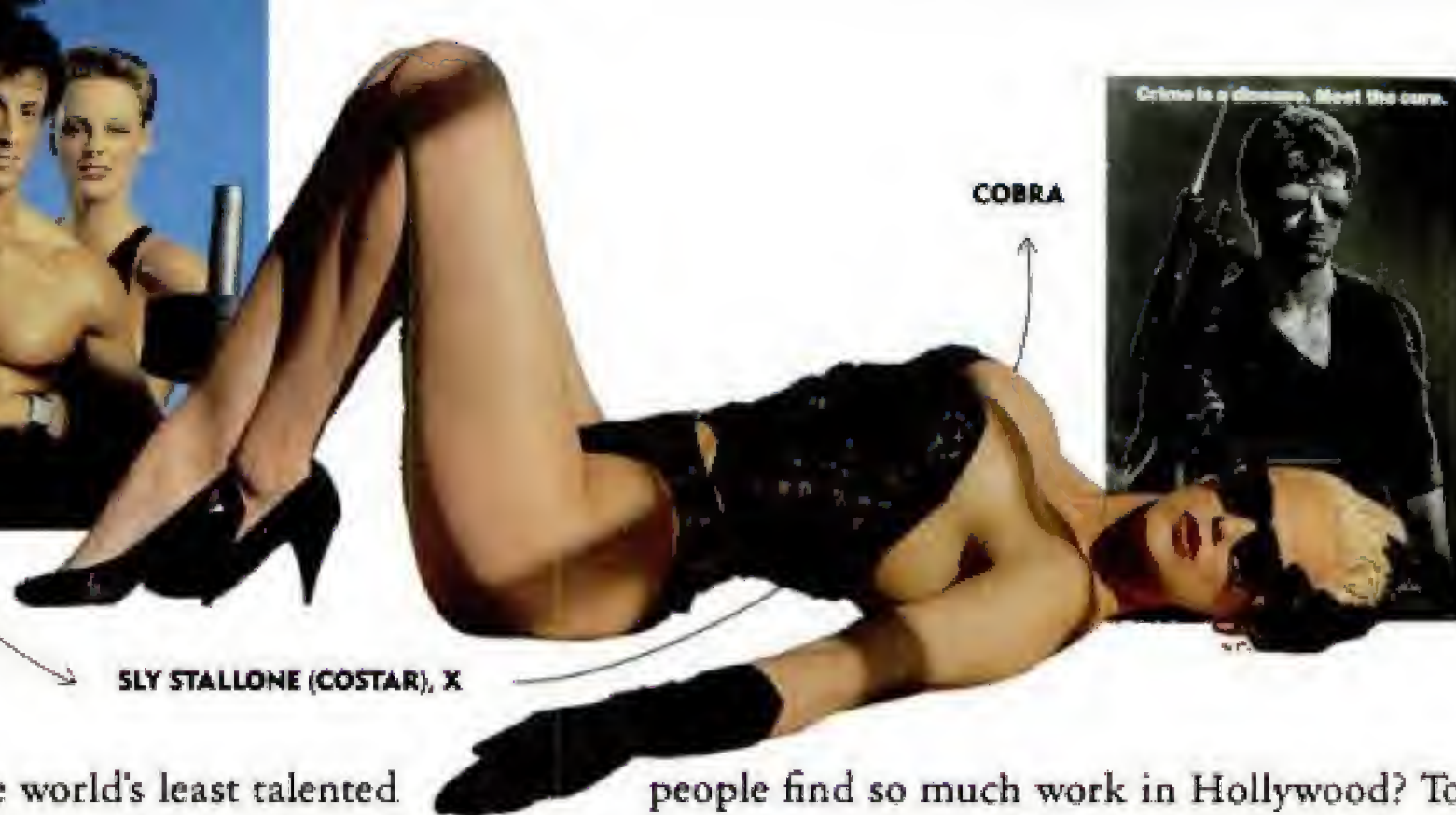
PROMISE TO CAST THIS WOMAN, NO MATTER
HOW UNTALENTED, IN EVERY SINGLE MOVIE
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SHALL MAKE TILL
MESSY PUBLIC DIVORCE DO YOU PART?

I Do: A Guide to Hollywood's Career-Making Liaisons

BRIGITTE NIELSEN

COBRA

SLY STALLONE (COSTAR), X



Ever wonder why some of the world's least talented people find so much work in Hollywood? To rephrase the old maxim, "It's not *what* you know, but *who* you know — get it? *Know*, like in the biblical sense."

Clumsy for a maxim, we admit, but reasonably accurate. Of course, the entire film industry is predicated on nepotism, from top to bottom. Without family ties, producers and directors would actually have to make hiring decisions based on merit — and thanks to the omnipotent Creative Artists Agency, everyone in Hollywood is family. Beyond that, it's the nature of the business that many talented people have occasion to both couple and work together: Liz and Dick, Woody and Mia, Warren Beatty and whomever he happens to be costarring with.

But this is a story — or a series of diagrams, rather — about those people whose careers would be almost inexplicable without some sort of conjugal connection lurking between résumé lines. The wan actress Sondra Locke is the classic modern example. Since her career hit the skids in the early seventies, she has worked only when cast by her longtime boyfriend and recent ex, Clint Eastwood — in such movies as *The Gauntlet* (1977) and *Sudden Impact* (1983). And it was no surprise when Warner Bros., and not Paramount or Columbia, agreed to distribute *Ratboy* (1986), Locke's doomed-from-the-word-go directorial debut; Warners, you see, has released all of Eastwood's films since 1979, and one *Ratboy* was a comparatively small price to pay to keep a major financial asset happy — *Pink Cadillac* (1989) notwithstanding. Similarly, the duration of Brigitte Nielsen's career in A movies coincided precisely with the duration of her relationship with Sylvester Stallone, and — *coincidence?* — model Donna Dixon has rarely appeared in a movie that doesn't also feature her husband, Dan Aykroyd. Sometimes connections and motivations are a little less obvious: by casting Amy Irving in *Rumpelstiltskin* and hiring her brother, David, to direct it overseas, veteran schlockmeister Menahem Golan was able to boast that he brought Steven Spielberg *en famille* to Israel.

This phenomenon differs from the cruder and more common casting-couch approach to filmmaking. The latter is a transaction, a cynical quid pro quo. The cast-me-cast-my-spouse approach is about sharing and giving. In some ways, perhaps, it is a consequence of the belief that everyone has a need — no, a *right* — to express his or her innate "creativity." After all, in the unstructured, hyphenate-mad New Hollywood, everyone's a writer, everyone's a director, everyone's a producer. So why *not* Mrs. Ivan Reitman? There's something sort of sweet, really, about a bankable star or A-list director helping to fulfill a mate's human potential by hustling up a bit part or associate producer's credit. Perhaps the best way to think of films like *Ratboy* or *Violets Are Blue* (directed by Sissy Spacek's husband, Jack Fisk) is as adult-education pottery-making classes writ large, expensive and mortifyingly public.

Key to Abbreviations: S = spouse; F = boy- or girlfriend; X = ex-spouse or ex-friend. Descriptions in parentheses refer to an individual's participation (if any) in the movie in question.

FORTUNATE ACTOR

CONJUGAL BENEFACTOR

RECENT PROJECT

Julianne Phillips



Bruce Springsteen, X

Skin Deep

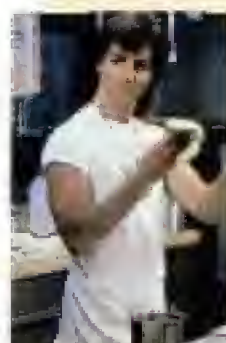
Mary Ellen Trainor

Robert Zemeckis (director), S

Romancing the Stone

Rob Camilletti

Cher, X

Loverboy

THEY DID IT THEIR WAY

"I can tell you that right after the announcement of the separation [from her husband Sylvester Stallone], decided jointly, my business has increased by an incredible amount. I have received dozens of proposals."
— Brigitte Nielsen, 1987

"It's real important, but I don't want *that* to be why people are interested in me. I want to be thought of as an actor."
— Julianne Phillips on her marriage to Bruce Springsteen, 1985

"I didn't expect to slip that one by the record company."
— Cher on trying to cast boyfriend Rob Camilletti in a video

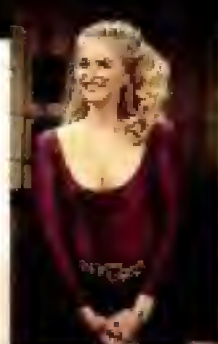
"I'm still quite defensive. ... It hurts because"

FORTUNATE ACTOR

CONJUGAL BENEFactor

RECENT PROJECT

Donna Dixon



Dan Aykroyd
(costar), \$



The Couch Trip



Annie McEnroe

Ed Pressman
(executive producer), \$

True Stories



Lorraine Gary

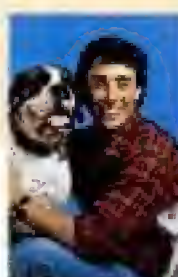


Sidney Sheinberg
(studio head), \$



Jaws: The Revenge

Karla DeVito



Robby Benson (costar, di-
rector, producer, writer), \$

Modern Love

Matt Lattanzi

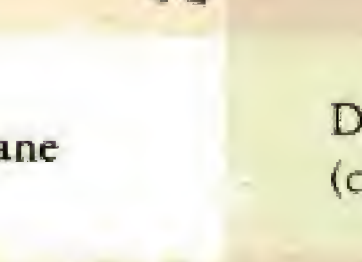


Olivia Newton-John, \$



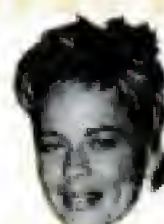
My Tutor

Corrine Wahl



Ken Wahl, \$

Amazon Women on the Moon

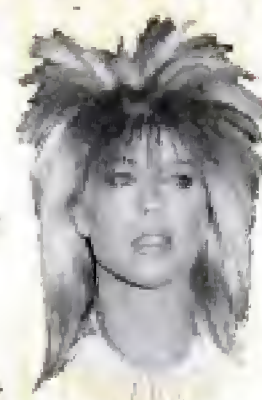


Brogan Lane

Dudley Moore
(costar), \$



*Arthur II:
On the Rocks*

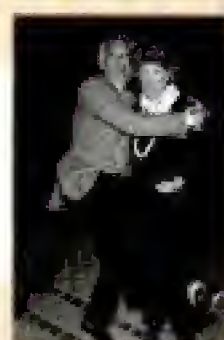


Carol DeLuise

Dom DeLuise
(director, costar), \$

Hot Stuff

Barbara Bosson



Steve Bochco, \$

Hooperman

Felicia Farr

Jack Lemmon
(costar), \$

That's Life

Lisa Niemi



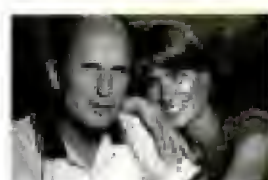
Patrick Swayze
(costar), \$

Steel Dawn

Bo Brinkman
(also produced
and wrote)

Melissa Gilbert (costar), \$

Ice House



Gail Youngs

Robert Duvall (associ-
ate producer, costar), X

Belizaire the Cajun

Kelly LeBrock

Victor Drai
(producer), X



The Woman in Red

there is a lingering doubt that I am worth the money." — Lorraine Gary on irate MCA/Universal shareholders' objections to her \$242,349 salary for *Jaws 2*, given that she is married to MCA president Sidney Sheinberg, 1978

"I've never been very sensitive about charges of nepotism because I've turned Barbara down for parts before." — Steven Bochco on his hiring of his wife, Barbara Bosson, 1981

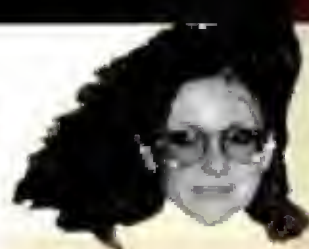
"I'm very talented, extremely articulate and highly intelligent—perfect for Zanuck/Brown. I created a slot for myself." — Lili Zanuck on how she became a producer with her husband Richard's movie company, 1985

"I think it's great to try to help people." — Ivan Reitman on producing the movie *Casual Sex?* for his wife to direct, 1989

"In Los Angeles, I learned quickly that it really doesn't make much difference whether you're the best for the part, or whether you have talent, it's a matter of some fluky thing that can't be described." — Sandra Locke (who, at the time, had starred in six Clint Eastwood movies) on her success, 1983

FORTUNATE PRODUCER → CONJUGAL BENEFACTOR → RECENT PROJECT

Joann Carelli



Michael Cimino
(director), X



The Sicilian



Lili Fini Zanuck

Richard Zanuck
(executive producer), S

*Cocoon II:
The Return*

Ava Ostern Fries

Chuck Fries
(executive producer), S

Troop Beverly Hills

Barbara
De Fina



Martin Scorsese
(director), S



*The Last Temp-
tation of Christ*



Steven Seagal
(also starred)

Mike Ovitz*



Above the Law

FORTUNATE DIRECTOR → CONJUGAL BENEFACTOR → RECENT PROJECT

Jack Fisk



Sissy Spacek
(star), S



Violets Are Blue



Janet Greek

Joe Wizan
(producer), S

Spellbinder

Geneviève Robert



Ivan Reitman (exec-
utive producer), S

Casual Sex?



Michelle Manning

Walter Hill
(producer, writer), X

Blue City

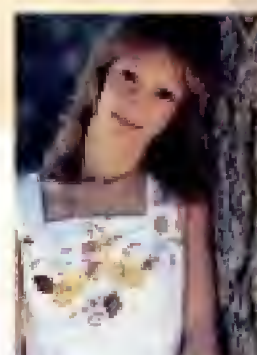
Conrad Palmisano

Irene Cara (star), S

Busted Up



Christine Edzard



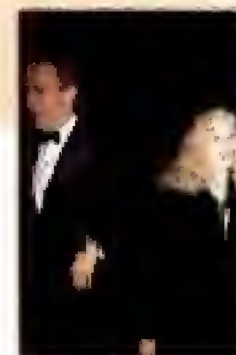
Richard Goodwin
(producer), S

Little Dorrit

Sondra Locke

Clint Eastwood, X

Ratboy



MARY ELLEN
& BOB & JOEL
*A Round-robin Case
Study*

ROMANCING THE STONE (1984): When Kathleen Turner's garrulous, overfed sister, played by MARY ELLEN TRAINOR, is abducted, the audience sighs in relief, figuring that no one could possibly want her back. But the director of the film, ROBERT ZEMECKIS, not only wanted her but decided to marry her.

LETHAL WEAPON (1987): Producer JOEL SILVER costs MARY ELLEN TRAINOR—as "Psychologist"—in his nevertheless successful movie.

ACTION JACKSON (1988): Another, less successful JOEL SILVER production with another, smaller part—as "Secretary"—for MARY ELLEN TRAINOR.

DIE HARD (1988): Yet another JOEL SILVER production with yet another bit part—as "Gail Wallens"—for his pal's wife, MARY ELLEN TRAINOR.

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT (1988): ROBERT ZEMECKIS, directing his first film in three years, finally rewards JOEL SILVER for casting his wife in three pictures by casting nonactor Silver as Raoul, Roger Rabbit's temperamental movie director. D

*No real conjugal connection here, but Ovitz is a martial-arts disciple of Seagal's, a sweaty association for sure.

A person is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark, textured jacket with a thick fur collar and bright yellow gloves. They are standing in a snowy environment with a blue sky and falling snow in the background. The word "Slip" is written in large white letters across the bottom of the image.

Slip



PR


INSIDE THE MUSEUM

LET'S GO TO THE TOWNSHIP!

On the one hand, the Museum of Broadcasting exists to treat TV like high art— not just *Masterpiece Theatre*, but regular American TV, network TV, even ABC programs from the 1970s. That's why it's the museum of choice for the generation whose definition of culture starts with *Howdy Doody* and ends with *thirtysomething*.

(UH...WHAT VIDEOTAPE?)

On the other hand, William Paley's 14-year-old brainstorm treats TV literally like junk — trashing its own collections, ignoring its curators, spending its time and energies on party-giving and social climbing and fundraising for a slick, expensive new home that may not meet its disparate needs. Go figure — JAY HARRIS GEORGE tried, and rather than finding a monument to the television generation, he uncovered the nuttiest museum in New York.

It wasn't a large crowd, but its members were young and bright, and almost all of them tossed their coats over the empty seats as they arrived, lending an air of cozy anticipation to the 63-seat theater at the Museum of Broadcasting. Onstage, two West German producers were introducing their entry in the museum's annual World Television Festival. As the audience peered at the fuzzy image on the screen (a drama about the West German government's surveillance of its citizens), the two producers slipped out for lunch with the museum's television curator to celebrate their heady day in New York.  As soon as the VIPs left, a door to the theater opened and a spotter from the lobby reception desk signaled that the coast was clear. Abruptly, mysteriously, most of the audience members grabbed their coats and began to file out of the auditorium. It may have looked like a Bundestag walkout or an elementary-school fire drill, but it was actually a large contingent of Museum of Broadcasting employees simply going back to work, grateful for yet another house-papering interlude in the otherwise gray job of keeping a deathwatch over the museum.



When Oswald met Ruby—
part of a diverting
afternoon's entertainment
at the MoB

IT TURNS OUT THAT NEW YORK'S MOST POPULIST museum, New York's *fun* museum, is run with an altogether appropriate sitcom screwiness. Founded in 1975 by CBS chairman William S. Paley, the Museum of Broadcasting was charged with the farsighted mission of preserving America's sanitized radio and TV heritage (after all, who would have known in 1975 that colleges would one day be offering courses like "The Mid-Century American Sitcom"?). But under president Robert Batscha—preening, pretentious and occasionally embarrassing, he functions as the museum's very own version of *The Beverly Hillbillies*'s Mr. Drysdale—the Museum of Broadcasting has become an institution where the majority of its energies and hard-won moneys are lavished not on its collections but on more glamorous considerations, such as its impending move to a new, vigorously stylish \$45 million home, one that may quickly become functionally obsolete. The Museum of Broadcasting is also a place where, a recent confidential study indicated, it would take nearly 40 *person-years* to repair the abuses to a once-enviable catalog system, and where possibly irreplaceable pieces of the American television heritage lie rotting as a result. Even so, Batscha's interest in record keeping appears to extend only so far as instructing one of his assistants to inscribe on a frequently consulted Post-it note the date and time when she last changed the bottled water in his office carafe. Employees who fail to appreciate Batscha's uncanny sense of priorities have been quitting in such numbers that efforts to maintain a directory of staff telephone extensions, formerly updated in weekly desperation, were abandoned altogether this spring.

Of course, regardless of its bureaucratic high jinks and managerial fecklessness, the museum has de facto surrendered a large chunk of its charter mission to the advent of the VCR and the sofa-side video library. After all, where would the Museum of Natural History be if *everyone* collected genuine mastodon skulls? Who would think twice about the Museum of Modern Art if *everyone's* living room were cluttered with actual Marcel Duchamp knickknacks? Yet the Museum of Broadcasting, unconscionably, seems intent on forfeiting what's left of its birthright. (Fortunately, the Library of Congress has been quietly accumulating television and radio broadcasts over the years, 15 times as many as the museum. The library's collection is accessible only to researchers, but down in Washington they know what they've got and how to find it.)

Not to imply that the MoB, which claims to clock in more than 100,000 visitors a year, hasn't had its triumphs. The museum's constantly growing collection has been chosen variously for its "historical impact, artistic value and social significance," in the words of a spokeswoman; anyone

YES, BUT JUST HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU WATCH THE FINAL EPISODE OF JOANIE LOVES CHACHI?

The Harry Shearer Alternative Museum of Broadcasting

You don't have to be the official Museum of Broadcasting to own a vault clogged with videotapes. All you need is a VCR, a relatively unencumbered personal schedule and an insatiable desire to collect copies of TV programs that less keen viewers are happy to watch only once—if that.

Harry Shearer, a *SPY* contributing editor and broadcasting connoisseur, has the equipment (including a satellite dish), the time and, most important, the desire. He also has upwards of 900 tapes—a pittance compared with the MoB's roughly 36,000. The bulk of Shearer's collection, however, consists of artifacts that fall well outside the MoB's purview: unedited satellite feeds, corporate teleconferences, other people's home videos, seldom-seen industrials—the flotsam and effluvia of the TV universe. Like a network's sanitizing in-house corporate biographer, the Museum of Broadcasting records the official, *licensed* history of television; Shearer and other like-minded collectors record its embarrassments, its nasty secrets, its revealing—if usually ignored—background drone.

"Commercial television is not, as is frequently claimed, a window on the world," says Shearer. "It's a window on 20 Hollywood cocaine heads. *This* is a win-

comparison:	<i>The Museum of Broadcasting</i>	<i>Harry Shearer Alternative Museum of Broadcasting</i>
Percentage of collection actually accessible	Less than half	100 percent
Has Kotex pep-rally sales video?	No	Yes
Has 1960 NBC broadcast of Mary Martin's <i>Peter Pan</i> ?	Yes	No
Hosts seminars with Alan Alda and Walter Cronkite?	Yes	No
Invites friends in to watch unexpurgated tapes of Brat Pack actors allegedly having sex with minors?	No	Yes

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SHEARER COLLECTION

LIGHTING AND SOUND-LEVEL CHECK FOR RICHARD NIXON'S RESIGNATION SPEECH, 1974



While waiting to go on the air and resign the presidency, a palpably unstable Nixon banters with technicians and Secret Service men in an unnatural manner—even for him. "I'm afraid [the White House photographer] is going to catch me picking my nose," the soon-to-be-ex-president jokes.

MR. BLACKWELL ON *A.M. L.A.*, 1983

A ghoulish appearance: Mr. Blackwell, perpetrator of the worst-dressed list, visits with Regis Philbin and Cyndy Garvey mere days after plastic surgery—"And I think I look *wonderful!*" he exclaims. "Very youthful and young," Garvey mechanically agrees, despite Blackwell's scars, eye folds and padded, Leatherette complexion.



RONALD REAGAN'S SUPER BOWL COIN-TOSS REHEARSAL, 1985

In preparation for his role in the pregame ceremonies, an eerily compliant Reagan is taught how to flip a coin in front of the camera and then practices diligently. The president



finally reveals a flicker of personality when he mentions, ominously, that caught by a player at the California stadium—a feat Reagan playacts with gusto.

"Frank Sinatra had a recommendation." Sinatra's idea, it turns out, was that Reagan should pretend to throw a football in the White House that would then, on television, appear to be

SCIENTOLOGY YEAR-END RALLY, 1986



A high-level Scientology official, resplendent in black tie and gold arm braids, addresses the question of "terminating squirrels"—i.e., cracking down on dissenters. "You see," he explains in poetic Scientologese, "we take a very hard line against those few, very ill-intentioned small thetas who would pervert our tech."

KOTEX SALES FORCE TELECONFERENCE, 1987

Male, middle-aged Kotex executives talk about the menstrual needs of "gals" and exhort their sales force to remember "the three D's for fem-care success in 1987: Distribution, Do It at the Shelf, and Display." However, the executives concede that it won't be easy to persuade supermarkets to set up "fem-hy" in-store displays. ☛



who has the time to wait around for one of the museum's 23 viewing consoles to become available can concoct a diverting afternoon's entertainment, cuing up a Bullwinkle cartoon, say, before moving on to Jack Ruby shooting Lee Harvey Oswald. And considerable numbers of lonely-looking, oddly preoccupied young men are bound to turn up for the museum's late-night-on-Channel-11 festivals, devoted to reruns of perennials such as *Monty Python's Flying Circus* and *The Honeymooners*.

Under Batscha's eight-year stewardship, though, curatorial concerns have been relegated to nuisance status by an administration more devoted to planning celebrity-larded parties than to the dry, scholarly work of running a museum and the dreary chores of serving a public. Accordingly, the MoB's six curators are routinely snubbed by its administration, and public relations are approached with a genteel uninterest that suits that department's snobbish, inattentive and recently promoted director, Letty Aronson. Her unofficial title, Woody Allen's Sister, affords the museum certain connections it might not otherwise have—a recreated set from *Radio Days* was used in an exhibit on early radio broadcasts—but her near-celebrity mostly serves to mesmerize the doggedly star-struck Batscha.

"Bob has contempt for the general public," says a former employee, who adds that this is not an uncommon trait among museum administrators. "But the difference is that there are forces inside other museums that do care about the public, and that generally get more attention and weight than at the MoB, where there is very little authority given below the president's level." Indeed, Batscha's effect on the small, young museum is akin to what might have happened if the Metropolitan Museum of Art's sycophantic current director, Philippe de Montebello, had had the opportunity to throttle the Met in its nineteenth-century cradle.

FORTUNATELY, THE DYNAMIC 44-YEAR-OLD former Queens College associate professor, who sometimes prefers the extra-estimable title *Dr. Robert Batscha, Ph.D.*, is blessed with a saving talent for sleight of hand. Mustering as much as half of the entire museum staff in order to impress guest speakers, funders and reporters (*Act like you don't know one another! Say you're a tourist!*) is just the most inventive of the administration's many efforts to distract employees from their morbid daily contemplation of rusting kinescopes, shattered 50-year-old radio discs and a videotape collection that sits largely unwatched in a storage vault clogged with donated broadcast history. (To give just one example, kinescopes of the original *Ed Wynn Show*—dating from 1949 to 1950—were recently observed, by this reporter, corroding inside a bat-

tered cardboard box, which had been shoved out of sight beneath a table.)

Perhaps the best example of Batscha's talent for hocus-pocus is the hypnotic sway he holds over credulous *New York Times* reporters who make frequent pilgrimages to his door in order to write down faithfully whatever he has to say. (The *Times* tends to be reflexively contemptuous of television produced last week or last year, but *old* TV, given the museum imprimatur, is always seemly and significant.) No matter how desperate life at 1 East 53rd Street becomes, the gloomy MoB staff rests a little easier in the knowledge that Bob Batscha and Letty Aronson will put a gleam on things in the *Times*. For example:

► "Visitors [to the museum] can choose from among 40,000 radio and television programs," said a typical bit of secondhand puffery last year.

In fact, the number of programs actually available to the public is closer to 6,000. Another 11,000 programs are virtually inaccessible because information about them is incomplete; 19,000 await processing; 300 master tapes have been either lost, stolen or damaged—and never replaced, according to employees who work with the collection. Moreover, the museum has been threatened with more than one lawsuit by people who claim their donations have been lost. (Officially, the MoB denies it has ever lost master tapes.)

► "Says Mr. Batscha, '... One hundred percent of our collection is always available to the public,'" explained a 1985 puff piece.

More precisely, 100 percent of the collection that is available to the public is available to the public. Slightly less than half of the whole chaotic lot is actually accessible, and only a sixth of that is fully cataloged, according to museum staffers. A MoB spokeswoman claims that any program is available to the public "within 72 hours"—meaning that employees are somehow able to locate and identify tapes that have been left, unregistered, in box after box after box.

► "Tomorrow [August 1, 1988]...the Museum of Broadcasting will start a two-pronged project to restore to pristine condition all 25,000 hours of its television and radio programs, and to then preserve them on digital tape."

At the time, none of the dubbing equipment had been delivered; nearly a year later, technicians for the project still hadn't been hired and the bulk of the museum's television collection remained on all-but-obsolete Betamax tapes.

► "To judge by the audience reactions [to a radio exhibit last year], the museum has found in television-reared generations now in their 20's and 30's an enthusiasm for its voice-art exhibition."

In fact, the museum found its young audience upstairs in its own offices.

► "As Mr. Batscha explains, 'Someone will come

YES, BUT JUST HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU WATCH A TAPE OF CURT GOWDY STARING AT A BROKEN MICROPHONE?

TV Technical-Difficulty Collectors Scrape the Bottom of the Broadcast Barrel—or Do They?

In its June 1989 issue, *Harper's* published excerpts from a "quarterly newsletter about 'technical difficulties' on television." This odd, fascinating document included letters to the editor ("I am glad to know there are more out there like me... I look for mistakes during programs, rather than between them") and a sightings log ("11/23/88—KDIO, Duluth, Minnesota:...the center camera zoomed in on the female news anchor's lips to focus... When they switched to another camera you could see the other news anchor, his face contorted with anger... They immediately cut to the station's PLEASE STAND BY slate, which shows a bearded Viking... sadly watching a malfunctioning television set. Great!").

While these excerpts seemed to speak for themselves—evidence of yet another risible Middle American enthusiasm—there was more to the "quarterly newsletter" than would be apparent to the casual reader. Flashback dissolve to...

LATE DECEMBER 1988: *Premiere* magazine publishes its January issue, which includes a subtle, entirely fictional humor piece entitled "Strange Video Collectors," written by Jack Barth, a *SPY* contributing editor. The premise is that obsessive VCR owners have begun collecting tapes of such video banalities as test patterns and FBI warnings. Mention is made of "Please Stand By," an alleged newsletter for collectors of technical difficulties.

JANUARY 1989: An intern at

Harper's, gathering material for the magazine's Readings section, leaves a message with Barth in the hope of being put in touch with the publishers of *Please Stand By*. Coincidentally, Barth is working on a long-term book project, entitled *American Quest*, that involves, among other things, planting phony items in national publications. Barth returns the intern's call and refers him to Ian Michaels, a writer in San Francisco who has agreed to produce a copy of the until-now-nonexistent *Please*



Help! I'm being held prisoner on a rotting kinescope: Ed Wynn (with Mel Tormé)

Stand By. Michaels promises he will send along his newsletter's "latest" issue.

JANUARY 22: *The New York Times* publishes an article detailing a dispute between *Harper's* and a group of psychoanalysts who mistook as fact a subtle, entirely fictional humor piece in the magazine about a supposed advance in Freudian scholarship. Dismissing any complaints, *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham is quoted as saying, "*Harper's* has traditionally been more literary than scholarly. We deal in irony and many other literary devices...."

EARLY FEBRUARY: *Harper's* receives two eight-page copies of *Please Stand By* ("Vol. 3, No. 4").

LATE MAY: *Harper's* publishes its June issue, which includes earnestly reprinted excerpts from the spurious *Please Stand By*.

JUNE: Duluth's station WDIO (not KDIO) contacts *Harper's* and demands a retraction, claiming it had not had any problems with its November 23, 1988, newscast.

LATE JULY: In its August issue, a still-credulous *Harper's* prints the following not entirely correct correction: "[A] Readings excerpt from *Please Stand By*...described a botched newscast that was followed immediately by a PLEASE STAND BY sign picturing a bearded Viking. The Viking was, in fact, the symbol of television station WDIO-TV in Duluth, but the technical difficulty oc-

curred on another station." (Italics ours.)

What follows is previously unpublished excerpts from *Please Stand By*. (Misspellings and grammatical and factual errors have been left uncorrected.)



STATION BREAK

by Ian Michaels, Editor
Welcome, TDers.... A number of new members have asked for shortcuts to finding and recording TD's. Such a request, I know, is sending shivers of cold bile through old members who feel that the long hours of waiting and scanning before finally connecting with a juicy glitch gives real thrill to the process.... With TD'ing, there is a real chance that you will try for days, and still not find that "Crack in the greasepaint" (TV Critic Michael Arlen). That you cannot produce a TD on demand...is the hobby's attraction for many intrepid viewers. When you finally capture one on tape, it's completely yours.... And as most of us will tell you, *nothing* beats that feeling.

Still there are some hints for those that want to get their feet wet without having to go on "solo safari."...

Technical difficulties tend to come in bundles. Oftentimes, the cause of the TD, be it human, natural, or phantom, is of long duration, and once one TD occurs, another caused by the same problem can be forthcoming quickly. If you're scanning and catch the tail-end of a breakdown, hold it there, set up your VCR and wait. Be patient. It's like being in a duck blind and seeing a lone duck. Don't worry, hunters, that means more are coming....

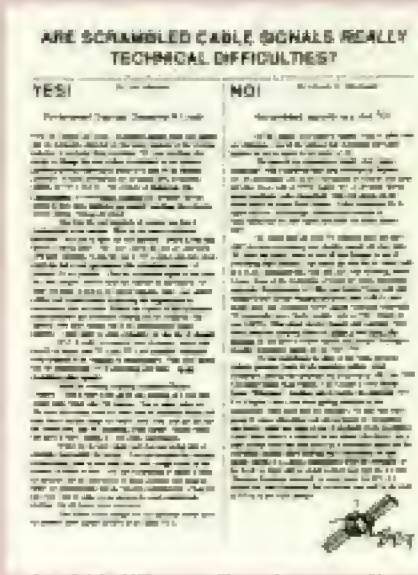
* * *

Am told the smallest TV station in the country is KYUS, Channel 3 in Miles City, MT. The station manager and his wife are the programming execs, newscasters and the talk-show hosts. Any readers passing through that neck of the woods should check out the TD rate up there and report back. Sounds ripe.

* * *

Thoughts on the new HDTV (High Definition Television) controversy. As most of you know, HDTV is supposedly the wave of the future. Introduced in Japan, it...supposedly provides for a clearer, sharper picture. This alone is bad enough.... I know some think that a switch to a new standard will mean plenty of TD's, and initially you are probably right. But that's only temporary. It represents another tightening of the seamless illusion of technological infallibility, and that's bad news. PSB recommends that you write your congressman (un-

der the guise of a rational protectionist), and tell him to vote against HDTV....



ARE SCRAMBLED CABLE SIGNALS REALLY TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES?

YES! SCRAMBLED SIGNALS DESERVE A LOOK!

By Jim Morton

Spend an evening watching scrambled Playboy Channel. I find it both avant-garde and arousing in a way that would make Naim June Pak jealous. This is super video art! The pink and orange tones of what must be beautiful bodies roll past, then a picture snaps on clearly, only a-ha, with the sky red, the bodies blue, and the pounding ocean purple. Sound comes and goes in bites, adding its own erotic punctuation.... Not as funny as an incorrectly cued commercial, perhaps, but definitely more evocative.

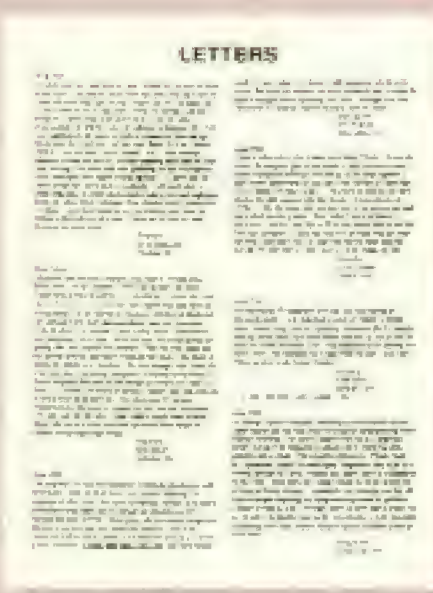
Our hobby is big enough for two different world views. Scrambled cable signals deserve to be called TD's.

* * *

NO! SCRAMBLED SIGNALS ARE NOT TD!

By David N. Brewster
Where does the avid TD collector draw the line? HBO has been scrambling

their satellite signal full-time since '84; does that mean I have to own all that footage on top of everything else?... How many distorted, jumping copies of *Arthur II* and *Jaws: The Revenge* do you have to collect before you scream: "Enough is enough! Scrambled signals are *not* TD!!!"???



LETTER

DEAR EDITOR:
I disagree that the four examples you cited in "Frightening Difficulties" [*PSB, Summer, 1988*] are actually the most frightening technical glitches ever broadcast. I recall one from about 15 years ago on a Philadelphia station that tops them all. It was about 2 in the afternoon, during a commercial break and the familiar EBS "test" announcement came on. You know: "For the next sixty seconds... This is only a test," followed by that annoying 1 KHz tone. Well, the tone just keeps going and going, one, two, maybe five minutes. Then the tone stops and the picture glitches and there's nothing but snow.... This particular TD greatly influenced my decision to support the anti-nuclear movement. I'm sure you can see why. Your readers might want to think about that

the next time someone questions them about the validity of our particular hobby.

Sincerely,
Ken Smith, Harrison, NJ

tugging at her skirt. Was that "Sh*t!" & "God-damned!" we heard in the background?

Reported by Chicagoland
Gang, Niles, IL.

SIGHTINGS
10/30/88 KTRK, HOUSTON, TX Live reporter doing story on city's various Halloween preparations for 10:00 PM news was wearing a blue shirt, making his head and hands appear to float above his torso. Didn't tape it because at first we thought it was purposely ghoulish. But halfway through his story, the video portion of his remote was stopped, and station cut back to an earlier slide of a jack-o-lantern carved to look like Michael Dukakis.
11/05/88 WTTW, CHICAGO, IL Last November's pledge week was a feast for us Windy City TD'ers. During breaks in <i>The Singing Detective</i> , camera cues were mixed up four times in a row: those talking were not on camera for more than a minute straight. Those shown but not knowing they were on air included a row of Shrine Clowns glumly looking at their phones, and an auction board assistant
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NEW TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES	READER'S POLL RESULTS
1. "I have a collection of 100 kinescopes."... If the museum didn't keep the old machines around, we'd be in the position of having the Rosetta Stone and not being able to read it."	1. "Programs are cross-referenced, often as frequently as 25 times."
2. "Often is a relative word, but even in the museum's pre-Batscha cross-referencing heyday, when catalogers spent eight hours working on one or two hours of programming, a dozen cross-references were most common—an episode of Bonanza, for instance, would be referenced under its stars, director, production people, genre, story subject and so on. Today, the two catalogers who have to cope with the 3,000 hours of programming that pour in every year are allowed 15 minutes for each program. Some programs are cataloged by title only—which means, to give an unlikely hypothetical example, that a future Penn Jillette scholar might have trouble looking up the magician's guest appearance on Miami Vice. This panic-driven short-forming was the museum's response to the 1988 study that indicated it would take until the early twenty-first century to straighten out the archival nightmare of its neglected cataloging system."	2. "Often is a relative word, but even in the museum's pre-Batscha cross-referencing heyday, when catalogers spent eight hours working on one or two hours of programming, a dozen cross-references were most common—an episode of Bonanza, for instance, would be referenced under its stars, director, production people, genre, story subject and so on. Today, the two catalogers who have to cope with the 3,000 hours of programming that pour in every year are allowed 15 minutes for each program. Some programs are cataloged by title only—which means, to give an unlikely hypothetical example, that a future Penn Jillette scholar might have trouble looking up the magician's guest appearance on Miami Vice. This panic-driven short-forming was the museum's response to the 1988 study that indicated it would take until the early twenty-first century to straighten out the archival nightmare of its neglected cataloging system."
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Live reporter doing story on city's various Halloween preparations for 10:00 PM news was wearing a blue shirt, making his head and hands appear to float above his torso. Didn't tape it because at first we thought it was purposely ghoulish. But halfway through his story, the video portion of his remote was stopped, and station cut back to an earlier slide of a jack-o-lantern carved to look like Michael Dukakis.

Reported by Glitch
Hounds, Houston, TX.

* * *

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READER'S POLL RESULTS

FIVE MOST COMMON MUSICAL CHOICES FOR MUSIC PLAYED DURING BROADCAST INTERRUPTION (as reported by readers):

NUMBER	TITLE
1	"Don't Worry, Be Happy (instrumental)"
2	"Love Is Blue"
3	"Stand By Me"
4	"The Heat Is On"
5	"Brandenburg Concertos"

HOME TRADING CLUB

BOOM MIKE BLOOPERS. Assorted. Full two hour tape! VHS or BETA. To trade for cooking show glitches (grease fires, fallen souffles, etc.), especially from the 70's. PSB Box C10.

* * *

Have three years of CHILLY BILLY SATURDAY NIGHT MONSTER MOVIE glitches (WTAE, Ch 4, Pittsburgh). Was the host of *Creature Features* an alcoholic?... Good enough to keep me awake til 3:00 AM every Saturday from 1982-84. Must see. Choice. "Warlord," PSB Box C12. ☛



Penn Jillette on
Miami Vice:
trouble for future
scholars?

to us and say, "I have a collection of 100 kinescopes."... If the museum didn't keep the old machines around, we'd be in the position of having the Rosetta Stone and not being able to read it."

Television curator Ron Simon has a kinescope viewer in his office, but in the museum vault where donated kinescopes are actually viewed and, with luck, the fact of their existence is recorded, until recently the only way to watch them was by holding the films up to a light bulb.

► "Programs are cross-referenced, often as frequently as 25 times."

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OF COURSE, BEING UNDERSTAFFED AND overwhelmed is the lot of many cash-strapped nonprofit institutions. But the MoB is remarkably free of the camaraderie that life-during-wartime conditions usually promote—perhaps because this is one nonprofit institution that doesn't appear to be particularly cash-strapped. Indeed, many of the MoB's 70-odd employees, eking their way through life on the tiny salaries traditionally paid to museum workers, maintain a bitter curiosity about the \$6,403,330 raised in 1987 through donations, grants, admissions and the frequent injection of money from the Paley Foundation (\$400,000 last year alone). According to records filed with New York State authorities, expenses for 1987 totaled only \$3,343,311, with the museum's net worth swelling from \$15,807,950 to \$18,867,969—this in addition to the more than \$30 million raised so far in a separate fundraising campaign for the new building.

On paper, then, the Museum of Broadcasting is decidedly healthy, even if its collection is not; healthy even if employees are sometimes given the impression that it is necessary for the museum to overstate their wee salaries on funding applications in order to seduce that much more from foundations; healthy even if museum administrators have on occasion diverted the resulting

grants from the impoverished curatorial departments for which the grants had been pledged and (presumably) used the money elsewhere in the museum, or simply dumped it in the endowment.

For instance, one department head got a letter from a foundation inquiring about the dispensation of an earmarked grant that the department head didn't know had been received. The head of another department was recently ordered to spend only a portion of some moneys donated specifically to that department. (People familiar with nonprofit organizations say these kinds of shenanigans are not uncommon, but they also single out the MoB in this regard. However, a museum spokeswoman claims that "not a penny of grant is ever misappropriated.")

Oddly, almost no one knows the particulars of the museum's financial health. Batscha controls the budgetary information so tightly as to mystify even the professionals who raise the museum's funds and who have become accustomed, in their jobs with other institutions, to readily available budget information. "Only Batscha and one or two financial guys see the actual budgets—incredible but true," says a disgruntled former fundraiser, one of several who have quit the museum in disgust over such practices during the last few years.

The constant scheming for dollars not only affects the staff's morale but dictates what's in the collection, and even influences how the museum studies broadcast history. At Batscha's instruction, curators are prohibited from using the phrases "Golden Age of Radio" and "Golden Age of Television" in museum literature, lest contemporary, potentially check-writing members of the broadcast community get the impression that the museum regards their current artistic efforts as something less than precious. Anyway, the true Golden Age of Television *might be happening right now*, so it doesn't hurt to pack the collection with recent programs made by flattered, deep-pocketed producers—hence the museum's rich sampling of Stephen Cannell's *The A Team* and its even larger sampling of "auteur" Aaron Spelling's oeuvre. ("Aaron makes it look so easy. The naturals always do," said a typically erudite, not-at-all-toadying museum publication. "Sinatra's phrasing, Gene Littler's swing, Aaron Spelling's sense of story and audience—all of them come into being with a style that can't be copied.")

But the most naked use of the collection as a money-drawing vanity exercise has been the establishment of the museum's Creative Council.

"I am writing to invite you to become a member

of the Museum of Broadcasting's Creative Council, a growing group of over 500 leading members of the broadcasting community," begins a solicitation letter Batscha sent out last winter. A former administrative staff member says the council was created in the naive hope that the mere bestowal of embossed membership certificates would entice hardened professionals into forking over generous donations. The museum quickly wised up, dangling in front of an alarming array of entertainment timeservers the added promise that they would be able to install the best examples of their own work in the museum. "After the programming is in the museum, *then* we'd go after them for money," explains the former staffer. And even if the broadcast



Curating for dollars: deep-pocketed "auteur" Aaron Spelling's Nightingales



Entirely convincing facades: left to right, drawing of the MoB's new building, Robert Batscha, William Paley, model of the building, Philip Johnson



community's leading members—709 as of June 1—don't unfold their wallets satisfactorily, the museum has at least secured the use of their names for leverage with other potential donors. No taste goes unaccounted for: the list of Creative Council members ranges from Meryl Streep, David Brinkley and Gore Vidal to Joe Franklin, Jim Nabors, Heather Locklear and Phil Rizzuto.

AND YET, DESPITE THEIR RESENTMENTS, MoB employees do credit Bob Batscha for his ringleading razzle-dazzle. And when he takes home large pieces of video equipment—a few color monitors, say, for some no doubt urgent research project—museum technicians good-naturedly complain that the boss's zeal is impeding their work.

While his direct pipeline to the *Times* suggests that his true calling might have been as the official spokesman for a production of a Eugene O'Neill play, Batscha does indeed have a firm background in the world of broadcasting: he taught communications at Queens College and then parlayed a partnership with former CBS president Frank Stanton (the two founded a nonprofit organization whose mission was to introduce job-seeking college students to media professionals) into his pres-

ent position. When the MoB was looking for a president, Stanton recommended Batscha to his former boss, Paley, the museum's founder, chief underwriter and ultimate ruler. (Paley had become disenchanted with founding president Robert Saudek, according to staff members from the museum's early days, because Saudek had failed to acquire for the museum a public profile befitting Paley's pet project. Saudek moved on to run the Motion Picture, Broadcasting and Recorded Sound Division at the more sober Library of Congress, where he isn't called on to pose for party pictures with Cybill Shepherd.)

Those who know Batscha say he has all but

abandoned the scholarly interests of his youth in slavish pursuit of social skills that are far more useful to a guardian of the Paley legacy. "Bob Batscha would be better off running a restaurant," says a not quite admiring colleague who has seen countless meetings that are supposed to be devoted to planning new exhibitions derailed when Batscha launches into spirited discussions of vases, flowers, candles and menus for black-tie dinners meant to celebrate the exhibitions that, oddly enough, Batscha is in the very process of ignoring. Then, the tableware discussion at an end, he will take outside phone calls until the vestigial curators finally scuttle away.

Certainly no one *likes* the tireless favor-currying and sweaty desperation of social climbing, so essential to running any institution dependent on the largess of willful, megalomaniacal rich people. No one *gladly* answers to a clubby, easygoing board of trustees that includes Twentieth Century Fox chairman Barry Diller, Creative Artists Agency chief Michael Ovitz and CBS president Laurence Tisch. And yet Batscha manages to go about these chores with enthusiasm. Fortunately, he's the sort of professional who evinced no ethical qualms

in presiding over an exhibition devoted entirely to the advertising of Young & Rubicam, even as Edward Ney, president of PaineWebber/Young & Rubicam Ventures, sat on the museum board (the

company enthusiastically donated \$200,000 last year). Batscha's cultivation of Aaron Spelling's checkbook once drove him to consider a *Dynasty* fashion show at the museum until cooler, more socially inappetent heads prevailed.

In recent months it has sometimes seemed as if Batscha might be tempering his Olympian disdain for the public by adopting a Gorby-like penchant for glad-handing the masses. For example, a standing order used to prevent museum elevator operators from stopping for passengers when Batscha was aboard, descending from his fifth-floor office. In the MoB equivalent of spontaneously piling out of a ZIL limousine, Batscha will now sometimes instruct an elevator operator to stop and pick up museum visitors on the second floor so that he can briefly exchange pleasantries with them before reaching the lobby. Of course, observers have noted that Batscha indulges his populist yearnings only when he has an important guest on board—a fine point not lost on the elevator operators.

NSOLENT LIFT JOCKEYS NOTWITHSTANDING, nothing slows down Bob Batscha for long. Indeed, the prospect of moving to his new building next year has opened yet another arena for his limitless energy: interior decoration. Lately the museum president has invited staffers to pet carpet samples and stroke wood panel sections while he deliriously describes the subtlety of the building's color scheme. The new building's luxe furnishings (one of its theaters will feature crystalline light bulbs mounted on 14-karat floor-to-ceiling gold strips) may not console all those who worry that the museum will outgrow its expensive new home. Emerging from a very important carpet-sample meeting, one unconvinced staff member concluded, "The new building is the physical manifestation of the museum's horrible values." Another person familiar with the project is willing to bet that three years from now the new tape vault—the heart of the museum—will be exactly the sort of unnavigable closet the current vault has become.

Happier about the new building, presumably, are its nominal designer, Philip Johnson, and Bill Paley himself, who contributed \$12 million for the impractical sliver structure and the tiny patch of West 52nd Street on which it will sit. And whatever the new building's drawbacks as a home for a museum, it does have the advantage of strategic location: within sight of Black Rock, CBS's headquarters, and adjacent to Paley's regular lunchtime hangout, the '21' Club. Indeed, no hint of trouble will be apparent to the museum's trustees as they ooze next door for meals: Batscha has gone so far as to visit a West German quarry personally, as part of his unceasing quest to ensure that the new building has an entirely convincing facade. **D**

YOU ARE NOW SITTING AT THE FESS PARKER SCHOLAR'S VIDEO CONSOLE

You Are Now Shopping at the Mark Goodson Gift Shop

A sampling of the "named gift opportunities" available at the Museum of Broadcasting's expensive new home, scheduled to open next fall, where many seat, office and room values remain.

Principal Theater		\$5,000,000
Individual Seats		\$5,000/\$10,000*
Lobby at Theater		
Level	SOLD	\$250,000
Main-Floor Lobby		\$2,500,000
Exhibition Gallery	SOLD	\$1,000,000
Museum Shop	SOLD	\$50,000
Second-Floor		
Theater	SOLD	†
Individual Seats		\$5,000/\$10,000*
Screening Room		\$1,000,000
Main Television Console		
Room		\$1,500,000
Family Consoles		\$35,000
Individual Consoles		\$25,000
Scholars' Consoles		\$35,000
Scholars' Room	SOLD	†
Library	SOLD	\$3,000,000
Radio Listening		
Room	SOLD	†
Education Room		\$1,000,000
Curators and Catalogers' Section:		
Eighth Floor		\$250,000
Ninth Floor		\$250,000
Curators' Offices (4)		\$25,000

* Higher price applies if the donor chooses the seat's location

† Price not available



photo: Mary Bloom

HELP WITH A SMILE.

- All net profits from the sale of COMIC RELIEF 3 cassette and compact disc will be donated to the Comic Relief Organization, dedicated towards aiding America's homeless.
- Over 70 minutes of great comedy at a SPECIAL LOW PRICE.

With BILLY CRYSTAL
ROBIN WILLIAMS
and Louie Anderson
Arsenio Hall
Paul Rodriguez
Garry Shandling
Steven Wright
... and more



70893



- Comic Relief 3 is available on video from KVC Home Video.
- Comic Relief 1 and 2 are also available on Rhino.

Comic Relief is a registered trademark of Gary Thison.

NO YOUR MARK, GET SET!

RUN AMOK!

MAPPING THE TOUR DE TRUMP'S MISHAPS, FOUL-UPS AND EGREGIOUS EXAGGERATIONS

The Tour de Trump: who can forget the fun we had? If we couldn't join sports nuts who flew into Atlantic City to attend the show-down, then (after calling our bookies) we joined our friends in front of the TV for a festive, sure-to-be-annual Tour de Trump party...

Oops—sorry! We were thinking of the Super Bowl. Actually, the Tour de Trump was that curious event last May that, according to its namesake, was supposed to have cycling's hottest stars and the world's most lucrative prizes (at least three European

races award more), and was generally sold as being the premier cycling race in America. Maybe it was. However, it was also certainly an overhyped, underscrutinized event, characterized by snafus, Wile E. Coyote shenanigans, critical errors and a remarkably casual approach to facts. Cycling expert SYDNEY SCHUSTER recaps the highlights.

TRUMP TOWER, MANHATTAN
SUMMER 1987

Basketball analyst and entrepreneur Billy Packer, one of three

partners attempting to launch an American bicycle race on the order of Le Tour de France, seeks the financial backing of Donald Trump. Before their meeting Packer thinks, *If he asks me, "What's the race's name?" I'll say, "Tour de Trump."* As Francophones know, this term actually describes a race where competitors travel around

Trump's body. Depending on which newspaper note-taker received Trump's more accurate recollection, he replies either "You have to be kidding..." The idea's so wild it's going to work" or "Are you kidding? I will get killed in the media if I use that name... You know, but it is a great shtick."

THE PLAZA HOTEL, MANHATTAN
DECEMBER 6, 1988

This marks the third occasion on which Trump announces the race. At various times be-



fore the event, the promoters issue press releases that describe the Tour's distance as 837 miles, 850 miles, 900 miles, 925 miles, 937 miles, 950 miles and 1,000 miles. The length is actually 782 miles. At the press conference, Trump unveils the obligatory commemorative LeRoy Neiman poster, showing a bareheaded cyclist crossing the finish line with arms upraised against a backdrop of the Atlantic City casinos. (In real life the cyclist, being helmetless, would have been disqualified.) Trump later writes in the event's official program that the (continued)

2
A
SUPERSWANKY
LIMO'S-EYE
VIEW FOR
TRUMP

1
THEY'RE OFF!
CUOMO FIRES
THE STARTING
GUN

3
KOCH STAYED
HOME

4
TOUR DE
TRUMP
LEADER'S
JERSEY
BLEEDS WHEN
WASHED

5
A NEAR
COLLISION
IS
SOMEONE OFF
COURSE?

6
A
SUPERSWANKY
PRINCESS'S-
EYE VIEW FOR
TRUMP

10
A RACER
MISTAKES
TRUMP'S TAJ
MAHAL FOR
THE FINISH
LINE

Tour will feature the American debut of "the first Soviet professional team... a thrilling breakthrough in international sports history." The Soviet team, Alfa Lum, does not show; they are racing in Spain. Trump, who has never seen a bike race in person, goes on to promise that the event will be "the most unique and spectacular event on the Eastern seaboard this year." Unique, certainly.



TRUMP SOAKING UP FLASHBULB GLARE WITH WINNER DAG-OTTO LAURITZEN OF THE 7-ELEVEN TEAM.

100 or so support vehicles following the cyclists, his stretch limo standing out among a pack of bicycle-laden hatchbacks, vans and Jeeps.

THE PLAZA, MANHATTAN MAY 7

(3) Trump wanted to start Stage Two of the Tour

in front of Trump Tower, where, he had rhapsodized in the program notes, "more than 120 cyclists will explode onto Fifth Avenue." Unfortunately, the city has regulations curtailing public gatherings on Fifth Avenue (and may well have an ordinance against exploding bicyclists), and the start is relocated to another Trump venue, the 59th Street side of The Plaza. The new location guarantees that the Tour de Trump will cross paths with the 25,000 recreational cyclists involved in the American Youth Hostels Five-Borough Bike Tour. Though Trump promises that Mayor Koch will launch this leg, a 123-mile race from Manhattan to Allentown, Pennsylvania—"I just hope he doesn't point the starting gun at me," Trump says—Koch declines to make nice to his antagonist and stays home. In fact, the city denies the Tour a racing permit, effectively rendering the first 35 miles of this leg an escorted parade out of town. Meanwhile, little things go wrong: Clif Halsey, cycling expert for NBC (the network provides financial backing for the event as well as broadcasting it), fails to identify cycling superstar Andy Hampsten, and the racers discover that the hot-pink-and-black Tour de Trump race leader's jersey bleeds profusely when washed (4).

BETWEEN GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, AND WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA MAY 9

(5) The professional racers choose this stage of the race to send a subtle message to the precocious amateur, Ekimov. Fifteen or so racers surround him, grab hold of his jersey and jam a feed bag into his wheel, allowing 7-Eleven, Panasonic and PDM team members to speed away in front. Ekimov has to stop and remove the feed bag, which places him so far behind that it becomes impossible for him to win.

BETWEEN FRONT ROYAL AND CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA MAY 10

(6) The amateurs retaliate. Inspired by their Soviet coach—who commands his men, "No pee-pee today!"—the amateurs burst past the professionals at the moment the pros slow down to relieve themselves. Amateur Rishi Grewal establishes an extraordinary lead that lasts well over half the 107-mile race to Charlottesville. The pros eventually catch up, after which Grewal is "accidentally" hit by a support-crew Jeep (7).

BALTIMORE MAY 13

(8) As the pros and amateurs continue to battle extralegally, Trump chooses to watch the next stage of his Tour, a 51-mile circuit race, from the *Trump Princess*. Later that day in Atlantic City he brushes off the cycling press and spends his time showing the boat to bigwigs.

ATLANTIC CITY MAY 14

Pro races usually don't end with time trials, but this one does. Because of the way time trials are held (racers go off at specified intervals), they offer Trump the picturesque vision of racer after godlike racer thundering past the Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino in

prime time—indeed, he has it contractually stipulated that the race end this way. As befits an event run by amateurs and media hogs, the 24-mile time trial is marked by numberless incidents of hanky-panky. Racers illegally cut their times by riding in the slipstreams of their escort motorcycles. (9) Three riders converge head-on from three different directions at an intersection, meaning that at least two of them took shortcuts or wrong turns. Many riders go off course because of poorly placed markers and a lack of road marshals. One of the world's foremost time trialists, Eric Vanderaerden, misses a well-marked turn, prompting speculations that either he was intentionally misdirected or he wasn't exactly trying to win. Trump and his armed bodyguards commandeer official motorcycles to see the action better.

FINISH LINE, ATLANTIC CITY MAY 14

After a race full of small disasters (a support van drives into a ditch, the chief motorcycle marshal totals an \$11,500 BMW and a sportscaster on a motorcycle trashes an ESPN video camera), \$93,150 is awarded to first-place finisher Dag-Otto Lauritzen and his 7-Eleven team, the same team that was featured earlier in the day in an elaborate three-and-a-half-minute NBC documentary—almost as if someone knew the results ahead of time.

The real winner, of course, is Trump. In return for his \$750,000 sponsor fee, he has got an estimated \$4.5 million worth of promotion for himself and his buildings on NBC and ESPN, reams of uncritical newspaper attention, and even some bonus publicity for his not-yet-completed Atlantic City Taj Mahal when a racer plunges into a barrier around the construction site (10). ▀

ALBANY

MAY 5, 1989

(illustration 1) The prologue to the race is a two-mile individual time trial, in which each rider races alone against the clock and the best time wins, thus establishing a race leader. Governor Cuomo is supposed to fire the starting pistol but backs out. A Trump spokesman describes Trump's reaction to the news: "Privately, he might be a bit angry, but publicly he didn't flare up at all." At the last moment Cuomo finds time in his overbooked schedule to appear.

ALBANY

MAY 6

The first stage of the Tour is a 110-mile race down to New Paltz, New York. Though Soviet amateur Viatcheslav Ekimov is the world's fastest track racer, the pros are flummoxed when he soundly beats them on the open road. This is not because he surprises them with his ability but because he has broken a tacit rule of racing etiquette: *Amateurs do not show up the pros.* (2) Trump watches this leg of the race from the caravan of

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you're not mixing with Myers's® Original Dark. Its deep,
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THE NEW

ILLUSTRATION BY C. BURNS

They came to the magazine scrubbed and overqualified in their career clothes and pearls, barely 21 and barely women. Little did they know that their dream job would turn out to be a gothic misadventure, directed by a peculiar man—Ved Mehta—the ornery epic autobiographer with the legendary olfactory sense. They came ignorant of the fates of their predecessors.

They came as handmaidens of literature. They left as

Slaves of YORKER

A newly minted English major, she arrives at the portals of the most prestigious magazine in the world, hair shiny, shoes polished. Under her arm is a new career-gal briefcase, in her purse a gleaming pen—a graduation present, no doubt. From West 43rd Street she takes the elevator up to the eighteenth floor. The doors open and out she steps, her heart pounding, into what she imagines will be a glorious literary future. After taking a deep, very satisfied breath, she navigates her way down the dim, crooked hallway and finds the door. Knocking softly, she enters and there he is. A great *New Yorker* writer! And the great *New Yorker* writer is—her boss! Her heart beats faster as she awaits his greeting.  He looks up, sniffs, pauses a moment. “Are you having your period today?” he says.

by Jennet Conant

THE POOR *NEW YORKER*. EVER SINCE THE PURGE OF EDITOR WILLIAM SHAWN three years ago, things just haven't been the same. The magazine doesn't com-

mand the quasi-religious respect that it did in the old days. The new editor in chief, Bob Gottlieb, is ridiculed for his peculiar hobbies (collecting painted-by-number canvases, aluminum tumblers and plastic handbags). The magazine's previously untouchable bell-jar journalists (Renata Adler, Janet Malcolm, John Hersey) are mocked and attacked in the press. And now one of *The New Yorker's* last lines of defense, the legions of loyal, tight-lipped young women—the secretaries, typists, fact checkers and editorial assistants—an army of well-brought-up subalterns who have kept mum about all the in-house scandals these many years, are finally beginning to talk.

Well, *moan*, really. Sob. Whine. Wail and complain. Once they start with the painful memories, there's no stopping them. They meet at literary events, picking at old wounds and enumerating past injustices, cursing *The New Yorker* for blighting their innocent lives. "You can't go to a book party without running into one or two," says a *New Yorker* fact checker. "And it's always the same sad story."

They swap examples of vile insults, rages and tantrums, and strange sorts of discrimination. And it all happened, they say in hysterical whispers, still a little unbelieving of their own misfortune, in the hallowed offices of *The New Yorker*. Yes, *The New Yorker*.

The sob sisters of *The New Yorker*. Or the Vedettes, as they are known to the magazine's staff—that generation or two of unfortunate women the personnel department has dutifully funneled to Ved.

That's Ved Mehta, of course. The esteemed Indian author of more than 16 books and an inexorable autobiography—its sixth installment, *The Stolen Light*, was published in 1987—which he believes will span more than a dozen volumes before he's through. Ved, who is blind, has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1960. In that time he has dictated and published more than 1.25 million words about himself and his family. It will take more than Evelyn Wood to get you through this body of work. One critic, after wading through Ved's biographies of his parents, *Mamaji* and *Daddyji*, was moved to comment: "Enoughji."

Even more remarkable, though, is the fact that each word of Ved's long-winded, self-obsessed, Oxford-educated English prose has to be painstakingly transcribed in longhand by a Vedette. Ved does not believe in word processors—even for the help. He does not believe in Braille typewriters. Or Dictaphones. Or tape recorders. Why, after all, did God invent Vedettes? "It's incredible," says one recent Vedette, "that in the twentieth century he would insist that you write everything down, until you feel like your hand is going to break, with him yelling, 'Faster!

Faster! Why are you so slow?'"

Silly girl. Doesn't she know a great *New Yorker* tradition when she's experiencing one?

It has long been the hallmark of a certain type of *New Yorker* writer to write tens of thousands of words on subjects so arcane or insignificant that only an academic could possibly withstand the onslaught, let alone retain the meaning, let alone care. It has also long been a great *New Yorker* tradition to coddle these writers, to cater to their every whim, lest the slightest interruption from the outside world cause them to lose their sublime train of thought. Anyway, what is the youth of a bright girl measured against, say, John McPhee's dense, three-part, 53,000-word article on plate tectonics?

Ah, the great *New Yorker* traditions. Gothic in their anachronisms, legendary for their paternal queerness. "I remember," explains Amanda Vaill, executive editor of Viking Penguin, who was a Vedette in the early 1970s, "there seemed to be a tradition that the writers never sharpened their own pencils." During her second week on the job, she noticed that all of the pencils in Ved's office were dull. "Ring Carmine," Ved told her when she asked for a sharpener. Carmine promptly appeared with a tray of pencils divided into three compartments: freshly sharpened lead

pencils, colored pencils and used pencils. Carmine took Vaill's stubby pencils and handed back exactly the same number of pointy ones. It wouldn't be right, presumably, to make a *New Yorker* writer do anything as grubby as grind lead.

Then there's the magazine's storied research department—designed to prevent the *New Yorker* writer from wasting time and talent on verifying those slippery and mundane things, facts. Take writer Henry S. F. Cooper, the son of a socially prominent family (another great *New Yorker* tradition) and a descendant of James Fenimore Cooper. His specialty is outer space, and his stories represent the final frontier in fact checking.

"Whenever the fact checkers would call NASA and explain that they were working on one of his pieces, the experts there would groan and say, 'Hold on, I'm going to get some coffee. This is going to take a long time,'" recalls a former employee of the magazine. In one case, she re-

members, "barely a sentence ran the way Cooper wrote it. But then the same kind of thing was true of a number of *New Yorker* writers. There's a bevy of Seven Sisters girls here helping these guys out."

Hence the battalions of fresh-faced young women. Overqualified and underpaid, these servants have worked anonymously in the stacks and dim offices of *The New Yorker* for years, dedicated to finding the truth, repairing



Ved in 1984: 1 million words, 240 Vedettes and counting

syntax and making some sense of their masters' manuscripts. It's a scene that might well have fueled the vision of the magazine's late cartoonist Charles Addams: pasty white faces, unkissed by the sun or human affection, harboring hideous thoughts as they dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s. "It gets very deep here," says a current longtime em-

Ved has been known to use his olfactory acuity to unfair advantage, greeting one tardy

Vedette with an icy "Did you bathe?" and demanding of another, "Did you make love today?"

ployee. "The New Yorker houses all these crazy people. It can get very strange."

But no *New Yorker* writer has a record quite as notorious as Ved Mehta's. At 55, Ved is still a prodigious worker; no one girl can satisfy all his demands. He books Vedettes in shifts: 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.; a short swing shift from six to eight; evenings and weekends at home; and, occasionally, vacations. (He took a little redheaded Vedette away with him and his family last summer.)

Over the years Ved has run through hundreds of these young assistants—a conservative estimate of 10 Vedettes per year means there are at least 300 of them at large—to help him read, prepare, edit and type his interminable manuscripts and to prowl the encyclopedia for bits of would-be first-person physical description, as well as answer his mail, pay his tailoring bills and fetch his afternoon tea and Pepperidge Farm cookies. He's even been known to date them. "Service is archetypal to *The New Yorker*," says one Vedette. "And Ved and the Vedettes are

archetypal to *The New Yorker*." Most former Vedettes, happily, have managed to put the experience behind them and have forged productive post-Ved lives as novelists, editors, journalists and English teachers.

We're talking almost 30 years of Vedettes. A regular sorority of sorrow and pain. We're talking years of therapy, and many, many therapists. It's been going on since the prefeminist era, and it continues today in these post-feminist times, when women—and men—will do anything to get a foot in the famous door on West 43rd Street.

Twelve Vedettes were interviewed for this article. They worked for Ved during a period spanning 1966 to the present. Several more refused to talk, mumbling apologetically, almost inaudibly, as did one 24-year-old who served Ved earlier this year. "It wasn't a very good experience," she said. "I'm sorry, it's still too painful to talk about." Click. Dial tone. Oh dear.

If only they hadn't been English majors, maybe they would have had happier lives.

On the other hand, consider Tama Janowitz. She was a Vedette-for-a-day, back in 1982, and now she's a really famous writer who even inspired a boutique in Bloomingdale's for a month earlier this year.

IT IS A RITE OF PASSAGE OF SORTS, THAT HARROWING FIRST job for a prestigious employer that your parents are so proud of and you are desperate to quit after the second day. Editorial assistant at *The New Yorker*—it sounds so much better than *typist*. Better than *amanuensis*, or just plain *slave*, which is really more like it. "In effect, you were his eyes and you had to do what he wanted when he wanted to do it," says one Vedette, who put in an 18-month tour of duty after graduating from Radcliffe. "It would present



Photograph by Booper McArchie

WARNING! THE EXCERPTS BELOW ARE EXTRAORDINARILY DULL AND TEDIOUS. AND THEIR PUBLICATION IN THIS MAGAZINE IN NO WAY

the long and short of it—but mostly the long of it

THE INCREDIBLY BORING VED MEHTA AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

In the foreword to *Vedi*, the third of six published volumes of his ongoing autobiography, Ved Mehta writes: "...memory expands by some kind of associative process, so that a remembered scene that at first seems hardly worth a line grows in the act of think-

ing and writing into a chapter, and this full-blown memory uncovers other memories, other scenes, which in their turn expand and multiply." Expansion and multiplication are indeed the tools of Mehta's trade—in the 2,196 pages of his six com-



pleted autobiographical volumes, the 55-year-old author has covered his life only up to the age of 22. Given that so far Mehta has devoted an average of 78.4 book pages to each of these 22 years, which is 6.5 pages about each month of his life, which is 63 words or

roughly three sentences about each and every day of his life, he will need to write at least 2,587 more pages (or, if printed in *The New Yorker*, where all six of the books originated, about five solid issues' worth) to document the years up to his present age. But all this

problems for anyone who has trouble sublimating their identity."

Ved's unpopularity, however, isn't limited to the people who wait on him. For example, many of his colleagues find his hyperdeveloped sense of smell a little unsettling. He has claimed that his nose can differentiate between meat-eaters and vegetarians, and he boasts of a bloodhound's ability to recognize people by their scent alone. Some *New Yorker* writers who especially dislike Ved refuse to pass him in the hall so he can't sniff them and say hello by name. Ved has also been known to use his olfactory acuity to unfair advantage, greeting one tardy Vedette with an icy "Did you bathe?" and demanding of another, "Did you make love today?"

This sort of special skill has not helped Ved win the hearts and minds of his Vedettes. Some, like Janowitz, took one look and knew Ved wasn't for them. Janowitz says she spent a day alone with Ved in his eerily quiet apartment "reading letters his father had written him when Ved was a little boy." She never went back. Others go into the job with their eyes open: one Vedette says that at her interview, the young woman she was replacing slipped her a hastily scribbled note that read, "Don't take this job!" Some last a few weeks. Only the very hardy or very ambitious manage to stick it out for the full one- or two-year commitment Ved usually demands when he plucks them fresh from the schoolyard.

But each in her turn arrived at *The New Yorker's* door eager to be a handmaiden of literature. Full of ambition and great expectations, Dorothy Parker epithets ringing in their ears, they answered the ad in the *Times* or posted on their campus career-planning bulletin board. ("Wanted: Editorial assistant at a national magazine...") Generally no mention of Ved or of the handicap he never mentions himself.) But nothing, they swear, *nothing* at Wellesley, Bryn Mawr or Vassar prepared them for Ved.

"I remember very carefully color-coordinating my outfit the day of the interview," says Liz Rosenberg, who was 21

that summer of 1977 and who says she had a positive Ved experience. "Two minutes before the interview a friend told me Ved was blind. I would never have known if he hadn't bumped into the coffee table. It was a very strange interview. He asked funny questions like 'Do you sleep well at night? Do you have worries or fears about things?' Then he asked me to guarantee I'd stay a year." Another particularly bitter Vedette, who answered the *Times* ad in the spring of 1976, remembers her interview, at least, with some fondness. "Writing is the religion here," Ved told her. "*The New Yorker* is the church."

"It was my first job out of school," she recalls. "I was in awe. I was at *The New Yorker*."

Typically, things did not go well. Ved's office on the eighteenth floor is a claustrophobic, book-filled little box with one desk. His Vedette perches at his side, wedged between the corner of the desk and a filing cabinet. Eight hours elbow to elbow, ear to ear with Ved. Ved, who is distracted by the faintest sound. Ved, who inquires after the precise cause of the slightest twitch or embarrassing itch. Ved, who cannot tolerate any interruption, particularly personal phone calls. Ved, who is in the habit of removing his shoes and resting his feet on the edge of the desk, inches away from the miserable Vedette.

"Every morning when I got to work," remembers a Vedette now in publishing, "I'd have to take off my bracelets and pearl necklace because they jangled, which disturbed him. You literally stripped for action. You became his instrument. It can feel like you are relinquishing your identity."

There is no time spent alone, no privacy at all. Because he is so utterly dependent on his assistants, Ved becomes outraged at any inconvenience, sign of ill health, laziness or lateness. The routine is deadening: Vedettes start the day by reading the *Times* aloud—headlines, Section C, anything about India—for about half an hour. As soon as Ved becomes bored by a story, he commands impatiently, "Go on, go on." The rest of the morning is given over to

IMPLIES THE APPROVAL OF THE EDITORS. DO NOT DRIVE OR OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AFTER READING. WARNING! THE EXCERPTS BELOW ARE

richly detailed and evocative catch-up writing will take time: using his other books as a gauge, the forthcoming 2,587 pages should be 7.1 volumes, which, based on the frequency with which his books have appeared, should take him another 21 years to write. Those next 21 years will, in turn, require 13½ additional years' labor to reminisce about and write up in the requisite 1,646 pages (four and a half volumes,

or three *New Yorkers*). Unless Mehta is able to speed up his output, then, at age 89, in the year 2023, Ved and the Vedettes—perhaps a thousand women by then—will have chronicled his life only up to the age of 76.

And what do we have to look forward to in those eleven possible forthcoming volumes? We thought that a glance at highlights from the first six books would give

a hint. (Unfortunately, after dozens of phone calls to Vedettes, *New Yorker* employees and India scholars, among others, we could find no one who had read widely in Mehta's work. We therefore had to hire a hardy, uncomplaining soul to skim all six volumes.) Not only, we learned, does Mehta relish dictating rambling, seemingly unedited portions of old family diaries, he also excels at exhaustive de-

scriptions of Indian bureaucracy, meticulous accounts of how he learned basic skills and—most delightful—scrupulous coverage of the health of every member of his family. Here is the Ved story so far:

DADDYJI
(1972)

p. 15: "Although Bhabiji [Ved's grandmother] could neither read nor write, she was well versed in Punjabi proverbs, and

she impressed upon everyone around her the virtues of detachment and discipline, of purity and generosity, of practicality and cheerfulness by means of appropriate sayings: '*Jebra ghariya-hai/Us tutna vi hai*' ('What the potter has made must also break'); '*Dekh paraee chopri te nah tarsaen jee/Rukhi missi khaeke te thanda pani pee*' ('Seeing another person's buttered bread, don't let your mind be disturbed;

dictation. Old-fashioned, longhand dictation. If he makes changes, the Vedette has to cut the loose-leaf paper she's been scribbling on into strips, and then tape them back together, incorporating the changes. "At the end of the morning," says one Vedette, "you have this huge stack of little torn strips of paper in front of you."

"Ved treats you like a servant. He believes in the Indian caste system, and as a woman you are a second-class citizen," one Vedette says. "He was a sexist, oppressive, manipulative son of a bitch"

After lunch (as little as 15 minutes, if Ved doesn't go to the Century Club), Ved and his Vedette rework his latest completed piece. The typed manuscript is read aloud, edited and re-edited. The Vedette scribbles, cuts and tapes, and scribbles, cuts and tapes. The material, all Vedettes agree, page after page of somber boyhood recollections, is excruciatingly dull (see "The Long and Short of It," page 107). After a few months, one Vedette says, "I was totally depressed. It had been my dream to work at *The New Yorker*, and it had turned out to be a nightmare."

"DID THEY TELL YOU ABOUT THE 'FEMALE SMELL' COMMENTS?" asked a polite *New Yorker* staffer with inflected, Brahmin *a's*. "It's so sad," she continued in a very soft voice, "so painful."

Must be another great *New Yorker* tradition.

"He'd sort of sniff around and ask if I was having my period," recalls a Vedette who is now a writer at a New York newspaper. "He treats you like a servant. He believes in

the Indian caste system, and as a woman you are a second-class citizen. He purposely hires only young women because he knows he can manipulate them. He was a sexist, oppressive, manipulative son of a bitch." After 13 months she couldn't take it anymore, and quit. But before she left, she thought of a way to avenge herself and to wreak havoc with Ved's strangely attuned nose. She invited her boyfriend up to the office and, while Ved was on vacation, they moved all the furniture and made love on the floor. "It was an act of defiance," she says proudly, "pure rebellion." Whether they moved the furniture back after they finished is unclear.



The man who once managed to spin 15 colorful pages out of a few boils on his youthful head has no problem coming up with innovative ways to be sexually patronizing. Besides menstruation, Ved is wont to bring up other discomfiting topics as part of the daily across-the-desk banter. "Once, right out of the blue," recalls a Vedette who says she was very young and naive at the

time, "he turned to me and said he had been at a clitoridectomy for a baby girl in Indonesia. Then he said, 'But many women tell me they don't care if they have an orgasm.' I didn't know what to say. It was very strange." She quit after seven months, and took a job as a proofreader at a place where she was no doubt surrounded by sensitive, caring, tasteful, modern men — *Esquire*.

"Everyone at *The New Yorker* knows about Ved, that he has these vexed and troubled relationships with these girls," says a freelance writer who did a brief stint as a Vedette. The library is across from Ved's office, so everyone can see the girls fleeing in tears. Or, in a few cases, catapulting out the door in a ball of fury.

Every Vedette-abuse story, it seems, has its corollary in a tale of Vedette revenge. One longtime *New Yorker* em-

Photographs by Raouf Mardian

ORDINARILY DULL AND TEDIOUS, AND THEIR PUBLICATION IN THIS MAGAZINE IN NO WAY IMPLIES THE APPROVAL OF THE EDITORS. DO NOT I

eat dry and nonwheat bread and drink water"); 'Mala teri kath di dhage laeepro man vich ghundi pap di Ram jape ki bo' ('I have strung your prayer beads on a thread, but when the heart is impure, what is the use of invoking Ram?'); 'Wand khae so khand khae/Kalla khae so dad Khae' ('To one who shares food it is sugar; to one who eats alone it is a toad')

pp. 79-80: Discussion of the admission policy of

the Department of Public Health at University College in London

pp. 80-81: Account of Daddyji's diet while in college: he would have a light breakfast and then, "at noon, he would go to a nearby restaurant and get fish and chips and a glass of milk at the cost of a shilling and sixpence. He would have a frugal dinner in the dining room of the Shakespeare Hut. . . . Occasionally, he would have a snack of

Ovaltine at bedtime, and some fruit he had picked up at Shearn's, a fruit shop in Tottenham Court Road"

pp. 87-88: Daddyji turns down offer by established doctor to become his assistant—"I am honored," he said. "But I must go home and share what I've learned here. My mother used to say, 'To one who shares food it is sugar; to one who eats alone it is a toad'"

MAMAJI (1979)

p. 252: Discussion of Mamaji's friend's husband's job as low-level accountant with the railways ("He was singular in having had an offer of promotion early in his career and having refused it, wryly observing, 'There is greater scope for my small talents as a simple accountant'")

pp. 255-262: Daddyji attends All-India Leprosy Association in New Del-

hi and talks about committee appointments ("We have been looking for a suitable organizing secretary for the new King George Thanksgiving [Anti-Tuberculosis] Fund," General Megaw said. "It's a year's appointment to an ad-hoc post. I think you are the right man for it, but I will have to consult Sir Fazli Husain, chairman of the Anti-Tuberculosis Fund Sub-committee of the Indian Red Cross Society")

ployee says he remembers walking into Ved's office once to see a spiteful Vedette reading to him wearing Groucho Marx glasses and mustache. Another Vedette is said to have spray-painted Ved's shoes Day-Glo orange. Yet another routinely refused to tell him when he had dribbled bits of egg salad on his shirt. And one, who was sick of Ved's compulsive finickiness about colors, bought a horse-manure brown blotter for his desk when he had requested blue or red.

"You have to understand," explains a male *New Yorker* staffer, "that they did these things to get a little of their own back. Some shred of dignity. At first," he adds, "I thought Ved didn't intend to be mean. That he couldn't help it. But after a while you could see that he knew exactly what he was doing. And some of it was so awful."

The most telling incident of all may be the one endured by another Vedette who is now an editor at a New York newspaper. She worked for Ved right out of Bryn Mawr, in the late sixties. "The job was attractive to an English major with literary ambitions," she recalls with a choked laugh.

The two negotiated an uneasy working relationship, but everything was going reasonably well until the fourth week. The Vedette was diagnosed as possibly having cancer, and was told to report to Sloan-Kettering the next day for tests. "I didn't know a soul in New York," she says. "I was terrified. So I told Mrs. Walden [head of both the secretarial pool and the editorial assistants for many years]. And I had to tell Ved, because I would be gone most of the day."

After a day of blood tests and examinations, she phoned Ved at 4:00 p.m. "I'll never forget what he said that after-

noon," she says. "I'll remember every word of it for the rest of my life."

"I told him that Sloan-Kettering said I was finished for the afternoon," she continues in a low voice, "but that I had to go back for surgery in two days. He said, 'Well then, come back to work for the rest of the day.' He never asked me how I was feeling."

"When I got to the office," she says, "there was another woman sitting in my chair doing my job. I thought she must be a temp. Ved greeted me coldly and told me to work on his personal business and pay his bills. He pointed to a chair in the corner. I automatically sat down and got to work. After I was finished, I was feeling so miserable I just sat there."

Ved, hearing nothing from her corner, demanded, "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Why are you doing nothing?" he asked.

"Because I'm through," she said.

"Well then, get us some tea," he said. "Would you like some tea and cookies?" he inquired solicitously of his new assistant.

"I served them both tea," says the Vedette, "and then I sat in the corner until six o'clock. Then I went straight to Mrs. Walden, crying. 'I quit. I'm broke,' I said, 'but I can't work for that man anymore.' She said simply, 'I know, dear.' It seems that on the previous afternoon, after the Vedette had told Ved she needed to go to the hospital for cancer tests, he had fired her and hired a replacement.

Although the Vedette found a job working for another editor at *The New Yorker*, and her tumor turned out to be

BATTLE OF THE NEW YORKER BORES
Six Common Sedatives: A Psychopharmacological Comparison

Sedative	Accompaniment to typical dosage	Habit forming?	Possible side effects
E. J. KAHN JR., author of five-part series on grain	18 cartoons	No	Obsession with ingredients labels on cereal boxes
PAUL BRODEUR, author of three-parter on electromagnetism	15 cartoons	No	Preference for lead-lined clothing
ELIZABETH DREW, author of too-frequent Washington columns	2 cartoons	No	Disinclination to visit friends in Washington
WARM MILK	2 cookies	No	Funny aftertaste
NEMBUTAL	Gulp of water	Possibly	Confusion, hyperkinesis, hallucinations, anxiety, dizziness
VED MEHTA, autobiographer	17 cartoons, 1 poem	Definitely no	Lapsed subscription to <i>The New Yorker</i>

DRIVE OR OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AFTER READING. WARNING! THE EXCERPTS BELOW ARE EXTRAORDINARILY DULL AND TEDIOUS, AND TH

p. 270: Mamaji contracts diarrhea as result of all-grape diet
pp. 274-275: Daddyji submits annual budget for Anti-Tuberculosis Fund
pp. 278-279: Discussion of teas at Ladies' Chelmsford Club, including observation that "not much happened at these teas"
pp. 287-289: Mamaji coughs up phlegm with blood in it
pp. 289-292: Mamaji's friend's husband no longer wants to be an accoun-

tant ("I am about to retire. I have had my innings, and I have served the government faithfully. I doubt if any official in my department could find fault with my service as an accountant.... I want only one thing now from the government and from life.... I want a contract from the railways for an exclusive food concession at the Delhi station")
pp. 295-297: Daddyji falls ill with colibacillosis, starts to pass spongy

matter from his bladder
pp. 317-320: Bhabiji falls ill; Ved contracts meningitis
p. 328: Mamaji has asthmatic attacks in which her throat fills with phlegm
VEDI (1981)
p. 33: "This Lifebuoy is a very good soap.... All the boys use it and it keeps us free of boils.... This is a very good oil.... All the boys use it, and it

keeps lice away"
pp. 38-39: Ved has a sneezing fit in a dormitory
p. 47: Ved's first word in English is *chicken*
p. 165: Ved has sties, boils and bronchitis. Mentions in passing that during his first year of school he has had typhoid twice, malaria three times and several undiagnosed diseases
pp. 169-179: Entire chapter about ringworm on Ved's head ("One morning when I woke up, I felt

a thick clump of hair on my pillow. Next to my ear, there was a big bald patch, which felt cold and embarrassingly naked.... 'Now Sister Umi will call me Baldy,' I cried. 'Umi will do no such thing,' Daddyji said. 'Besides, bald children are nice')
THE LEDGE BETWEEN THE STREAMS (1982)
pp. 88-94: Description of *mela* (local fair), with observation that "nothing

benign, she says she will never forgive Ved. "He's a twerp," she says today. "I hope he falls down in the street."

It must be said that not all Vedettes stand shoulder to shoulder against Ved. And by all accounts—the hard evidence notwithstanding—Ved is fond of many of the young women who wait on him. He can even be charming, once

One New Yorker employee remembers walking into Ved's office to see a spiteful Vedette reading to him wearing Groucho Marx glasses and mustache. Another is said to have spray-painted Ved's shoes Day-Glo orange

presenting an especially obedient Vedette with a gold-embroidered silk sari. Another Vedette remembers that while she was working for him, Ved dated two of her college girlfriends. The parents of one of the girls were less than pleased. "I got through it because I was married," says the Vedette, "and because we got along okay."

Although he declined to be interviewed for this story, Ved did recommend Gwyneth Cravens, the writer of romance novels, as a source. It turns out Cravens was the overnight replacement for the aforementioned sickly Vedette. Cravens is a model of Vedette virtue. She is devoted to Ved. She cannot fathom why so many girls have suffered at his hands. "I found it a very good experience," she insists. Cravens admits she's heard the horror stories, but puts most of it down to griping. "Ved is very demanding of himself. He wants a very high quality of person working with him. With Ved, you can't

goldbrick," she says, with obvious disdain for scores of less zealous Vedettes. "This was pre-women's lib, you understand. It would never have occurred to me to complain."

"Women's liberation didn't invent self-respect," says a Vedette in response. "Cravens was a brownnosing social climber who wanted to get in good with Ved."

Ved's worst tantrums always started, say the Vedettes, when he felt threatened or insecure. He would immediately seize upon a particular weakness of his vassal, be- rating her intelligence, her boyfriend, even her biological clock. "The guy could really

get to you," says one Vedette who is now an editor. "He was like a human tuning fork. He can pick up on the slightest things—your mood, your state of mind. He could be crushing. It was weird." Another Vedette says, "He likes to fuck with your mind." And another, slightly more articulate Vedette theorizes, "Ved likes to throw people off,

to put them at the disadvantage he himself always feels."

The most intense Ved skeptics are not fully convinced that anyone could produce such detailed visual passages if he were actually blind. According to the Vedette turned editor, her colleagues "would constantly say, 'Do you think he can see?'" This is a notion that Ved doesn't discourage. (In one often-told incident, a young writer became obsessed with the notion that Ved could, in fact, see. At a literary function, the story goes, the young writer spotted a dapper Indian gentleman, walked directly over and started making extraordinary faces and obscene gestures at him. The mortified hostess, as she dragged the young writer away, asked, "What in God's name were you doing to V. S. Naipaul?")

Ved doesn't wear dark glasses, for example, and inten-



ICATION IN THIS MAGAZINE IN NO WAY IMPLIES THE APPROVAL OF THE EDITORS. DO NOT DRIVE OR OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AFTER READ

very much happens" at *melas*

pp. 238-239: Ved learns how to knit

p. 243: Ved describes his habit of squeezing his sisters' breasts and saying "Ponk, ponk"

pp. 370-371: Ved and his cousins get scabies

pp. 427-430: Ved learns how to type

SOUND-SHADOWS OF THE NEW WORLD (1985)

pp. 57-58: Ved learns how

to pronounce *civics*

pp. 93-95: The superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Blind discusses the school budget

pp. 103-104: Transcription of postscript of a letter from Daddyji—first in phonetic Hindustani and then in English

pp. 119-120: Ved's report card: "English, A; Civics, C +; Junior Business Training, B; General Science, C +; Industrial Arts, Incomplete; Physical Education, B; Piano,

B +; Orchestral Instruction (Violin), Incomplete; Public School Music (Choir), A - School Life: Co-operation, Average; Courtesy, Average; Attitude, Average; Personal Appearance, Average; Dining Room Etiquette, Average; Housekeeping (No Rating). Dormitory Life: Co-operation, Average; Courtesy, Good; Attitude, Average; Personal Appearance, Average; Dining Room Etiquette (No Rating);

Housekeeping, Average" pp. 181-196: Account of Ved's summer job packing and stacking boxes

pp. 302-308: Sample test questions and Ved's responses from history class, "plucked almost at random from hundreds of pages of that youthful record"

THE STOLEN LIGHT (1987)

pp. 46-50: Discussion of the tedious process of ap-

plying for scholarships and financial aid

pp. 67-68: Two pages on Lux soap

pp. 110-112: Ved wishes he had learned Latin

pp. 118-124: Ved signs up for classes at Pomona College: "...I eventually settled on History of the Development of Western Civilization, with John Gleason (professor, 1939; B.A., Ph.D., Harvard; B. Litt., Oxford); the History of European Philosophy, with W. T. Jones

tionally uses sighted language. He likes to compliment naive new Vedettes on their haircut, or casually observe that they look better in blue. (Rick Hertzberg, the lothario and *New Republic* writer who had the neighboring *New Yorker* office in the early 1970s, was usually his reconnaissance man, giving Ved a rundown on the more attrac-

During her interview, one Vedette was slipped a hastily scribbled note by the young woman whom she was to replace. The note read, "Don't take this job!"

tive Vedettes; perhaps Hertzberg was responsible for Ved's predisposition for daring smoky, dark-haired young women.) More often, Ved would observe critically that a novice Vedette "looked exhausted." Invariably, the startled young woman would flee to Mrs. Walden to ask, again, if Ved was really blind.

What made life with Ved intolerable, agree the Vedettes, was that they felt utterly isolated. "People looked at you as though Ved's office was the servants' wing," says the Vedette in publishing. "I felt like Jane Eyre."

"Here I was at *The New Yorker*," says one bubbly Vedette, "and I never met anyone. No writers. Not a soul. Just Ved." What's more, no one at *The New Yorker* seemed to care. The other researchers and fact checkers shunned them, the Vedettes being a lower life-form within the magazine's complex ecosystem. "I remember running into [writer] Jamaica Kincaid in the hall one day long after I quit," recalls a bitter Vedette. "She said, 'You were a Vedette, weren't you? You had that look. After a few months, your clothes got darker and darker, and your face got longer and longer.'"



It's safe to say that Ved, while never a popular figure at the magazine, was until recently a protected one. He was one of Mr. Shawn's favorites; along with Jonathan Schell (known around some *New Yorker* offices as "the incredibly boring Jonathan Schell"), it was Ved who was invited to spend Christmas and Thanksgiving at the Shawn home. Mr. Shawn would have been very angry if Ved were ever left without an assistant because some kindhearted editor had offered her a more congenial spot on staff.

Under the new regime, Ved's situation is quite different. Gottlieb is said to be less enthralled with Ved's ongoing family saga, and only one 23,000-word remembrance has run in the last year. *New Yorker*ites say he is more careful not to cause a fuss or to make outrageous demands on the messengers, who were once ordered to do everything from his banking to taking his Turnbull & Asser shirts to the tailor's to have the cuffs adjusted.

Ved has reportedly mellowed some in the five years since his marriage to Linn Cary, 22 years his junior. She is the niece of his friend, the error-prone space expert Henry S. E. Cooper, and a graduate of Yale and Oxford. Colleagues say that Ved is increasingly preoccupied with the couple's two young children these days, and that as the focus of Ved's emotional obsession, they are even beginning to replace the Vedettes.

SHHHH! Confidential to Amy Clyde, the Vedette employed to read this magazine to Ved: Don't read this paragraph out loud. Rather, make a bright critical comment about this article's overabrupt ending, and take the opportunity to put your thumbs in your ears, wiggle your fingers and stick out your tongue. Feel better? Have a Pepperidge Farm cookie. Have two. ☺

ING. WARNING! THE EXCERPTS BELOW ARE EXTRAORDINARILY DULL AND TEDIOUS, AND THEIR PUBLICATION IN THIS MAGAZINE IN NO W

(professor, 1938; B.A., Swarthmore; B. Litt., Oxford; Ph.D., Princeton); Elementary French and Elementary French Conversation, with Robert F. Leggewie (assistant professor, 1951; B.S., Loyola; M.A., University of Southern California; A.M., Ph.D., Harvard); Introduction to Music, with Daryl Dayton (associate professor, 1938; B.Mus., Oberlin College; graduate study in Berlin and New York with Ar-

tur Schnabel, Leonard Shure, Dalies Frantz, and Guy Maier); Fundamentals of Speech, with Benjamin Scott (professor, 1923; B.A., University of Southern California; S.T.B., Ph.D., Boston University; graduate work, Brown and Harvard); and two physical-education courses"

pp. 168-174: Ved runs into former college chum and has him read all the entries from his college diary ("January 28th:

History Final, 8. January 30th: Spanish Final, 8. January 31st: English Final, 8.... February 3rd: Speech Final, 9.... February 6th: Semester Break Begins")

pp. 275-276: Ved discusses his childhood habit of examining breasts and buttocks of a doll

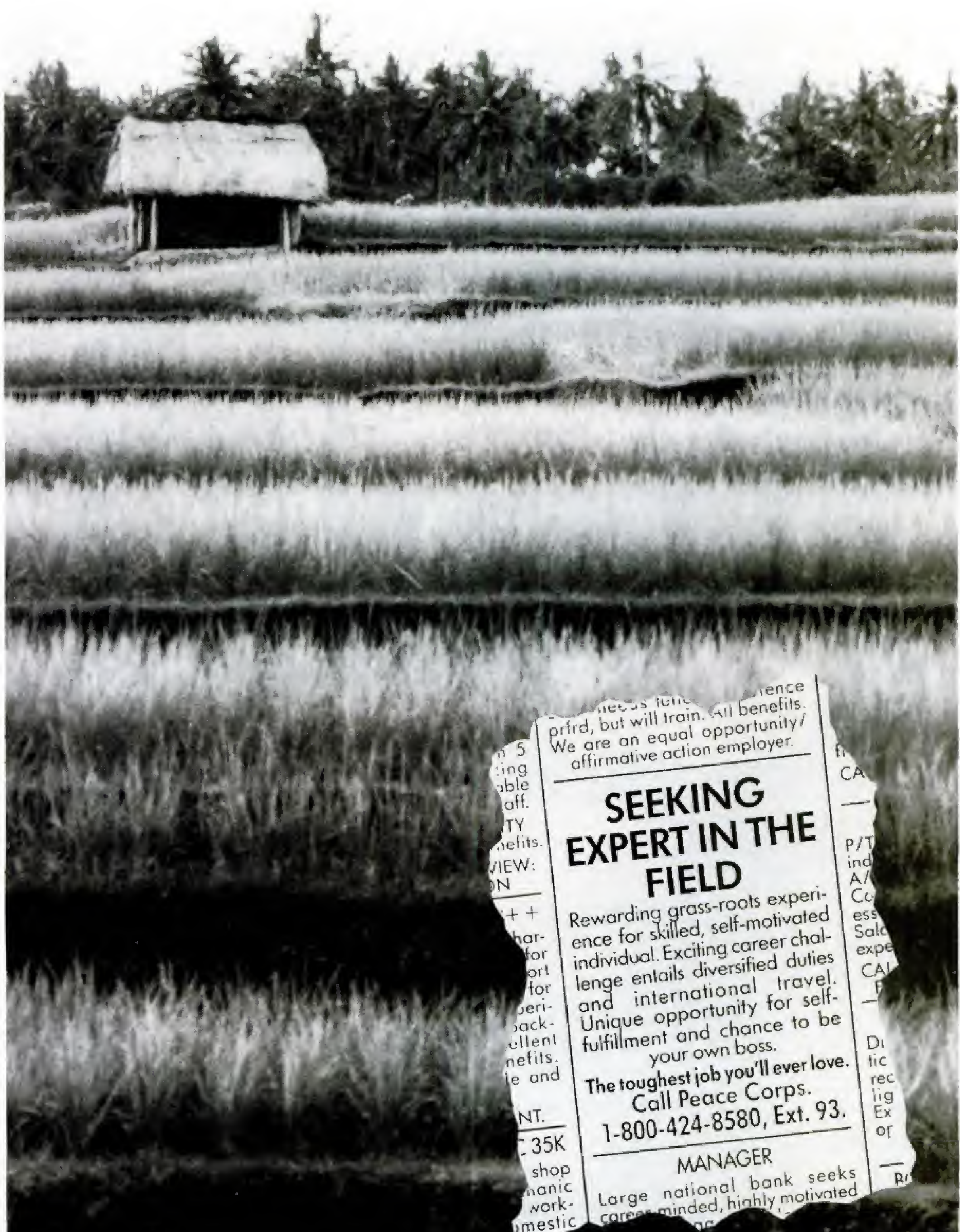
p. 327: On Daddyji's suggestion that Ved write a book: "I myself secretly wanted to write the story of my life. I thought it would be cathartic.

There was something challenging about writing a book—something not generally associated with blind people. Anyway, a book would help me define myself, and could win a place for me in the wider world.... As I thought about writing the narrative, it became clear to me that writing about myself would mean confessing very personal things. I couldn't think of anyone better for such a delicate, intimate job of

amanuensis than Johnnie Johnstone. For one thing, no one had a more sympathetic ear. But, more to the point, I thought that telling her the story of my struggles over days, weeks, and months might—just might—make her fall in love with me"

pp. 378-380: After experiencing irritation in bowels, Ved has appendectomy (to be continued)

—Benjamin Egg



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THIS MONTH, NEW YORK'S FABULOUS, CANDIDATE-RICH MAYORAL CAMPAIGN SEASON BEGINS TO DRAW TO A CLOSE, AS DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS GO TO THE POLLS TO SELECT THEIR PARTY'S CANDIDATES. THESE CONTENDERS, ALONG WITH

THE SURE-LOSER CANDIDATES FROM FRINGE PARTIES, WILL BATTLE ON TILL NOVEMBER FOR THE RIGHT TO SIT IN CITY HALL. THIS YEAR WE'VE BEEN TREATED TO A CAMPAIGN SO COMPELLING THAT WE FOUND OURSELVES WISHING IT WOULD NEVER END, THAT THE CANDIDATES COULD GO ON RUNNING FOREVER—RAISING MONEY AND SPENDING IT, AIRING ANNOYING TELEVISION COMMERCIALS AND BLOCKING THE SUBWAY ENTRANCES WITH LEAFLETERS. IT OCCURRED TO US: WHY NOT DEVISE A WAY TO PERPETUATE THE FUN? SO WE INVENTED...

The Winner!

THE RUNNING-FOR-MAYOR-OF-NEW-YORK-CITY GAME

RULES

1. Get a die. Or get a pair of dice and put one in your pocket. In customary board-game fashion, players will roll the die to determine the number of spaces they will move. You should also collect about 60 small objects—paper clips, for example; each of these will represent \$100,000, the basic unit of campaign currency. Put them in a centrally located "bank." When candidates earn money, it comes from the bank; when they spend or forfeit money, unless otherwise noted, it goes back there.

2. Ideally, this is a game for six players, but from three to eight people can play. One player is the incumbent, the others are challengers. There are certain advantages and disadvantages to each role.

3. Try to raise a lot of money from contributors or labor unions, or through fundraisers. Money can sometimes be used to purchase extra turns and can always be used to avoid losing a turn. Buying a new turn or buying back a lost turn costs \$100,000. The incumbent starts with

\$500,000; challengers start with \$200,000.

4. When you land on a FUNDRAISER space, you have the option of throwing yourself a fundraiser. A fundraiser costs \$300,000 to stage. A candidate who wants one rolls the die; whatever number appears (\times \$100,000) is the amount the event earns back. Thus, you may indeed make money (as much as \$300,000), lose money (as much as \$200,000) or break even. You cannot go into debt to hold a fundraiser.

5. There are three kinds of cards: labor-union-endorsement cards, media-endorsement cards and GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS cards.

• Labor-union-endorsement cards. The first players to land on union-endorsement spaces get to draw union-endorsement cards. Once all the endorsements have been allotted, candidates subsequently landing on those spaces get nothing.

• Media-endorsement cards. These are also distributed on a first-come, first-

served basis (a newspaper or TV station endorses only one candidate).

• GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS cards describe an event, the consequences of which will vary depending on whether the player who draws the card is the incumbent or a challenger.

6. ATTACK OPPORTUNITY! spaces offer you the opportunity to risk an attack on an opponent. You may choose not to attack, in which case your turn ends. If you choose to risk an attack, you must identify which opponent you're going after. Both you and your opponent then roll the die. The high roller wins; in case of a tie, the attacker wins. The winner takes \$100,000 from the loser. A candidate with no money cannot launch an attack, since he/she cannot go into debt. For the same reason, a candidate with no money who is attacked and loses is eliminated.

7. Some spaces and cards instruct players to move forward or backward. When following these orders, *players should ig-*

nore the instructions on the spaces where they are sent.

8. PRIMARY DAY. The first candidate to arrive here wins his/her party's nomination and is allowed to continue. All other candidates must then roll the die. The candidate with the highest roll will also be allowed to go on, as will the Liberal Party candidate, should there be one, even if he or she is not one of the other two qualifiers. In the roll-off, each candidate gets one free roll. Additionally, candidates will be able to buy as many rolls, at \$100,000 a roll, as they can afford. They must say in advance how many rolls they are buying, and must roll them all at once, taking the highest roll. If there is a tie, the tied players will continue to take free rolls until a winner is established.

9. The first player to reach Gracie Mansion is the winner. The candidate must enter on an exact roll—in other words, if the player is four spaces away, he or she must roll a 4 to win, not a 5 or a 6.

BY JAMIE

MALANOWSKI

Endorsed by the *New York Post*.
Take \$200,000.

Endorsed by WCBS-TV. No value.

Endorsed by *New York Newsday*.
Take \$100,000.

Endorsed by WINS Radio. No value.

Endorsed by the *New York Amsterdam News*. Take \$100,000.

Endorsed by *The Village Voice*.
Forfeit \$100,000.

Endorsed by *The New York Observer*.
No value.

Endorsed by the *New York Native*.
No value.

NEWS: UNSOLICITED ENDORSEMENT!
(Any Player)
Roll 1-3: You are endorsed by Bill Cosby.
Take \$100,000.
Roll 4-6: You are endorsed by Alton Maddox. Lose \$100,000.

NEWS: 500-Pound Slab of the FDR Drive Falls Off, Kills Motorist
INCUMBENT: Lose two turns.
CHALLENGER: Pledge to embark on a major rebuilding program of the city's worn-out infrastructure. Receive \$100,000 from contractors and construction unions.

NEWS: Crack Epidemic Spreads
INCUMBENT: You order more Tactical Narcotics Teams into the streets, but unless you can roll a 5 or a 6, it looks like a futile gesture, and you lose a turn.
CHALLENGER: You call for sterner and swifter punishment for drug dealers, but unless you can roll a 5 or a 6, your words will be perceived as yet another easy campaign promise, offered by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, and you will lose a turn.

NEWS: State Court Okays Gay Marriages
INCUMBENT: You support the decision - running to the left on this issue gives you a chance to attract liberals you've alienated for so long. Move up one space.
CHALLENGER: Take a stand for or against the question, and roll the die. An even number means public opinion is on your side, and you move up a space. An odd number puts you against the tide, and you drop back one.

NEWS: State Approves New Funding for Homeless Shelters
INCUMBENT: Good news, but the governor hogs the microphone and gets most of the airtime on the evening news. Move ahead one space.
CHALLENGER: Move back one space, unless you wish to go to the neighborhoods where the shelters are to be built and cynically stir up the residents. In that case, move ahead two spaces.

NEWS: Daily News Straw Poll Results Announced
(Any Player)
The candidate who draws this card rolls the die twice. If the second roll is higher than the first, you are improving, and you get a free turn. If the numbers are the same, pay \$100,000 to advertise yourself. If the second roll is lower, you are fading. Pay \$100,000 and lose a turn.

NEWS: The Candidates Debate
INCUMBENT: Roll the die to see how you did. If you get a 1, 2 or 3, news accounts read "feisty," "funny," "shrewd," "the savvy veteran taught the newcomers a trick or two," and you get a free turn. With a 4, 5 or 6, the stories say "mean," "truculent," "defensive," "an anachronism," and you lose a turn.
CHALLENGER: Roll the die to see how you did. If you get a 1, 2 or 3, the accounts say "a unifying force," and you get another turn; a 4, 5 or 6, and the stories note that if you hadn't been so horribly tongue-tied, you'd have been completely invisible. Lose a turn.

Call (212) 633-9288 for instructions.

NEWS: Medical Waste Closes Beaches
INCUMBENT: Irrate that the waste has ruined some of their summer-house fun, journalists turn the inconvenience into a national story. The municipal embarrassment costs you a turn.
CHALLENGER: While you are holding a press conference on the beach to denounce the incumbent, the tide comes in and you are accidentally pricked by a floating syringe. Fret for two weeks waiting for test results; lose a turn.

NEWS: Search Panel for New Schools Chief Divided Along Racial Lines
INCUMBENT: Unless you can now roll a 6, which will enable you to stay neutral, you lose a turn.
CHALLENGER: Align self with one of the sides, choose 1-3 or 4-6 on the die and then roll. If that side wins, you get a free turn.

NEWS: Merrill Lynch Moves Back-Room Operations to New Jersey; 2,500 Jobs Lost
INCUMBENT: A blow to your image. Lose two spaces.
CHALLENGER: Get a free opportunity to posture about how your experience as a (conciliator) (manager) (heir) would have made a difference. Move up two spaces.

NEWS: Mayor Labels Rival a "Schnook" at Candidates' Forum
INCUMBENT: You gain and lose. Supporters who've admired your feistiness push you ahead two spaces, but commentators wonder if you have lost your mind, and you lose a turn.
CHALLENGER: Lose a turn. He's right. You are a schnook.





NEWS: *White Youths Attack Black Motorist*
INCUMBENT: Furor over racism moves you back one space.
CHALLENGER: Exploit the situation by taking another turn.



NEWS: *Rev. Jesse Jackson Campaigns for You*
CANDIDATE WHO DRAWS THE CARD: Gets free turn, but...
YOUR RIVALS: Benefit from the anti-Jackson backlash and move ahead two spaces.



NEWS: *BLACKOUT! RIOTS! LOOTING!*
INCUMBENT: Roll the die by asking the governor to call out the National Guard. If you roll 1-4, order is restored, you get a free turn and all rivals lose two spaces. If the die reads 5 or 6, the troops kill innocent bystanders, you lose a turn and challengers gain two spaces.
CHALLENGER: You get a free turn; other challengers move ahead one space; the incumbent loses a turn.



NEWS: *MTA Says Trains Are Graffiti-Free*
INCUMBENT: At long last. Take a free turn.
CHALLENGER: You point out that subways are not yet cacophony- or urine- or crime-free. Move up one space.

NEWS: *Black Youths Attack Jagger*
INCUMBENT: Furor over park safety moves you back one space.
CHALLENGER: Exploit the situation by taking another turn.

NEWS: *Donald Trump Describes Mayor as "Moron"*
INCUMBENT: Maybe gain, maybe lose. Fall back three spaces and roll again.
CHALLENGER: Roll the die. If you get 1-3, he calls you a moron too, and you lose a space; 4-6, he gives you \$100,000.

NEWS: *An Informer Says a Colombian Drug Kingpin Has Sent Hit Men to Kill You (Any Player)*
Roll the die twice. If you roll a 12, the hit men succeed in assassinating you. Any other double — e.g., two 1s, two 5s — leaves you a wounded hero with three free turns and an unexpected \$600,000 to spend. But if you roll any other combination, the report is never confirmed and you are seen as melodramatic and hysterical, and you lose a turn as everyone else moves up a space.

NEWS: *New York in 35th Day of Blistering Heat Wave*
INCUMBENT: City in a foul mood, blames you. Move back two spaces.
CHALLENGER: City in a foul mood, blames you too, but less. Move back one space.

NEWS: *Police Commissioner Insults Hispanic Legislators*
INCUMBENT: Your woozy appointee costs you a turn.
CHALLENGER: Gain one space.

NEWS: *Police Riot in Tompkins Square Park*
INCUMBENT: You are forced to punish officers who assaulted troublemakers who were insulting you. Lose a turn in dismay.
CHALLENGER: Hubbub allows you to move ahead one space.

NEWS: *Mets/Yankees 15 Games in First Place by Labor Day*
INCUMBENT: City in a good mood. Gain one space.
CHALLENGER: Fans resent your commercials aired during ball games, boo you on the street. Move back one space.

NEWS: *AIDS Epidemic Worsens*
INCUMBENT: Your early inattention to the problem costs you three spaces.
CHALLENGER: You pledge more aid, which would win you two spaces. But close questioning by the press forces you to roll the die, and unless you roll a 5 or a 6, no one concludes that you will come up with the money, and you relinquish the two spaces.

Endorsed by District Council 37, AFSCME. Take \$100,000.

Endorsed by Local 1199, the hospital workers local. Take \$200,000.

Endorsed by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Take \$200,000.

Endorsed by the United Federation of Teachers. Take \$200,000.

Endorsed by the Transport Workers Union. Take \$100,000.

Endorsed by a Teamsters local. Take \$100,000. And another \$100,000 later, secretly. (If you're caught, use this card as an excuse to get away with it.)

Endorsed by *The New York Times*. Take \$300,000.

Endorsed by the *Daily News*. Take \$200,000.



December 1986

BRATS

"Brats want everything—fame without achievement, money without employment, fun without effort. And brats get what they want."

March 1987

TRUE CONFESSIONS

"Hacking through the celebrity memoir glut. The sex! The drugs! The awkward prose!" Rock Hudson, Charles Manson, Tina Turner and much, much more in our easy-to-read foldout chart.



September 1987

THE MEN WHO DEFEND THE MOB

"Our American system of justice requires that every defendant, no matter how vicious or contemptible, receive the best legal defense possible."

October 1987

THE SPY 100

"Our annual catalog of the truly appalling, the unintentionally amusing and the unrelievedly banal."



November 1987

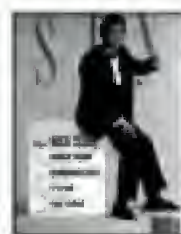
KENNEDY BASHING

"In the age of Everythingscam and Whatevergate, how, after 18 years, can the Chappaquiddick cover-up remain so airtight? Good question."

March 1988

THE FILOFAX GENERATION

"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging 'planners.'"



April 1988

OUR NICE ISSUE

"Donald Trump—a heck of a guy. Glamorous Gals . . . Who Never Age. It's Fun . . . to live in Queens."

May 1988

WELCOME TO RAT CITY!

"It munches concrete, it swims like a fish, it multiplies faster than a rabbit. It can leap from rooftop to rooftop, it can pop in through the toilet. It's Rat; it numbers in the millions."



June 1988

COASTERS

"For the world's Coasters, there is no statute of limitations on the rewards and privileges of early success."

July/August 1988

PARTY GUYS!

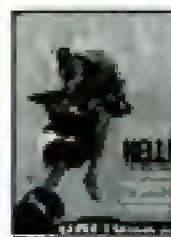
"Nightlife Decathlon." SPY private eyes tailed the city's most relentless night crawlers for an evening and kept score. And the winner is . . .



September 1988

LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dudeosity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."



October 1988

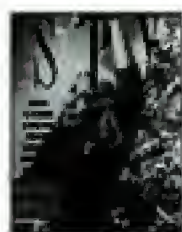
THE SPY 100

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WITH FRIENDS

LIKE THESE

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

If I were an actor by profession, I'd have spent a good part of the summer gathering the materials with which to hang Howard Kissel in effigy. The generally intelligent *Daily News* drama critic managed to trigger in me with a single review more compassion for actors than I had felt after years of contact with that basically self-centered and expedient lot.

His piece on *Arms and the Man* at the Roundabout Theatre consisted of five paragraphs. The last two are devoted to a discussion of the production, at one point even actually mentioning a performer by name. And the first 60 percent of the review? Well, Kissel spends the opening paragraph explaining that he was accompanied to the play by a "civilian," whom he had already warned not to expect much from the Roundabout. The second paragraph might seem the next logical place to begin a discussion of the play. But hold on — isn't it more important to first explain why your wife and friends didn't attend?

Over the years, my friends have come to admire my wife's seemingly uncanny knowledge of when *not* to go to the theater. In the early days, they accepted an invitation to join me eagerly. By now some have begun to say no automatically, which means I must constantly break in fresh recruits.

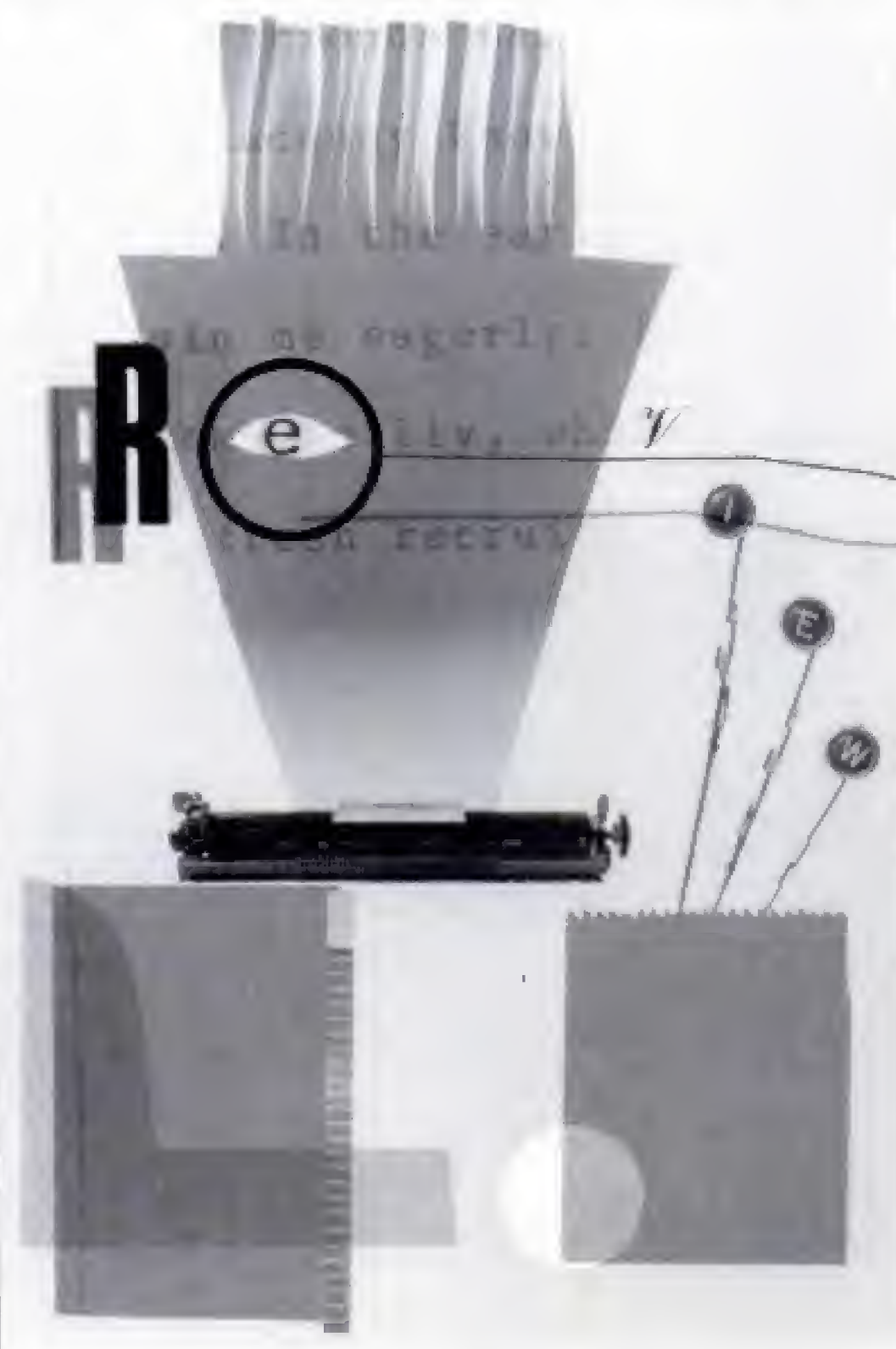
Fine, that's settled, on to paragraph three. Time to talk about that play? No. There are still, after all, *dozens* of words left in

which to get into that. But first, how's your civilian friend faring? "I offered my friend the chance to leave after the first act, but he gallantly chose to remain."

No question, the real drama at the Roundabout that evening was in the audience. By the time we learn, in the review's last sentence, that "Daniel Gerroll has good moments as 'the chocolate soldier,'" we feel as if we've spent a long, rainy weekend chez Kissel, with nothing good to read or drink or listen to — just Kisselian chitchat of an all too personal nature to pass the time.

Kissel's "Dear Diary" approach to criticism is chronic. From his review of *Florida Crackers* at the Circle Rep: "In my youth, I knew a lot of musicians. I got on very well with the classical ones.... Having confided this to you...." And from his review of the delightful *Kathy and Mo Show*: "There were...some references I didn't catch, which made me feel odd.... Now that I'm an adult, it seems strange to feel an outsider because I'm not up on the adolescent culture."

We know how that is, Howard. Everyone tells you life is going to get simpler, when in fact *it just keeps getting more complicated*. But at least you know you can



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

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Illustrations by Natasha Latsell

always unburden yourself to us.

Kissel's counterpart at the *New York Post*, Clive "G.B.S." Barnes, also likes to adopt a confessional, or at least conspiratorial, tone. Useless, water-treading phrases such as "and believe me" and "speaking for myself" abound. More jarring, philosophical ones also creep in, such as the rueful-sounding "what is laughingly known as real life" and "That also is life," which ended a review earlier this year. More recently Barnes wrote, "For as long as I can remember I have had a specially warm regard for the cheap, vulgar and popular.... Show me a gutter and I will sit down in it and watch the world go by." Did I mention that Barnes writes for the *New York Post*?

Frequently Barnes's endearing asides are set off with dashes. Look at almost any Clive Barnes review and you will see "—" in superabundance. Accuracy and Appropriateness in Punctuation, a watchdog organization, would, if it existed, pretty much have to insist that the critic start spelling his name Clive—Barnes. Mind you, there are some absolutely smashing magazines around town that make more than ample use of italics and dashes—why, *this* one, for instance. In the matter of parentheses, the AAP would well want to look at Francine Prose's book reviews for *7 Days*. Thirteen phrases were contained in parentheses in her not-especially-long review of *Loyalties*, and 15 in her review of *Sort of Rich*. These out-breaks may just be aberrations, probably viral in nature, but she bears watching.

The fact that world-famous monologist Spalding Gray can't write a check without dragging "my girlfriend Renee" into the proceedings has been documented here before. The once-amusing Gray is at it again in "First Home," a precious "art of conversation" advertisement he wrote for AT&T. He and Renee drive to their new home, he and Renee see three deer, he and Renee eat Chinese food, he and Renee walk to the lake. When a noise wakes him up in the middle of the night, the following artful conversation ensues:

"Renee, listen."

"Hmmm? Where am I? What's all that awful groaning?"

"I don't know, but we're going to find out."

On the other hand, Renee's omnipresence is probably Gray's best defense

against the charge that he is pathetically self-centered: *All those monologues, book reviews, interviews, AT&T ads—they're not about me, they're about Renee. My girlfriend/collaborator Renee.*

By now we've all read Jay McInerney's impassioned defense of his generation's fiction writers in *Esquire*. In case you missed it, it turns out that all those books by McInerney and Tama Janowitz and Bret Easton Ellis and the others that got panned were actually good. Anyway, in the course of setting the record straight, the moderately talented McInerney takes some swipes at his critics, including *Vanity Fair's* enormously talented James Wolcott. In fact, the nicest thing he calls Wolcott is "a wolf cub in sheepface."

Whoa. Criticizing critics—that's *my* turf. Do I go around writing short stories for *Self*, teaching night courses at The Learning Annex, publishing disappointing second and third novels and dating plucky models? Oh, I *could* have commented on Wolcott's overexcited, even by Wolcott standards, essay on Ayn Rand ("she wanted a hunka, hunka burnin' love"; "do the wild thing"; "success in the sack"; "his engines slowly cooled"; "do the bump with bad mama"; "hunka, hunka burnin' love" again; "hanky-panky"), but I didn't, because there was a simple explanation. In that same issue of *Vanity Fair*, not 70 pages away, a steamy profile of a famous woman was no doubt quietly driving the Wolcottian hormones wild:

Then she sits back and crosses her legs, confidently displaying her slender knees and slim ankles in their sheer black stockings.... The soft, breathy coquette's voice... the silky, slurred, sophisticated woman-of-the-world voice... eyes like heat-seeking missiles... she purrs....

Yep: Gail Sheehy on Margaret Thatcher. So Wolcott's state, I felt, was excusable. Eyes like heat-seeking missiles invariably make me want to do the bump with bad mama—perfectly understandable.

Speaking of hubba-hubba criticism, Pauline Kael might as well start taking the Two Daves, Denby and Edelstein, both of them Kael acolytes, on the road with her. When Kael reviewed *Vampire's Kiss* in *The New Yorker*, she described Nicolas Cage as being "up there in the air." In fact, Paulette No. 1, Edelstein, had *anticipated* the Kaelian trope days earlier, writing in the *Post* that Cage "lets

the madness of his parts infuse him and carry him off." Then Paulette No. 2, Denby, writing in *New York*, found the incredible floating Cage "an actor without restraint or ballast." Edelstein, all in all, outdoes Denby in sounding like Kael; whereas Pauline writes that Cage's vampire resembles the "vampire of Murnau's 1922 *Nosferatu*," Edelstein, in his review, offered an additional doo-wop of erudition, suggesting that Cage "conjures up the rat-headed Max Shreck in the silent classic *Nosferatu*." Next screening, why don't Dave and Dave just call Pauline to coordinate outfits?

Other critics speak as one simply because they share the courage to stand up and say, *We too can be painfully obvious*. This time the root phrase is one dear to the heart of Trekkies—sorry, *Trekkers*—everywhere: "To boldly go where no man has gone before."

"[In *Star Trek V*] Captain Kirk and his crew go where too many film makers have too often gone before."

—Caryn James in *The New York Times*

"*Star Trek* continues to boldly go where no TV series has gone before by spinning off its own series of hit movies."

—Joey Berlin in the *New York Post*

"Movie makers may well desire to go where none of the previous movies have gone, but *boldly*?"

—Mike McGrady in *New York Newsday*

"The Starship Enterprise was indeed going where no man had gone before."

—Roger Ebert in the *Daily News*

Bonus points to Joey Berlin for not being afraid to split the infinitive.

Ed Siegel of *The Boston Globe*, on the other hand, devised an opening for his appreciation of Gilda Radner that was unlikely to bear any resemblance to any other Radner tribute:

What's all this I hear about a gilded fat nerd dying? What's all the fuss about, anyway. Cheddar? There are too many nerds around, I don't care if they're fat or thin....

Emily.

What? What?

Emily, it wasn't gilded fat nerd. It was Gilda Radner.

That silence you're hearing is Ed Siegel trying even now to persuade himself that Gilda, at any rate, would have *loved* it. ▀

FASHION

ME A LIFE

BY JO STOCKTON

Mere nice clothes don't cut it anymore: today's fashion consumer wants to buy a *life-style*. And in order to sell one, a designer needs a life-style

THE TRADE

himself, or at least the general impression of one. In order to get one—or to massage an undesirable one (dissipation doesn't move frocks these days)—fashion designers, naturally enough, turn to fashion publicists.

For the dutiful modern publicist, no task is too trifling in his mission to fine-tune the public image of his masters. In return for a healthy fee (five-figure monthly retainers are usual), publicists serve as both *consigliere* and lapdog. They design shows, they arrange interviews; they tell a designer when to stop talking and when to pour it on, how to live, eat, breathe and sleep. Why, their mere presence can affix a certain social cachet to a designer, as Alexander Vreeland (grandson of Diana) did with Ralph Lauren when he worked for him, or as Paul Wilmot (erstwhile husband of socialite Mollie) has done with his look-alike client Calvin Klein.

Fashion publicists also act as buffers between designers and fashion editors, alternately demanding and refusing coverage as the moment dictates. They have been known to try to get reporters who don't cow to their whims reassigned or fired by complaining about them to their bosses. And—in the fashion publicist's equivalent of leaving a bloodied horse head at the foot of an obstinate studio

owner's bed—by seating unfriendly fashion editors behind pillars at shows or, worse yet, not inviting them at all. But most of the fashion press being the willing PR appendage that it is, relations between publicist and "journalist" are frequently as cozy as cozy gets.

With such clients as Arnold Scaasi, Bob Mackie and Carolyn Roehm, Jody Donohue of Jody Donohue Associates is one of the most influential publicists in the fashion business. And her very personal bond with one of the most influential editors at Fairchild's unshakably evenhanded *Women's Wear Daily* does not hinder her in this regard. Donohue and her friend are driven professionals for whom the workday can stretch on all night long. On at least one occasion, a Fairchild subeditor found a note from this editor ordering him off to a new designer's show. The designer, suddenly anointed, turned out to be a Donohue client.

Another woman with a clear idea of the role of the fashion press is Kezia Keeble, of Keeble, Cavaco & Duka. Keeble burned through three husbands—including partner Paul Cavaco—before marrying *New York Times* fashion columnist John Duka (Duka died in January). Keeble originally set out to work her professional charm on Duka after he had panned one of her clients in the *Times*. Not long after that, the two were married, and Duka—as if researching a particularly improbable sitcom pilot—signed on as a partner with his new wife and her ex-husband at the family fashion-publicity firm. Conveniently for the firm, Duka kept his freelance fashion-writing career going on the side—a career that included writing a monthly fashion column for *Vogue*—thereby exercising his natural gift for his chosen profession.

Keeble's most newsworthy clients rarely face interviewers without her. It's hard to overlook her, jangling under the weight of a Chanel wardrobe. She is known for seeking to exert absolute control over the images she creates for her clients, and for being expensive—\$15,000 a month in one reported instance.

Though Keeble, Cavaco & Duka's client list is still impressive—it includes jewelry designer Robert Lee Morris and Hickey-Freeman, the men's clothier—it has recently lost some of its powerhouse designers. Carmelo Pomodoro, Yohji Yamamoto

and Tommy Hilfiger are all onetime Keeblites who have moved on to other PR handlers. Duka's death cost Keeble one of the best public-relations advantages her firm had going for it—an active, in-house fashion writer with work-both-sides connections to the magazine world. To make things shakier still, her partner and ex-husband Paul Cavaco appears to be returning part-time to his original career as a fashion photo stylist—for Steven Meisel, among others.

Keeble, Cavaco & Duka doesn't just concoct precious, high-toned public images for its clients; it practices what it preaches. The firm's partners are known on Seventh Avenue for being perpetually "in a meeting" when anybody calls. Everyone on staff wears the official color, black, though the partners occasionally distinguish themselves by venturing into daring shades of navy, gray or red. Press releases for new clients do not stress the designer so much as the fact that Keeble, Cavaco & Duka now represents her or him.

But the firm basks in its own limelight only up to a point. Not long ago, a *Man-*



hattan, inc. fact checker mistakenly let on that an article on menswear designer Bill Robinson—a onetime Keeble, Cavaco & Duka client—was going to mention Duka's rather unorthodox PR methods. (Robinson's name had mysteriously appeared in an article Duka had written for *Elle* on Soviet-inspired fashion style.) Keeble, Cavaco & Duka immediately went to work, speed-dialing *Manhattan, inc.* editors until the offending article achieved the Robinson-heavy, Duka-light tone the firm was looking for. 3

POP GOES THE BUBBLE

BY JAMES GRANT

By coincidence, Michael Milken's number was retired from Drexel Burnham Lambert on the same day that Integrated

THE
STREET

Resources, a longtime Drexel banking client and junk bond consumer, hit the wall. Integrated ran out of borrowed money,

and Milken, announcing plans to go out and work among the juror class, took his leave from Drexel. It happened on an ordinary Thursday.

Who'd have dreamed it? Integrated, with its headquarters in Zeckendorf Towers on semiprosperous Union Square, was once the nation's premier peddler of tax shelter investments. Its cofounder and chairman, Selig A. ("Sig") Zises, was described in the public prints as "irascible" and "visionary," putatively the character traits of a great leader. The Integrated sales force, 4,200-strong, was likened to a "fourth network"—if Merrill Lynch is the financial equivalent of CBS, Integrated is another Fox. Milken, too, had his network, and his vision was even greater than Zises's (on Wall Street, vision is not *exactly* the same as net worth, but the distinction is too subtle to bother with). It was true that Integrated was a chronic debtor, that its assets were questionable and its accounting methods controversial. Nevertheless, nobody was inclined to worry much, except the people who had been worrying since 1984. And who was listening to *them* in 1989?

To understand the intergalactic bull

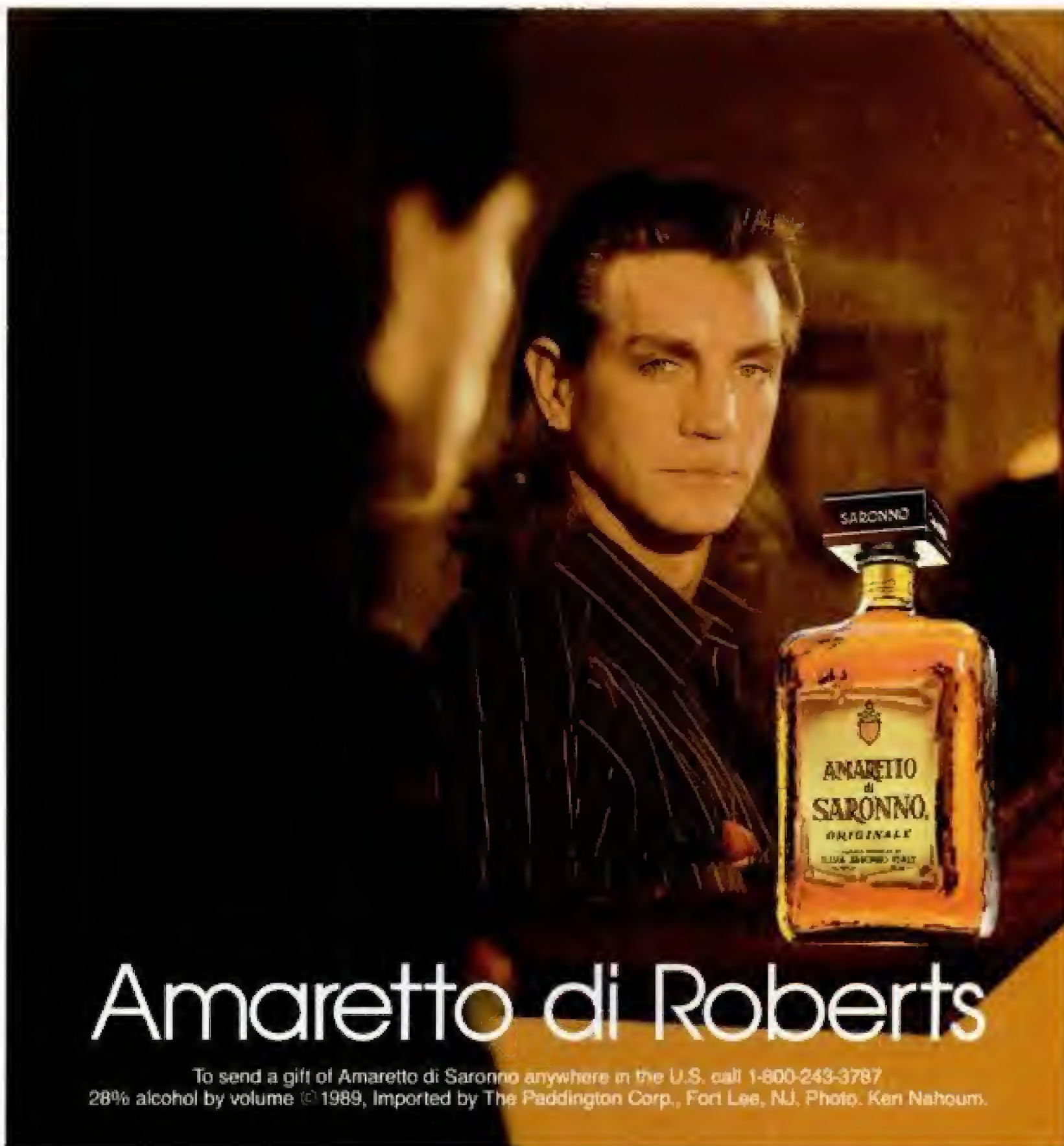
market, you must know that on the Monday before the fatal Thursday, Integrated was rumored to be a takeover candidate. The grapevine had it that a \$21-per-share bid was money in the bank. The stock jumped on Tuesday—what takeover candidate, real or imagined, *doesn't* these days?—and closed above \$15 a share.

On Wednesday morning, Dow Jones provided a slight clarification: the alleged takeover candidate was, in fact, light in the wallet. It could not induce its customary lenders to lend, or to buy its IOUs, known in the trade as commercial paper. On Thursday, the company admitted that it could no longer pay its debts as they fell due. On this cue, the entire Integrated capitalization structure—bonds, preferred stock and common stock—collapsed. Presently, the common stock changed hands at 2½¢. Integrated's bonds were suddenly worth 28 cents on the dollar. Although 28 cents was twice the quoted value of an overdue Argentine bank loan, it nonetheless constituted an implicit rebuke to the Zises stewardship.

In many ways, the Integrated story is a 1980s miniature. It is the story of illi-

quidity, debt and blind faith. It is also the story of inevitability. In the roaring eighties, the inevitable happens eventually, but it takes its own sweet time. Integrated's operating income peaked a rather long time ago, in 1984. Its cash flow is, and was, negative: for years the company has had more money going out than coming in. Yet—we sure will miss this fabulous decade—lenders kept tiding it over, kept seeing things Milken's hopeful way.

"Integrated believes that it will continue to require additional funds from sources other than operations in order to finance its operations," said the company in a 1984 report to the Securities and Exchange Commission. "Due to its strong financial position, Integrated believes it will not, over the near to intermediate term, experience any difficulties in obtaining financing to meet the requirements of its investment program activities and for working capital purposes," said the same 1984 document. In the Newspeak of junk finance, there was nothing incompatible about negative cash flow and a "strong financial position." Ready access to borrowed money was the



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same as cash — until, suddenly last summer, it wasn't.

Why, then, did the money run out this summer? The president and chief executive officer, Arthur Goldberg, groped unsuccessfully for an answer. "The capital structure requires some type of continued confidence," he said. "In retrospect, it was a fragile capital structure." An anonymous Integrated salesman perhaps hit closer to the mark: "Mike Milken used to arrange credit in two seconds. Now that he's gone, the new management is playing games." It is probably too much to claim that Milken himself kept the Drexel inner circle solvent. On the other hand, Integrated didn't embarrass itself on his watch.

You are perhaps wondering about the irascible and visionary Selig Zises. Last December, ICH Corporation, an insurance holding company with an appetite for devouring other Drexel clients, disclosed that it had agreed to buy 900,000 Integrated shares from Sig and his brothers. The price to be paid was \$21. The price available to everyone but the Zises

Mike Milken used to

arrange credit in two seconds.

Now that he's gone, the new

management is playing games"

family on the day of the announcement was \$13.50. A SPECIAL PRICE FOR BOSSES' STOCK was the headline in *The New York Times*.

Probably Sig was never more visionary than at the moment of that sale, and he may never be more irascible than in future depositions associated with the numerous suits that other, less visionary investors quickly brought against him. When the ICH transaction was broached at Drexel's annual high-yield-bond conference last spring — the so-called Predators' Ball — investors were told that Sig had wanted a change in "life-style." Well, don't we all? ■

MALIBU

DIPLOMAT

BY CELIA BRADY

The Ambassador Who Does Lunch: Producer Jerry Weintraub, whose newish ministudio, Weintraub Entertainment

THE
INDUSTRY

Group, has already developed an awesome reputation for making dreadful movies, has a problem.

It's not the fact that his films are terrible — never a serious drawback to Hollywood success. No, Weintraub has committed the unforgivable Hollywood sin of making wretched movies that don't make money. Whatever he did with the \$461 million he raised for his new production venture just last year (Hollywood's largest start-up capitalization ever), Weintraub surely didn't spend it on good scripts. This year just three WEG films have been released, all of them critical and commercial dogs. Those three — *Troop Beverly Hills*, *She's Out of Control* and *Listen to Me* — produced a cumulative box-office take so dismal (\$23,509,516) that it became clear this summer that Weintraub might have to forgo making the one WEG feature with commercial promise — *Evita*.

Even working independently of WEG, Weintraub has produced failures. He actually managed to lose money on a sequel during this sequelmaniacal summer — *Karate Kid III*. This he did for the brutish, hair-obsessed Dawn Steel at Columbia Pictures. (Columbia also invested nearly \$150 million last year, in the form of advances on films in development, for

the start-up of WEG.) Even by Hollywood math, Weintraub and his company are now in serious trouble.

These problems were outlined this summer in a *Los Angeles Times* story by Michael Cieply critical of Weintraub and WEG, which you might recall — but only if you happened to work at the paper. The piece, which suggested that some of Weintraub's professional entanglements and Don Simpson-esque habits are unseemly, was killed by vice president and editor Shelby Coffey, reportedly after pressure was brought by Weintraub's attorneys, the powerful Los Angeles law firm of Gibson, Dunne & Crutcher. Had the story run, it would have followed by barely a year the *Times*'s long, fawning Calendar section story trumpeting the founding of WEG, IS WEINTRAUB THE NEW MOGUL ON THE BLOCK?

Unfortunately for Weintraub, who as a manager has brokered the careers of Frank Sinatra, John Denver and Dolly Parton, some of his problems have begun to trickle into print. He has, for instance, gone groveling to Stephen Swid (Cinecom Entertainment Group) for more money, according to *Variety*. And Weintraub is notorious for the stream of attractive, professionally affectionate young women who are ushered into his office — not to file, not to type, not to make phone calls — on a virtually daily basis.

Weintraub, who looks rather like a three-day-old corpse left in the sun, has been known to "chase" girls as well, but he doesn't go around talking about his forays — his wife, Jane Morgan, does it for him. A bighearted blond in the tradition of the great old-fashioned Hollywood broads, Jane is fond of wearing enormous jewels. When a new stone makes its debut, she will wave it around, explaining with a throaty chuckle, "Jerry gave me this the last time he stayed out all night."

Expensive bijoux aren't the only testament of Jerry's love for Jane. He named their enormous Malibu estate, Blue Heaven, after her hit 1950s song. On the living room wall is a quintessential example of romantic Hollywood taste, two giant stained-glass portraits. One is of Jane. The other is of Jerry himself — talking on the telephone.

Eager now to devise an image makeover to distance himself from his troubles, Weintraub, who raised money for George Bush's presidential campaign, is

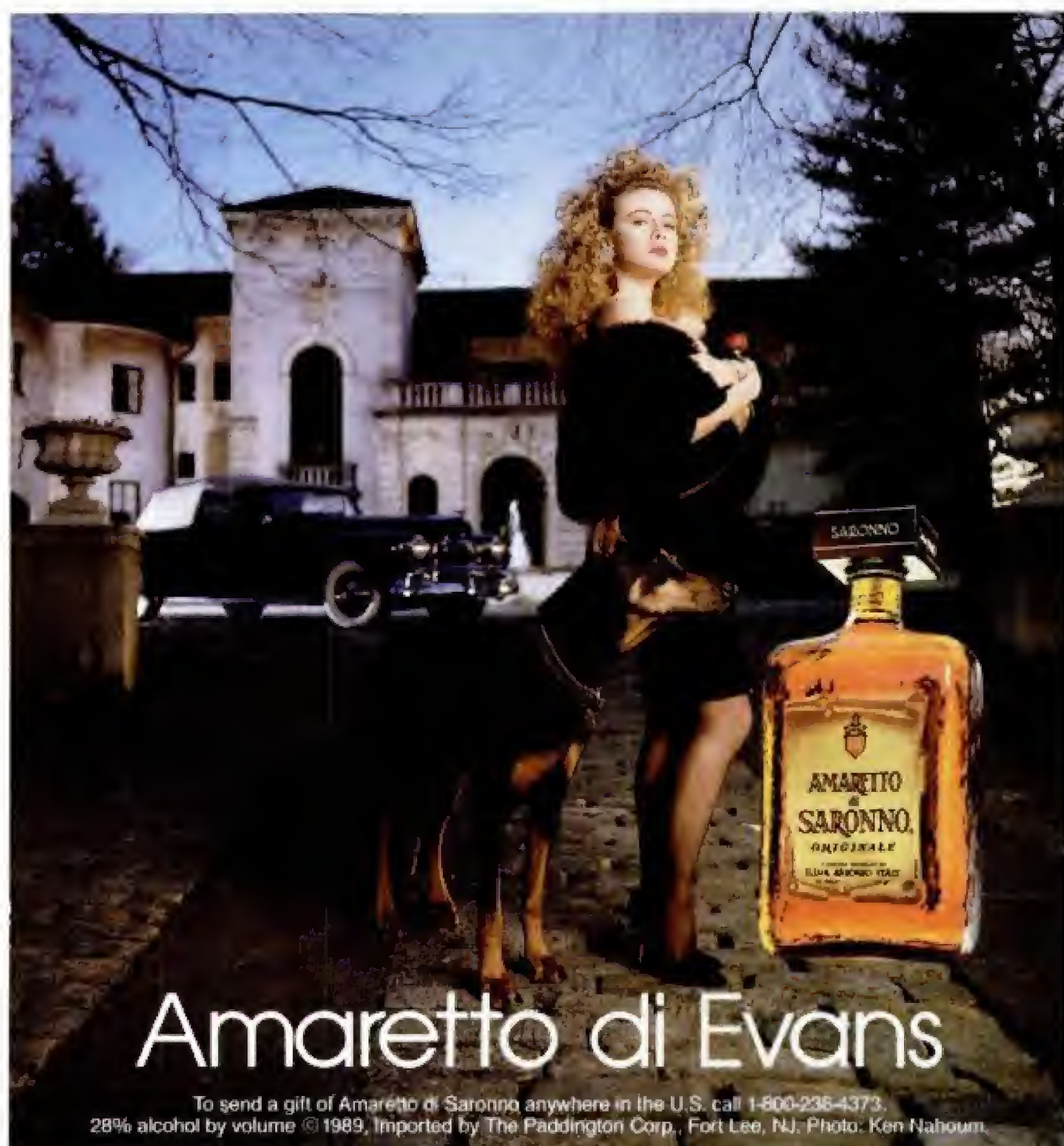
apparently nosing around for an ambassadorship—*anywhere* away from his studio-on-the-skids. He and Jane are summer neighbors of the Bushes' in Kennebunkport, and one of the president's first acts in office was to hold a White House screening of WEG's lame *My Stepmother Is an Alien*. Given the caliber of recent Bush diplomatic appointments—developer Joseph Zappala to Spain, broker Della Newman to New Zealand—"Ambassador and Mrs. Weintraub" is not so farfetched. Were Weintraub to be rewarded with an appointment, he might be the first ambassador to pepper his diplomatic-cocktail-party chitchat with a lot of *Love yas* and *How ya doin', baby?*s.

Strategist for the Prosecution: Bringing everything full circle are the divorce proceedings involving Ron Meyer, a Creative Artists Agency partner and the agency's Warren Beatty-esque top flesh-peddler, and Ellen Meyer, his long-suffering wife and a casting agent. After Ellen demanded to see CAA's books, Ron had to admit that although he cofounded CAA and owns almost a quarter of the firm, he

He actually managed to
lose money on a sequel
during this sequelmaniacal
summer—Karate Kid III

is not privy to the agency's financial records. They are the sole property of Überagent Mike Ovitz. Suggestions that Ovitz would buy Meyer out rather than let Ellen's attorneys—and the world—see the books were stilled by the mere mention of Meyer's prize client: Sylvester Stallone. Orchestrating the proceedings for Ellen is her current lovmate, Michael Klein, an investment banker at Gruntal & Co. He, interestingly, is the very man who masterminded the \$461 million start-up financing last year for the studio launched by Jerry...pardon me, *Ambassador* Weintraub.

See you Monday night at Mortons. ▶



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AIR SHOW

AND TELL

BY EDWARD ZUCKERMAN

Welcome to the pavilion of the Soviet Union at the Paris Air Show, the world's largest aerospace trade event. Here, displayed on a pedestal, is a model of the enormous engines that power the Soviets' largest rocket, the Energia. Here is a video of the Mig-29 performing acrobatics (designed, the narrator explains, to help it evade "raiders").

And here, in his very own booth at the rear of the hall, is William B. Wirin, a tall, wavy-haired retired United States Air Force colonel, standing beside a picture of the Soviet space station, *Mir*. The caption reads: "For Rent."

Wirin is executive vice president of The Space Commerce Corporation, a small Houston firm that markets the services of Glavcosmos, the Soviets' NASA, in America. In other words, The Space Commerce Corporation is Glavcosmos's agent, just as CAA is Cher's.

Wirin is eager to talk deals. In fact, it's hard to get him to stop. He looks you in the eye and explains that the Soviets will be happy to rent you some room on their space station to do a little microgravity experimentation. Or maybe you want to launch a satellite? Take your pick of vehicles from the Soviet rocket arsenal, write a check for anywhere between \$20-million and \$65 million and up it goes. Or perhaps you'd care to use a communications transponder on an existing Soviet satellite? How about some pictures of Earth taken by Soviet space cameras?

Only \$500 a shot.

Or how about a new wrinkle for your advertising campaign?

"Ronald McDonald," Wirin suggests, "can go to the *Mir* and take his munchies with him." Wirin thinks that would make a great television commercial. "Or we can put advertising on the side of a rocket"—perhaps an STP sticker. "Or, and I think this is a natural, how about on the first manned flight of the *Buran* [the new Soviet space shuttle] the cosmonauts wear Adidas?"

Are sneakers appropriate footwear for cosmonauts? Don't they wear antigravity boots or something?

"They may change when they get inside, but, for enough money, I'll get them walking up the ladder with the shoes on."

Hello? Is this the USSR's pavilion? Or Ed McMahon's?

As this money-mad decade lumbers to a close, even the Soviets—desperate for Western currency and unshackled by Gorbachevian reforms—are looking to cut deals. Unfortunately, they don't have



much that people with dollars and marks want to buy. Vodka, gold, caviar and little Ukrainian dolls-within-dolls are already spoken for, and nobody wants Soviet sport jackets or TV dinners. But in their space program the Soviets have a solid product with a good reputation, and they've been selling their services with some success; India has bought two satellite launches and a Japanese TV network is spending \$12 million to send up a journalist.

In the United States, Space Commerce worked out a tentative deal two years ago between the Soviets and a subdivision of

Hughes Aircraft Corporation, which had three completed communications satellites sitting expensively in warehouses because the U.S. launch program was backed up, following the *Challenger* accident and several unmanned-rocket failures. Alas, the U.S. State Department vetoed the deal; it is strictly forbidden on national security grounds to export satellites to the Soviet Union, even for the purpose of promptly re-exporting them into orbit.

The State Department veto was a great discouragement to Glavcosmos, which sees U.S. satellites as potentially its greatest source of income, and to William Wirin's company, which has to sell something for the Soviets or it collects no commissions. So far, says one investor, Space Commerce has sold nothing.

But at the Paris Air Show, Wirin is doggedly optimistic. As airplanes-for-sale boom and pirouette overhead, and businesspeople from all over the world buy and sell everything from surface-to-air missiles to fabrics for first-class airplane seats, the Soviet pavilion draws a steady crowd. (Soviet prestige dipped slightly when a Mig-29 concluded its acrobatic demonstration on the first day of the show by nose-diving into the end of a runway, but regulars shrug it off. "Planes crash," one arms merchant explains.)

"I expect money in the bank in 90 days," Wirin declares gamely. Although he's made no sales midway through the show, he has potential customers, he says, for a transponder, for the services of Soviet navigation satellites and for photos from space.

But even if U.S. companies aren't exactly lining up for voyages to the stars, or even cosmonaut endorsements—*Commander Zlotnikov, now that you've landed on Mars, what are you going to do next?*—Space Commerce figures that there are always T-shirts.

Near the entrance to the pavilion, in the most prominent spot in the room, a counter is stacked with souvenir T-shirts featuring the Glavcosmos logo (which resembles that of AT&T), the *Buran*, the Russian Proton rocket, friendly slogans, American and Soviet flags. The T-shirts sell briskly at 120 francs—\$18.75. "An immediate source of revenue," says Wirin.

"You're not Russian? Are you?" a visiting American timorously asks one of the T-shirt salesmen.

"Heck no, ma'am," comes the reply. "We're from Texas."

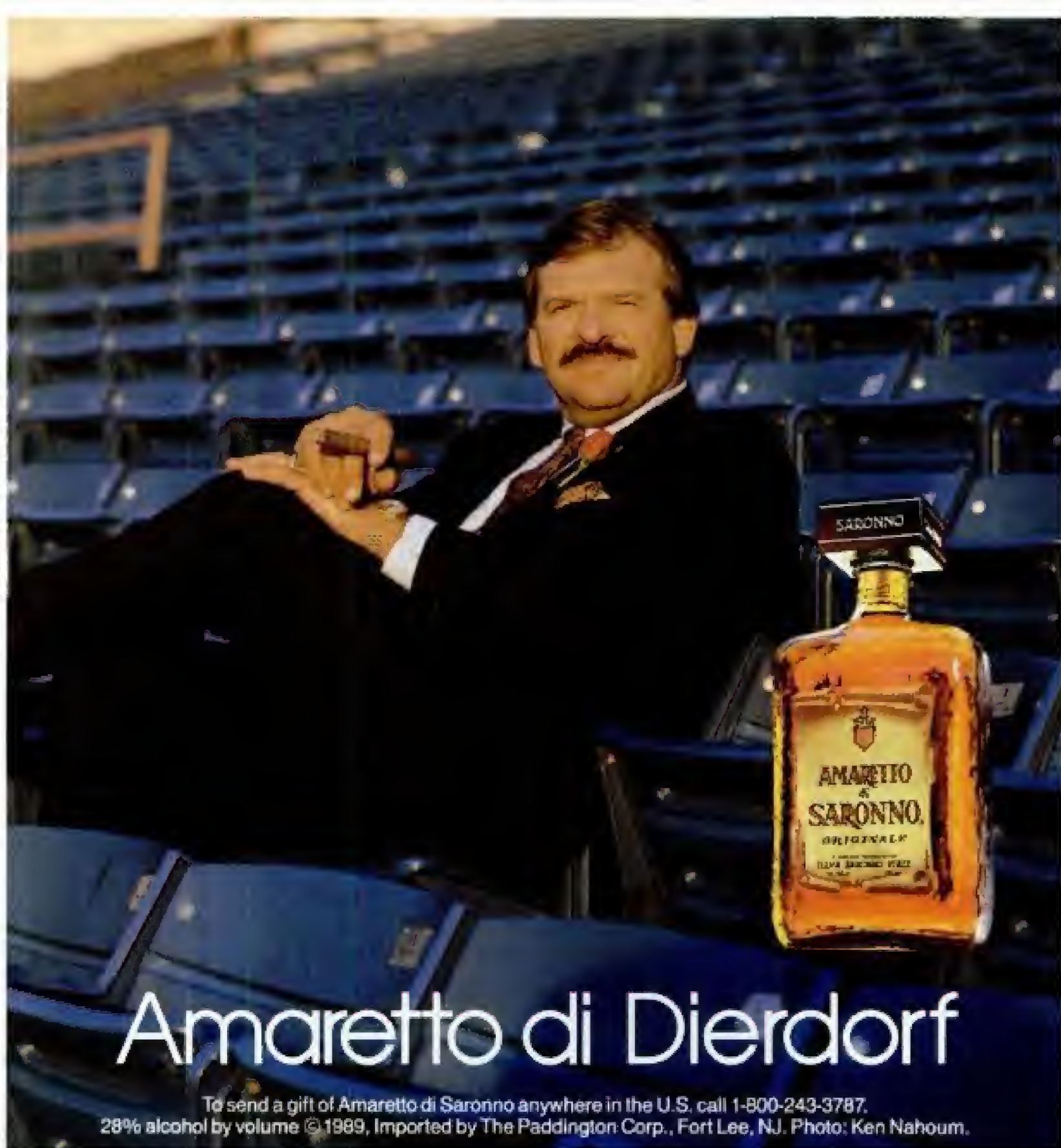
There are, in all, five Texans, draws blazing, working behind the T-shirt counter. Three are investors in Space Commerce. One is the proprietor of Lin-Tex Marketing, an Austin T-shirt company that produced the shirts. The last is a friend of his who has come to Paris to help man the counter and only hopes, he says, that his friends back home in the John Birch Society don't find out how he spent his summer vacation.

"Step right up," calls out Jim Teal, the Austin T-shirt merchant and the one man whose money is actually on the line here. "Get your Glavcosmos T-shirts. Help us put a bird into orbit. Who's next? This is the best T-shirt made in America."

When Space Commerce first put the T-shirt idea to the Russians, they emphasized its public-relations value. In turn, this is what Dmitry Polerayev, the highest-ranking Glavcosmos official at the show, stresses to me: "The main feature of this joint venture is to make influence for public, and then to allow this public relation to make influence for the administration." In other words, the Soviets hope the T-shirts will mobilize U.S. public opinion and persuade Washington to end its ban on the launching of American satellites by Soviet rockets.

The fact that his T-shirts are being sold to achieve a communist foreign policy objective is news to Jim Teal (although it doesn't surprise his buddy with the friends in the John Birch Society). They could be selling T-shirts to influence the man in the moon as far as Teal is concerned, as long as they're selling T-shirts. He brought \$60,000 worth to Paris and he wants to sell them all. A small percentage of the profits goes to the Soviets, the rest to Space Commerce and Teal.

I watch the Texans sell shirts for a while. It looks like fun, so I try sliding behind the counter myself. I catch the eye of browsers and inquire sweetly, "May I help you?" One man hesitates at the price. "Feel that cotton," I insist. "There's a difference in T-shirts. This is the finest made." I don't make that sale, but I make some others. I put a couple of dollars in the coffers of Glavcosmos and Space Commerce (and more into those of Jim Teal), and I savor the peculiar late-twentieth-century sensation of being a capitalist in the service of the USSR. ▀



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ANSWERS

Your parents send you off for four years to study all that is highest and best in ethical philosophy, French symbolist poetry, pure astronomy and the violoncello, and then you must graduate into some field of work that will pay you enough to someday afford higher learning for your own children. Probably this field of work will entail spilling oil on beaches or marketing suction-footed Garfields.

How do we resolve these contradictory injunctions? Not everyone can become a college professor and be paid for championing art for art's sake (even academic criticism for academic criticism's sake) and the examined life. Not everyone will be simple-minded enough to say fuck it from the outset and major in business. Not everyone—I realize this—can hope to create advanced, antiestablishment, biodegradable crossword puzzles for gain.

I guess this is biodegradable. Maybe I should leave a copy out in the rain and see. Crude oil is biodegradable, as far as that goes, and so are oil-soaked otters. (Garfield dolls that stick to car windows aren't, though.) I am not coming on all holier-than-thou. I am just interested. And since every clue in this puzzle is, in a sense, a double bind (except for 22 Across, which asks you to complete the second of two rhyming double-binding admonitions), I thought I would salute those of you who are off to college this month.

Savor the college experience, which is such a golden opportunity that there is no way you can appreciate it. Have more fun than you ever will again, and take great tragedies to heart. —R.B.

ACROSS

4. The Sugar Bowl is, of course, a football game in which major universities clash every year on January 1, in New Orleans. And here is what I think about college athletes: If they can play ball and pass college courses at the same time, great. If they can't, give them a room and a living wage, offer them such remedial classes as they may need to prepare for college work and then, after they've played out their eligibility, offer them a college scholarship.

10. The plus fi. "Property is theft" was one of the wild yet incontrovertible communistic ravings spouted by the French philosopher Pierre-Joseph Proudhon. I don't know whether Proudhon ever owned a little real estate himself, or even, say, a hat. A hat is prop-

erty, isn't it? He may have borrowed his hats. Shared communal hats with other Frenchmen. Maybe he stole hats, with a clear conscience. I used to know all this, but I have been out of college too long. I say "incontrovertible." Perhaps Proudhon could have been shouted down by Donald Trump. But "property is theft" is one of those statements, I find, that stick with you from college. When I was in college, I never wanted to own anything that cost more than \$35. More precisely, I never wanted to buy, maintain, put away, move or pick up the insurance on anything that cost more than \$35. I still don't. But you have to have plenty of choice property today. Otherwise how could you get divorced? How could you protect yourself against the greater and greater degradability of what used to be called an honest living? If you don't own property that is so prohibitively expensive that you can count on it to appreciate preposterously, before you know it you won't be upscale enough to swing a loan to pay your share of the Exxon oil cleanup or the savings-and-loan-industry bailout, and all your assets will be seized and you will die in the gutter. What I want to know is, why is the communist world swinging toward capitalism now? Why not back in the Eisenhower years, when the average person could afford it?

11. Hit around and.

12, 14. Anagrams signaled by "perhaps" and "incorrectly." The calendar we use today is a modification of the Julian, from Julius Caesar. Unless we have started using a different calendar since I was in college. Today is... what is today? Anyway, it's something to bear in mind.

20. Advantage and s (head of the S word).

26. To grow up is to climb, as in a climbing plant. Roman numerals C, LI and M, plus the letter that starts off Buster.

27. Grouping of IN, OR and GA, plus nic. "Artificial" is the definition.

28. The dress code is no necktie. The bond between weight lifters is a no-neck tie. On the final, you're going to have to figure these things out for yourself.

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U	N	E	D	U	C	A	T	E	D		F	I	R	M
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N	O	N	E	C	K	T	I	E		E	R	E	C	T

29. "Before" is *ere*. Jodie Foster matriculated at Yale, in CT.

DOWN

3. "Grinding" is the definition. IOUs after stud.

5. Manage rearranged under garb.

7. Drove rearranged, plus o (a hole), plus gin rearranged.

13. There is no reason why you should know that Vanderbilt is Dinah Shore's alma mater, I suppose. But it is also my alma mater, and I figure that every time I mention it in a crossword puzzle, that's another \$15 I don't have to contribute to the development fund. If that be corruption, well, at least it is corruption in the cause of advanced education. A chance to work with a little angle here and there is a terrible thing to waste.

17. Could I just say... Maybe I shouldn't. Maybe it won't seem pertinent to you. Maybe you think there are more important things this puzzle could worry about. But could I just say... that I hate Garfield. So much. He isn't funny, he isn't engaging, he isn't like a cat. And he ogles me, thanks to the magic of suction cups, through the window of every third car in America. What a stupid craze. Have the people who drive around with those things in their windows ever been to college? Have they ever seen a real cat? I can conceive of why some people would like Tater Tots or movies with Steve Guttenberg in them. But Garfield? There should be a required course, Minimal Understanding 101: Why Every Genuinely Educated Person Has to Hate Garfield or Leave This Class This Minute. But that would not foster freedom of thought, you may object. Yes it would too. Russia has the KGB, this country has merchandising. And yet, if I have to choose between the two, I will take merchandising. Still... Garfield?

21. Bic is a manufacturer of disposable lighters. An iambic foot goes ba-DUM. Shakespeare wrote his plays in iambic pentameter, for the most part, but sometimes he got sloppy. "To be or not to be: that is the ques-ti-on." Doesn't really work, does it? Well, Shakespeare (unlike the Prince of Denmark) had to make a living. He had to get done what I have here, nearly: the increasingly less cost-effective job. Hey, as Meryl Streep once advised a Vassar graduating class, you'll find that the real world is not like college: the real world is more like high school. Of course, Meryl Streep pulls in millions of dollars doing work that the high-minded applaud. She can make a crack like that without having to rush over to the side of the speaker's stand and vomit due to having hit herself too close to home. (Though she could play that scene.) My advice to you is, take care that you are not caught in the same trap as Shakespeare and me. Be Meryl Streep. ☐

EERILY BELOVED

BY ELLIS WEINER

Recently the mother of a young friend asked me to chat on the phone with the lad about writing. I was sincerely, and disin-

genuously, flattered. "Me?" said the sincere hemisphere of my brain, while the disingenuous hemisphere (where the advanced civilizations have evolved) drawled, "Moi?"

So I spoke with the youngster at length. At least, it must have seemed at length to him, if not longer, so unstoppably did I natter on, with winning informality, about the usefulness of taking notes and the necessity of writing a second draft. It was only after we had hung up that I realized something had been missing from his response. I appreciated his earnest attentiveness, his courteous thanks, his amusing habit of asking me to hold on, exchanging a few words with his mother and then returning with a charming, if technocratically chilling, "Continue." The problem was this: he hadn't adored me enough.

By that I assume I don't mean worshiped, exactly. *Worship* is a scary word, suggestive of sweaty hysteria and voluptuous self-abasement, evoking natives in loincloths, their eyes wide in feverish, hypnotic submission to a stonily impassive tiki god like the kind we'd buy for a dollar and wear around our neck in junior high. (It glowed in the dark, particularly if you tied it face down onto a burning light bulb.) When a sign outside a church says COME WORSHIP WITH US, I picture prim, conservatively dressed

ladies and gentlemen shutting the doors, stripping to their grass skirts and loin-cloths, and banging on hollow logs.

No, I think what I mean is this: he didn't say, in any of the acceptable child-speak variations, "Hey, yeah, neat! You've changed my whole orientation vis-à-vis writing, as a means of communication and as an art form!" Fine. He is, after all, seven. ("What sort of writing are you doing at school?" I'd asked him. "A poem for my mother." Ah.) But if he couldn't share with me a practitioner's pleasure in discussing the craft, the least he could have done was express boyish, awestruck affection for my patient, helpful self. In short, I was not *beloved* by my student.

Not that I can use this term with a straight face. Can anyone, who is not doddering, bereaved or in show business? Actually, I know of at least one person. I once ran into, after a hiatus of some years, an illustrator I knew. He told me of this job and that, gave a satisfied smile and said, without irony, "I want to be America's most beloved illustrator."



Now, this is a nice fellow, so I have no desire to score cheap laughs at his expense. On the other hand, *most beloved*? Also, isn't wanting to be beloved a little like bragging about how modest you are?

Beloved is the adjective we apply to anyone who used to do good work and has not disgraced himself in public in the last 15 years. Because belovedness is by definition a publicly bestowed state of kitsch-grace, candidates are usually culled from the ranks of entertainment and the arts. One thinks of Honi Coles and other aged black tap dancers whose names one

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THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

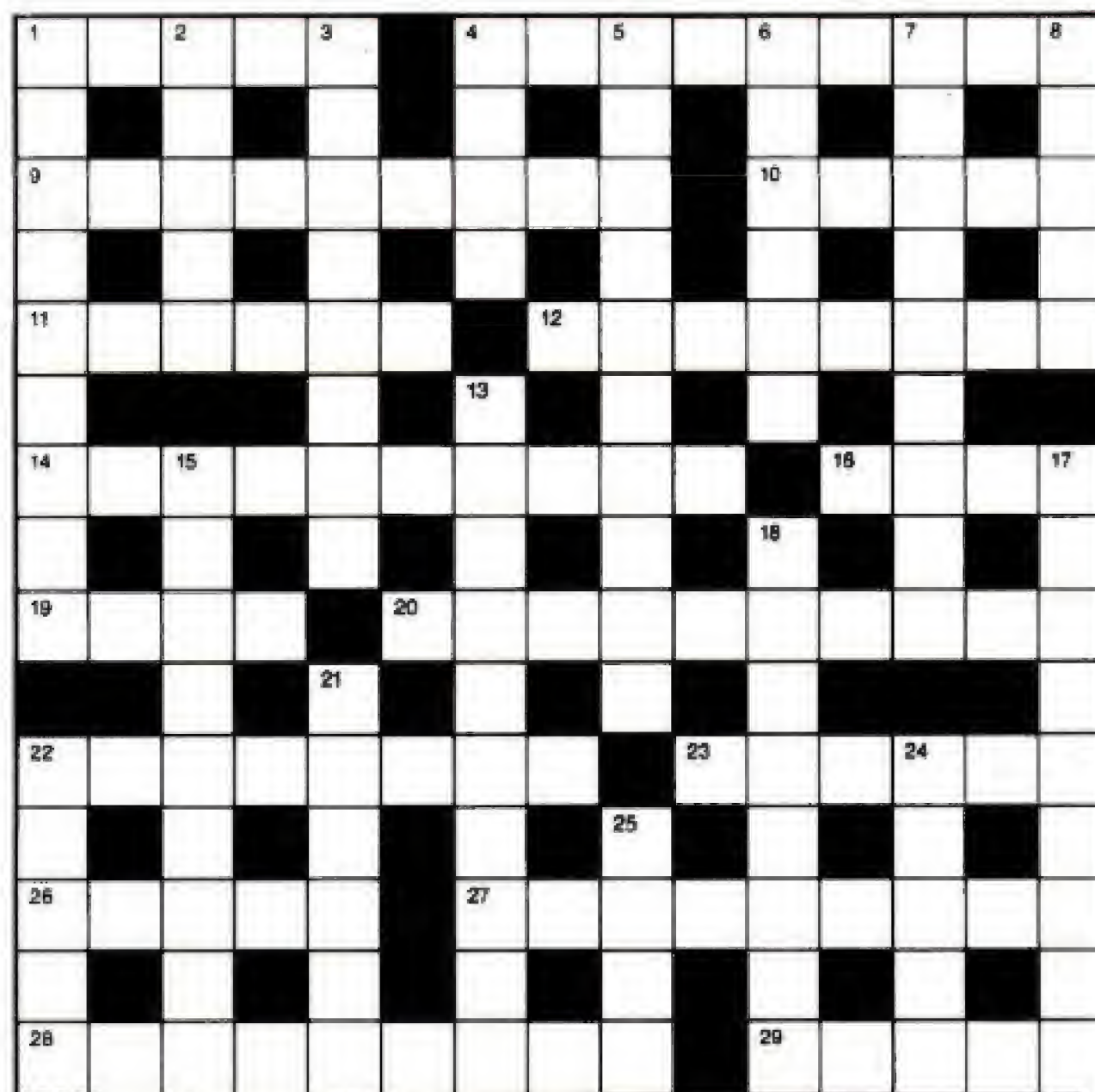
BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Liberates right surrounded by things to be paid. (5)
4. White powder container brings collegians together in New Orleans New Year's. (5,4)
9. By Roman law, crazy ol' Ruth is enemy of Superman. (3, 6)
10. Proudhon said property was the length of twelve inches. (5)
11. Success gets around, and you have to do this to the Japanese. (4,2)
12. Lend a car? Perhaps. We owe ours to Caesar. (8)
14. Ignorant tuna deduce incorrectly. (10)
16. Steady company. (4)
19. Sore back, Love? (4)
20. What your parents want you to have is what they don't want you to take, shithead! (10)
22. Take *Hamlet* to heart, but do well and marry./ Love *Peter Pan*, but don't ————. (2,1,5)
23. School of man known for yellow chickens, we hear. (6)
26. Grow up to be a hundred and fifty-one thousand starting off, Buster! (5)
27. Artificial grouping of three states gets first chunk of Nicaragua. (9)
28. Casual dress code is bond between weight lifters. (2,7)
29. Before, state where Jodie Foster matriculated standing up. (5)



Back-to-School Double Bind



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 136.

DOWN

1. Foursome is better than this frat with no opening. (4,5)
2. Long time without kisses for mass killer of sea life. (5)
3. Grinding debts follow professional male. (8)
4. Little bit of London just below Houston. (4)
5. Badly manage underclothes of sanitation engineer. (10)
6. Actor Hauer is a singular Jersey college? (6)
7. Wildly drove hole on bad gin, carrying too far. (9)
8. Slightly more than a quart of low-cal, right? (5)
13. Little Gloria at last at Dinah Shore's alma mater. (10)
15. Calling forth confusedly into a cove. (9)
17. MIT reacts oddly to how merchandisers address Garfield. (6,3)
18. Wrestle holy man with a toupee and bad leg. (8)
21. Person connected with disposable lighter concern makes egomaniacal statement with foot, ba-DUM. (6)
22. Someone must bring this home to Francis. (5)
24. Student singled out to become gray-brown civil engineer. (5)
25. Greater St. Thomas. (4)

can't quite think of at the moment. One thinks of Norman Rockwell. One thinks of Jimmy Stewart. One thinks of (help! One is turning into Joan Didion!)... one thinks, inevitably, of Bob Hope. Then there are the self-beloved, who spare us the trouble of believing them by doing it themselves (Jerry Lewis, Charlton Heston, Barbra Streisand, Billy Joel, Bill Cosby). There are the belatedly beloved (Sid Caesar); the not-as-beloved-as-they-seem-to-think-they-are (Tony Orlando); the invisible beloved (Irving Berlin); and the soon-to-be-beloved (Woody Allen).

To be beloved is to be drawn gently through a thundering car wash of affection: First they hose you down with general respect. Then they shoot warm, soapy jets of admiration at you from all sides. Great big soft rotating brushes of indulgence fluff your self-esteem, to be followed by a cool rinse of positive critical appraisal. Then tiny, powerful spray guns spritz you all over, as that glaring sign overhead lights up with NOW BEING APPLIED: EGO HOT-WAX. You tootle along, dripping with acceptance, and then giant roaring hot-air fans of praise dry you off and deliver you back to the real world, sparkling, smug and completely out of it.

Not that one doesn't enjoy praise. But the grown-up wants specific praise, not blanket I-love-you-just-for-being-you praise. When they start to call you beloved, it means they don't care about your work anymore. It's like being waved through Customs not because you're above suspicion but because you're beneath notice. James Joyce holds up *Finnegans Wake* and they all grin and nod and clap him on the back and say, *Terrific, Jim. Really. Modernist masterpiece*, as they quietly use it to shim up the piano.

But who can read *Finnegans Wake*? Belovedness is the sentimental residue left over when your work is either too bad, too weird, too irrelevant or too nonexistent to inspire real enthusiasm. Even so, it's better, far better, to be beloved than to be politely acknowledged or discreetly ignored.

And that's where I came in. If my pupil wasn't going to be electrified by my explanation that "an outline is always a really helpful thing, sometimes," then he could have at least waxed believing for my good intentions, my previous accomplishments, my having avoided disgracing myself in public for up to eight years prior to his birth. Was that asking too much? ☺



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Page 141: M. Dominguez/LGI (both Haden-Guest photos); Patrick McMullan (Gross, Taubman, Entekin, both bare-chest photos); all others, Marina Garnier.

party POOP



THE NEW ATAVISM Not unlike affectionate baboons picking lice out of one another's fur, megasophisticated Manhattan partygoers and grooming buffs have been spotted removing bits of refuse from friends. (1) At the New York Academy of Art, *Interview* editrix Shelley Wanger reaches to retrieve a little something from ultrawalker Jerry Zipkin's teeth, and (2) a fastidious toddler removes what appears to be a partly eaten dinner roll from the ear of indestructible beatnik writer manqué Taylor Mead at Canal Bar.



◀ SIXTIES-NOSTALGIA ANTIDOTE

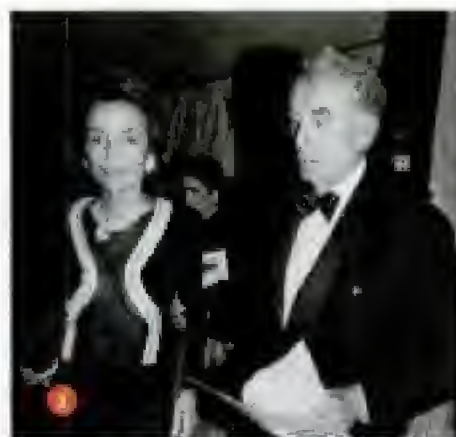
What's up at the supersophisticated Hard Rock Cafe? A rollout of the first operating android—Sally Kirkland impersonator? Could be, but we're guessing a beauty pageant to anoint a replacement for former fatgirl Dianne Brill, emceed by survivors Tiny Tim and Judy Carne.

OR JUST LOOK LIKE ONE! What gives? Have former top model Ivana Trump's fun-in-the-sun all-girl weekends in Palm Beach turned into mini-symposia on how to look like a top model in photos? The evidence says yes: all over town, ladies are facing the cameras



with a little extra oomph. *Left:* cranky contra sweetheart Jeane Kirkpatrick (here with right-wing boytoy Lally Weymouth) tries out Ivana's trademark, catalog-model hand-on-hip-leg-turned-out pose to stunning effect; and *above*, on the premise that opening one's mouth wide momentarily eliminates wrinkles around the jaw, ubiquitous crone Liz Smith and Mary Tyler Moore joyfully go for it as camera flash-guns ignite in their direction.

▼ **SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST** Now it's just a wacky, high-spirited downtown icebreaker, but the new fin-de-siècle taste for torso-baring-and-head-covering fashions (1 and 2, at Copacabana) has already started its slow evolutionary migration uptown, as princess turned publicist Lee Radziwill's peekaboo getup demonstrates (3).



ALIVE WITH PLEASURE? What separates the veteran paparazzi hog from the amateur? An ability to keep on grinning photogenically even while experiencing excruciating pain. For example, married fashion-and-gossip writer Michael Gross (1) and former

Miss Israel Judy Taubman (2) cannot disguise the fact that their companions are landing smartly on their toes. Similarly, at the Center for Communication's luncheon at The Plaza, *Washington Post*

chairperson Katharine Graham (3) is unable to compose her facial features as the preternaturally well-preserved former journalist Barbara Walters squeezes her hands in a viselike grip. They could all learn a thing or two from too-rich-and-way-too-thin omni-socialite Nan Kempner (4), who, even though she is stepping down painfully on her own foot, keeps right on smiling—that's *poise* with a *p* as in *professional*.



"THAT'S WHY THE LIMEY IS A CHAMP!" So sang the emcees as SPY crowned a happy Anthony Haden-Guest the second-time winner of the Celebrity Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon. (1) Blushing with pride through the lipstick smudges left by our lovely Ironmaidens, Lise Holst and Martica, Haden-Guest clutches his Ironman loving cup as if it were filled with bubbly. (2) Cheers to the lucky lady who was fortunate enough to have her first date with the Ironman (here showing off his new "Official Ironman Spotter" blazer) on the very night of his coronation!*

At a benefit for Salvadorans, former folksinger Peter Yarrow shows Leona Helmsley-hating *Born Yesterday* star



Ed Asner how easy it is to feel a bald man's aura.



▲ **SURVIVORMANIA** Why is it that Elaine's is as famous and popular as it ever was? For one thing, superglamorous and influential media VIPs such as Rex Reed keep coming back. Plus, those steam trays heaped with real food sure do look mighty delicious!

*Mr. Haden-Guest's wardrobe courtesy of Bloomingdale's.

▼ Workaholic book editor Morgan "Fairchild" Entekin, seeking to impress Irani princess turned Harry Winston publicist Sarvenaz Pahlavi at Nell's, tries out a surefire tip from his nicknamesake: combining a playful toss of his luscious blond mane with a sultry, Pepé Le Pew-esque, *I'm-really-an-intellectual-off-camera* glare.



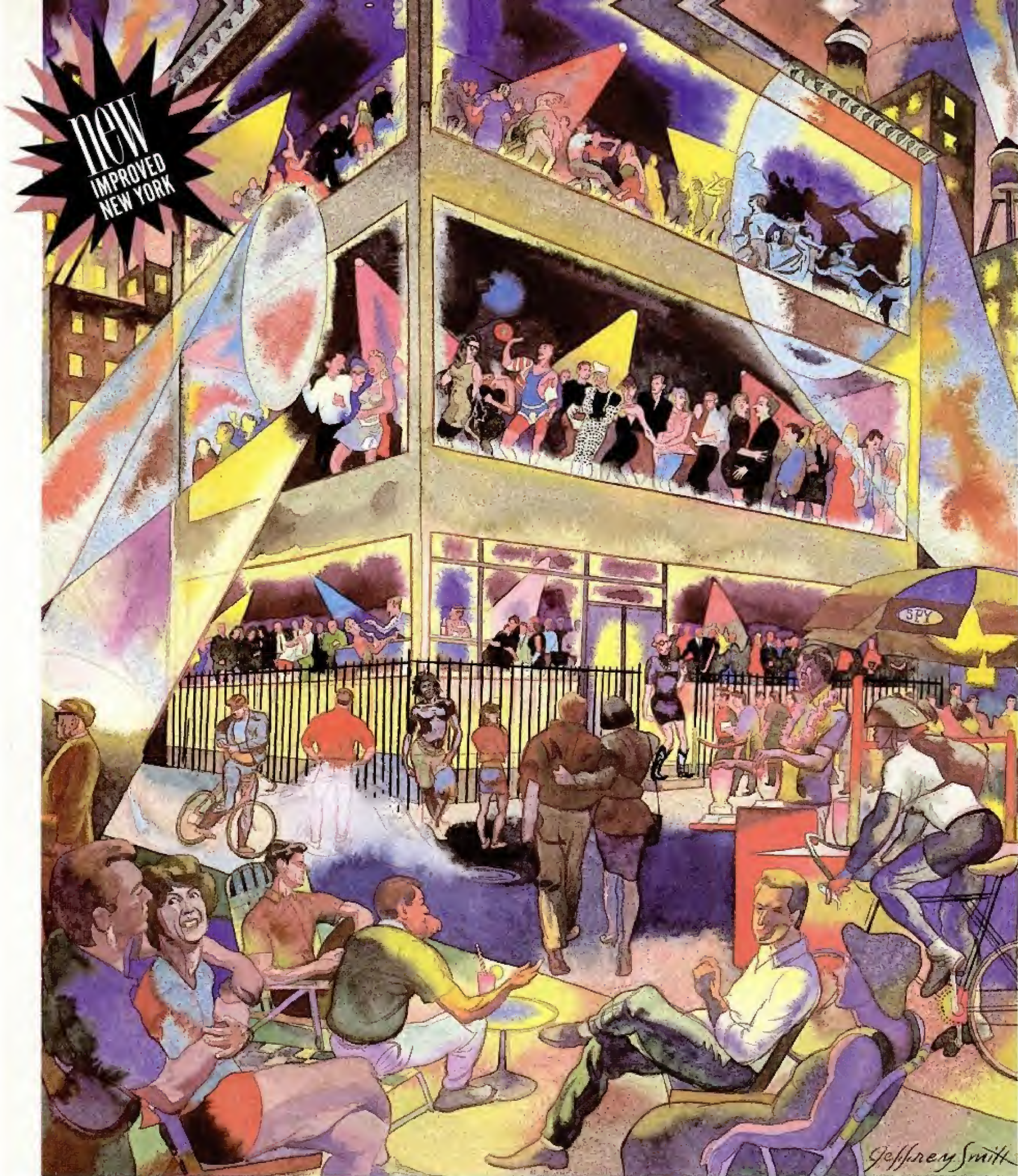
SEEN-ON-THE-STREET BEAUTY TIPS

Bosomy dirty-book writer and *Vogue* beauty editor Shirley Lord discreetly Spackles her face between courses at a benefit for the American Ballet Theater (1) and then demonstrates how a quick (and so becoming!) puckering and smacking of the lips (2) guarantees complete coverage that will last through even the gooiest dessert. A classy beauty tip from a

classy expert. Beside Shirley, her husband, Abe Rosenthal, the hastily retired former executive editor of *The New York Times*, marvels at a waiter's wine-pouring

technique—anything to keep his eyes from wandering toward the celebrated chest of bosomy former Wonder Woman Lynda Carter.





THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW,

you've thought, after having been lured into this month's nightclub-of-the-decade only to find that it's too hot, too loud, too crowded — and too late to spend the evening doing something pleasant. Well, in our New, Improved New York, there is a law. Under the provisions of Local Law #347 of 1989, all large nightclubs are now required to install a plate-glass wall on the front facade, permitting prospective clubgoers to see exactly what they're getting into before they make the mistake of getting into it. So what to do with your evening instead? Why not have a seat across the street, where the local peddlers will rent you a curbside chaise for two bits? Sit back, have a \$1 beer from the Korean deli and watch the three-story sardine pack of \$5 beer drinkers twisting (and writhing and squirming) their night away from a safe distance. It's better than TV, better than the movies and definitely better than nightclubbing. Or being nightclubbed. »

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A wide-angle, high-angle photograph of a baseball stadium at night. The stadium is filled with a large crowd of spectators. The field is illuminated by bright lights, and a large, three-dimensional "J&B" logo is positioned on the infield. The sky is dark with some clouds, and the stadium lights are visible along the top edge of the seating area.

J&B at home.

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